N-S EDITION

PICTORIAL REVIEW

Another Masterpiece
The TEMPERATE ZONE
By
EDITH WHARTON
A Novelette Complete in This Issue

Earl Christy

FEBRUARY
1924

FIFTEEN
CENTS

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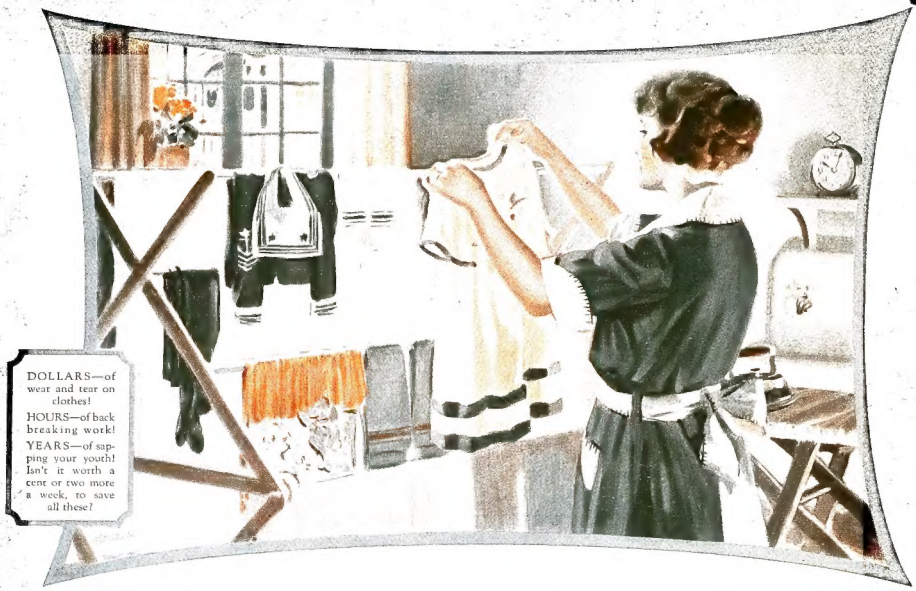
DOLLARS—of wear and tear on clothes!
HOURS—of back breaking work!
YEARS—of sapping your youth!
Isn't it worth a cent or two more a week, to save all these?

How much do you pay to get clothes clean?

An awful price—some women do! Hours of exhausting, overheating work, using their strength to rub, rub, rub the dirt away. Don't they know they can save it by using Fels-Naptha Soap?

And what about the clothes?—the children's rompers, blouses and dresses that take so much of your time and effort to make, or your money to buy. When they get the dirt ground in, as they quickly will, do you rub them clean at the expense of the fabric and colors?

Hard rubbing costs too much in health and clothes!

The better, easier, and cheaper way is to put Fels-Naptha at work. The wonderful dirt-loosening ability of the real naptha takes the place of hard rubbing. It not only saves your strength—it saves the wear and tear on clothes because it safely makes the dirt let go by soaking.

And you have that deeper, sweeter *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness!*

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha. It is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blending of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha that gives you the benefit of these two great safe cleaners at the same time, and in one economical bar.

Get Fels-Naptha for cleaner, more healthful clothes. It pays!

Real Naptha! You can tell by the smell

The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

PROVE the saving value of Fels-Naptha. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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PICTORIAL REVIEW is 15 cents a copy; $1.50 a year by subscription, postage paid, in the United States, Alaska, Mexico, Panama, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines, and Canada. Postage to other foreign countries, $1.00 extra.

BRANCH OFFICES
Boston 11, Mass., 116 Bedford Street
Chicago, Ill., 200-206 South Market Street
St. Louis, Mo., 505 North 7th Street
San Francisco, Cal., 985 Market Street

N. S. EDITION
PICTORIAL REVIEW
(Registered in the U. S. Patent Office)
Edited by ARTHUR T. VANCE
The Pictorial Review Company
William Paul Ahnelt
President and Publisher
PICTORIAL REVIEW is printed in the U. S. A. and published monthly by The Pictorial Review Company, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York, and 163-165 Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, England. William Paul Ahnelt, President and Treasurer; Chas. W. Nelson, First Vice-President; Everett D. Trumbull, Second Vice-President; Jay A. Weber, Secretary; Paul Block, Advertising Director; B. A. Mackinnon, Circulation Director; Max Herzberg, Art Director.
VOL. XXV. No. 5 FEBRUARY, 1924

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Now We Know Where the Women Stand

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

THE straw vote proposed on this page in October brought unexpected results. Not that an analysis of the ballots received to date reveals any spectacular surprizes regarding the choice for President or the preponderance of American sentiment for such things as a uniform marriage and divorce law. But this analysis does reveal somewhat of a dense and discouraging ignorance on the part of many American citizens on leading national issues, legislative action on which must profoundly affect the home and all that in it is.

Nobody seemed to have any difficulty in selecting our next Presidential nominees. The choice was from one of two groups, the men whose names appear frequently in the newspapers and local "favorite sons" unknown to wider fame. But in an alarming number of cases women—and some men too—wrote regarding other questions, "Can't answer these questions because I don't know anything about them."

The blankest, emptiest spot on the ballots was following question No. 9, which was, "Are you satisfied with our educational system, or do you favor the proposed Federal Bureau of Education?" Many didn't even know that there is such a proposal pending.

There are 3,000,000 native-born illiterate citizens in the United States! There was a shortage of 345,153 school seats at the beginning of the last school year! Approximately 4,000,000 of the nation's children are still being instructed in one-room schoolhouses, a relic of a bygone age! Nearly 1,500,000 of our foreign-born residents are unable to speak English, and 1,763,000 are unable to read or write in any language! And yet—these ballots indicate that thousands of intelligent American women are ignorant of these facts and that they know nothing of any method of remedying these evils even if they do know of their existence.

"What Are Gompers?"

FOR general blankness on all important questions a man writing from a Northwestern State holds the record. His letter is well and plainly written. He says he "lives on a womanless ranch," but is interested in the questionnaire. He wishes information as to "What is or was the Volstead Act?" and then he adds, "What do you mean—birth-control?" As to the World Court and his opinion on that he writes, "This is a new one on me." This man should shake hands with the wife of the millionaire who looked up from her sewing to where the lord and master was reading his evening paper, to inquire, "Dear, what are Gompers?"

But where women are thinking at all they seem to be thinking constructively. By a majority of more than eight to one they favor a national uniform marriage and divorce law. The vote in favor of birth-control stood six to one, and there is an overwhelming sentiment in favor of the proposed Federal amendment to abolish child labor. From these results we must take what encouragement we can from an otherwise disheartening demonstration of how much we do not know.

Out of a total of nearly 20,000 ballots counted to date, nearly 2,000 either had no opinion on the matter of law enforcement or didn't express it. Twelve thousand five hundred and seventy-one favored enforcement of the Volstead Act, while 5,224 favored modification of the law.

Men and Measures

AS TO our choice for President we are more sure of our ground. We are much better acquainted with men than we are with measures. On our stage of politics we make telling use of the spotlight. Both the names and the faces of leading politicians are familiar to us. Not only do we make our operas and our dramas around our striking personalities, but the star system prevails also in public life. Give us a magnetic personality and we lose interest in the issues.

Out of a total of 19,578 votes counted so far, Mr. Coolidge received 8,058; Mr. Ford came next in popularity with 3,139 votes; and Mr. McAdoo was third with 1,222 votes to his credit.

This editorial is being written in October and the balloting has really only just started. The results presented here were tabulated from the first 19,578 ballots received, but it is believed that they indicate very clearly the trend of the voting. So many wrote that they did not wish to cut their Pictorial Review that extra ballots were printed and sent upon request. Women passed them around to their neighbors and many a club president took a poll of her members. A large number of people wrote for more information.

This is the first time that women have had an opportunity of expressing their opinion on public issues. It is gratifying to know that the contest has been so widely commended and that the result has been awaited with so much interest.

Two main facts may be deduced from the result as here presented. First, we have made up our minds definitely that we want a uniform marriage and divorce law, and, second, that we want to liberate the one million child slaves in America. Candidates and political parties please take notice.

Result of Pictorial Review Straw Vote

The following figures have been compiled from the first 19,578 ballots received. Others are coming in daily, but this analysis doubtless approximates the final result.

For President:

Coolidge	8,058
Ford	3,139
McAdoo	1,222
Hoover	824
Hughes	505
Pinchot	428
Smith	412
Underwood	272
Hiram Johnson	141
Wood	70
Unclassified	4,507
Grand total	19,578

For enforcement of the Volstead Act, 12,571; for modification, 5,224.

In favor of the World Court, 10,794; opposed, 5,974.

In favor of a uniform marriage and divorce law, 15,671; opposed, 1,911.

In favor of some form of birth-control, 13,541; opposed, 2,980.

In favor of a Federal amendment to abolish child labor, 16,341; opposed, 1,316.

In favor of State censorship of motion-pictures and books, 11,881; opposed, 5,370.

As to the question, "Are you satisfied with our educational system, or do you favor the proposed Federal Bureau of Education?" most of the voters were silent. Many said they didn't understand our present system, and many more said they had never heard of the proposed Federal Bureau of Education. So few votes were cast on this question that they were not tabulated.

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Children in the Market-Place

Sounding a Summons to All Women to Co-operate in the Struggle to Protect the Nation's Children by Granting Congress Power to Enact a Child Labor Law

By Senator Medill McCormick

SECTION 1. *The Congress shall have power to prohibit the labor of persons under the age of eighteen years and to prescribe the conditions of such labor.*

SECTION 2. *The reserved power of the several States to legislate concerning the labor of persons under the age of eighteen years shall not be impaired or diminished except to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the Congress.*

I AM charged with the responsibility of introducing the above proposed amendment to the Constitution at this session and of pressing it to passage by both houses of Congress, so that it may be submitted to the Legislatures of the States for ratification at their next convening.

Upon the surface, in a country where the care of the child is of paramount concern, the enactment of a Federal Child Labor Law may seem an easy enough task. Particularly would this seem so considering the many Federal laws affecting the general conduct of the people which have been passed by Congress and upheld by the Supreme Court—laws which struck not only at syndicated prostitution, but in effect determined certain standards of private morals; which closed the channels of interstate commerce to gambling and the mails to obscene literature; which assured honest food and pure drugs to the average consumer; which protected the dairyman from the competition of skilfully colored oleomargarin.

But when Congress twice passed laws protecting children from such industrial exploitation as would injure their health or interfere with their right to be educated, the Supreme Court decided that the Constitution gave Congress no such power. It is now of no use to examine these decisions. They are irrevocable. The thing to do is to secure a Constitutional amendment, so that Congress may then pass a law certainly Constitutional which shall give to all children in this country their full measure of protection from baneful exploitation.

In order to expedite its passage and its ratification by the several States, full and active co-operation of the men and women of the country is needed. Therefore, in setting the matter before you, I shall attempt to meet such arguments as may be launched against it.

Congress Needs Power

PLEASE notice at once that at this time we do not attempt to legislate, but seek rather, from the States, a grant of power to Congress to legislate concurrently with the States—which means that power now exercised by the States will not, in any way, be diminished. The amendment as proposed does not in itself prohibit the labor of children, nor does it fix the actual age of children whose labor may be limited or prohibited. Neither does it enumerate the employments to which various and varying limitations and prohibitions may properly apply. All that we ask is a grant of power broad enough to enable Congress to legislate according to the needs and the public conscience of the times.

There is one point to make clear with regard to the wording of the amendment. With the committee we considered carefully whether or not we should use the word "children" instead of "persons under the age of eighteen years." After thoughtful examination of authorities, and of court decisions, we chose the latter, lest the word "children" might be, as it has been in certain instances in the past, construed to apply only to girls and boys under twelve or fourteen years of age. I call attention to this because it has been mistakenly or falsely claimed that the amendment, in itself, prohibits all labor of all persons under the age of eighteen. And this is not so. So much for the text.

Now for a few statistics which will prove the need of a Federal Child Labor Law, and the fruitfulness of its purpose.

The last census shows that while between 1910 and 1920 our child population increased 155 per cent., the total number of child workers reported decreased 45 per cent.; that while 18 per cent. of our children were in gainful occupations in 1910, in 1920 there were but 8 per cent.; that despite the increase in the child population during the ten years, there was a reduction not only in the percentage but also in the actual number of children employed in all of the great occupational groups except the two which did not come under the ban of the Child Labor Law.

Child Labor on the Increase

WHAT is the reason for this? Only one—it was during that decade—in 1916 and again in 1919—that the two Child Labor Acts, afterward declared invalid, were effective for about one-third of the time.

And now let us see what has happened since the mid-year of 1922, when the second Child Labor Act was declared unconstitutional. According to the statistics of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, the monthly figures of twenty-one cities showed an increase of 43 per cent. in child labor. For the first half of 1923 eleven cities, manufacturing centers, showed a combined increase of 57 per cent. In Waterbury, Conn., for example, nearly eight times as many children received work permits. Other Connecticut cities report increases of from 100 to 175 per cent. Manchester, N. H., issued more than five times as many permits. In New York city the increase was 50 per cent., in Baltimore 56 per cent., while in Jersey City, Paterson, Newark, and St. Louis it ranged from 17 to 43 per cent.

Wherever the Children's Bureau is able to investigate under the limitations of its meager appropriation it finds an increase of child labor—boys in the breakers of Pennsylvania, girls and boys in the textile-mills of New England, little children in the canneries of the Gulf Coast, tots in the beet-fields of Michigan and Colorado.

The difference between these two periods is all the more striking because during the former period, about 1915 to 1920, when the employment of children was diminishing both in number and in percentage, the number of adults employed was steadily increasing—proof indisputable that the old Federal Child Labor Law, despite its narrow limits, was tremendously effective—so much so that industrial exploiters of children fought it. And their endeavor is now turned toward defeating the present proposed amendment.

It was said, when the Senate subcommittee was holding hearings last Winter, that a third of the States had enacted child labor legislation comparing favorably with the Federal standards. These States, many of them, had legislated after Congress had legislated. In some instances these were stimulated by the example of Congress, in others by the demand of manufacturers whose produce was shipped in interstate commerce that those who did an intrastate business only should have no advantage over them. At all events, only three or four Legislatures among the thirty-odd States whose laws did not measure up to the unconstitutional Child Labor Act made any advance last Winter.

Traffic in Child Labor

NOW that Congress has been declared powerless, there is little hope for relief until power is vested in Congress. It is still too soon to know what retrograde steps may be taken if Congress is not empowered to act. But last Winter it was noted in the New York press that contractors in the sweated trades avoided the New York statute by contracting work to be done by child labor in New Jersey, across the river. That is the old story. Legislation in New England, for example, has been delayed, opposed, on the ground that to legislate there would impose on New England industries an unfair handicap in competition with those in the Carolinas and Georgia. The same argument was used ten years ago before committees of the Illinois Legislature when we sought to enact social legislation.

Here it is well to ask: Since there were a million children engaged in gainful occupations in 1920—one out of every dozen in the United States—how many would have been employed but for the act of Congress, and how many will be employed now that the Supreme Court has decided that Congress is powerless to protect the children of the nation?

When the first Federal Child Labor Bill became a law, only two other countries afforded children protection equal to that established by the Federal statute. To-day no less advanced legislation has been adopted by practically all of the countries of northern and western Europe. And yet the American Congress, which led the way and offered to the world an example to be followed, has been declared impotent to protect children.

We think of America as a land of opportunity, dotted by the proverbial little red schoolhouses, and forget that in State after State there is an illiterate population so numerous that those States stand shamed before the countries of

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Facts You Should Know About Child Labor

DO YOU know that since the Supreme Court in 1922 declared the Child Labor Law unconstitutional child labor in the factories, fields, and canneries has increased at an alarming rate?

Do you know that the increase in 11 cities is 57 per cent., in 14 cities 24 per cent., in 5 cities 100 per cent., while in others it has run up to 800 per cent.?

Do you know that in Waterbury, Conn., nearly **eight** times as many children received work permits in 1923 as in 1922?

Do you know that in Manchester, N. H., more than **five** times as many children are at work as there were a year ago?

Do you know that working in the beet-fields makes the backs of little boys and girls crooked, and that in two counties alone in Colorado there are **715 children under 6 years** of age and 1,400 between 6 and 16 at work in the fields from eight to ten hours a day for weeks at a time?

Do you know that in the anthracite mining district of Pennsylvania **many children of 13 and 14 years** of age have taken their place as full-time wage-earners?

Do you know that the child mortality-rates are distressingly high in this same district?

Do you know that in Louisiana in the oyster and shrimp canneries **children of 8 and 10 and 12** are working from six o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night?

Do you know that in North Carolina boys may enter the mills at 12, and boys and girls between 14 and 16 may be employed **eleven hours a day?**

Do you know that in Georgia orphans or children of widowed mothers may work in factories at the age of 12 and may be worked sixty hours a week, and that after they are 14½ they may legally work all night?

If you do not know all of these facts and figures—and they are only a drop in the bucket—it is about time you did.

If you have pity of heart and wisdom of spirit, help the children of the nation to escape from the toils of the exploiter. **Support the McCormick Child Labor Amendment,** which will give Congress power to erase from our national record the black mark of child destruction.

If you wish to know more about conditions in factories, fields, mines, canneries, write to Miss Grace Abbott, Children's Bureau, United States Department of Labor, Washington, D. C., from the reports of which the foregoing statistics were taken.

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WERRENRATH
—Victor Artist

Because of the merit of his interpretations and the beauty of his voice, Werrenrath ranks among the great artists of today, and he is a Victor artist because his Victor Records exactly parallel his public performances. Among his twenty-six Victor Red Seal Records are:

	Double-faced	
Gypsy Love Song (from "The Fortune Teller") / Duna	844	$1.50
Kashmiri Song / Where My Dear Lady Sleeps	848	1.50

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ALDA
—Victor Artist

Being a Victor artist not only means making Victor Records but approving them before they are issued. That Alda has fifty-five numbers in her Victor repertoire is convincing evidence of the great soprano's confidence in the fidelity of Victor Records. Hear these selections:

	Double-faced	
Ave Maria (with Elman) / Angel's Serenade (with Elman)	8001	$2.50
Carissima / Daddy	897	1.50
Deep River (with Orpheus Quartet) / By the Waters of Minnetonka	527	1.50

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HEIFETZ
—Victor Artist

Heifetz is numbered with the really great among violinists. Every one of his thirty-eight records is a perfect transcription of his art—and for that reason Heifetz is a Victor artist. Some of his records are:

	Double-faced	
Nocturne in E Flat / Symphonie Espagnole—Andante (Fourth Movement)	6156	$2.00
La Ronde des Lutins / Scherzo Tarantelle	6159	2.00
Valse (from "Serenade for String Orchestra") / Sérénade Mélancolique	6155	2.00

Victrola No. 105
$180
Mahogany, oak or walnut

Victrola No. 260
$150
Mahogany or walnut

Victrola No. 220
$200
Electric, $240
Mahogany, oak or walnut

The Victor Company originated the modern talking machine and was the first to offer the public high-class music by great artists. Victor Supremacy began then. It has been maintained by the continuing patronage of the world's greatest musicians and by the merit of Victor Products.

In buying a talking machine, consider that you must choose the Victrola or something you hope will do as well, and remember that the Victrola—the standard by which all are judged—costs no more. The Victrola instrument line includes twenty-one models of the three general types shown at from $25 up. Ask your dealer or write to us for illustrated catalog.

To be sure of Victor Products, see the following trade-marks—under the lid of every instrument and on the label of every record.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Victrola

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Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.

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"I wonder," wonders Sally Jollyco to herself, "if I shall ever be as lovely as Cousin Joan."
Fancy charming Sally wondering that!

The plain truth about soap and beauty

"Look, Sally," smiles Cousin Joan, who has just returned from Capri, Cannes, Naples and points South.
"Why, Cousin Joan, you didn't get Guest Ivory abroad!"
"No, my dear—this is the last cake but one from the carton you gave me before I sailed. That gift was worth all the flowers and candy, because I used it constantly. All the time I was away I didn't find any soap I liked as well."

IN these days of promised "soap-magic," women are often surprised to learn that, whatever a soap may claim, the utmost it can do for their complexion is to cleanse it safely. No more!

This simple truth prevents delusions about soap claims and goes to the very heart of the whole soap subject.

Dr. William Allen Pusey, perhaps the best known authority in America on the care of the skin, says that soap's function is to cleanse—not to cure or to transform. Further, he recommends, as the most effective method of achieving and maintaining a lovely skin, *simple daily washing with warm water and pure soap, followed by a rinsing in cool or cold water.* If you have a dry skin, use a small amount of cold cream.

Among all soaps, quite regardless of cost, Ivory is usually first choice for such a method, because Ivory has for generations been distinguished for purity and gentleness. Doctors recommend it for babies. Hospitals find it almost indispensable. Millions of women have used it to achieve and maintain a beautiful skin. It contains neither coloring matter nor medicaments. It is *pure* soap.

And we now offer you Guest Ivory—a dainty new cake of Ivory, especially designed for the face and hands—charming in dress, convenient for slim fingers, and fitting in every way to grace the washstands of fastidious women. Guest Ivory is truly as fine a soap for the skin as can be bought, yet its modest price is five cents.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

Guest IVORY 5c

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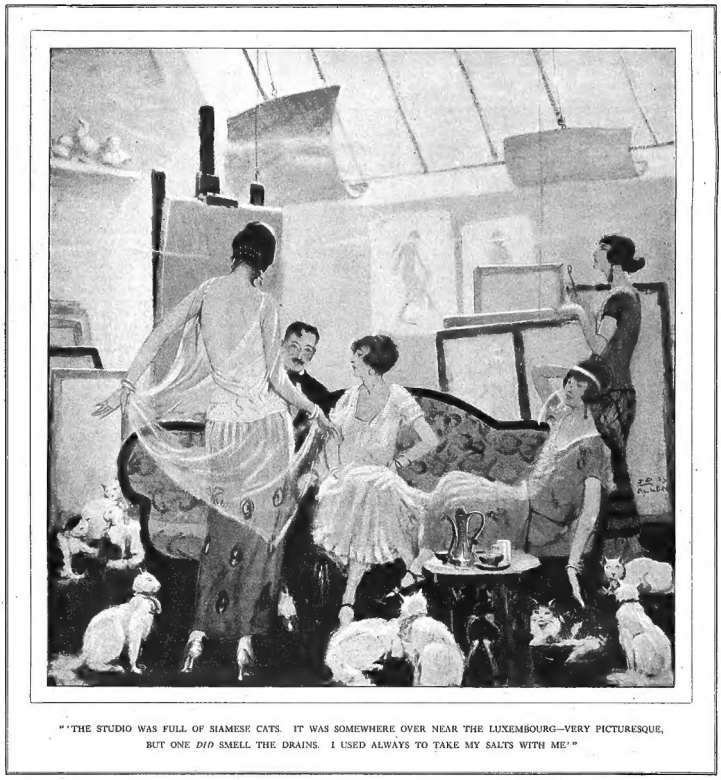
A Brilliant Novelette by a Master of Fiction, Complete in This Issue



"'THE STUDIO WAS FULL OF SIAMESE CATS. IT WAS SOMEWHERE OVER NEAR THE LUXEMBOURG—VERY PICTURESQUE, BUT ONE *DID* SMELL THE DRAINS. I USED ALWAYS TO TAKE MY SALTS WITH ME'"

The Temperate Zone

By Edith Wharton

Illustrations by J. E. Allen

"TRAVELING, sir," a curt parlor-maid announced from Mrs. Donald Paul's threshold; adding, as young Willis French's glance slipped over her shoulder down a narrow perspective of white paneling and black prints: "If there's any message you'd like to write——"

He did not know if there were or not; but he instantly saw that his hesitation would hold the house-door open a minute longer and thus give him more time to stamp on his memory the details of the cramped London hall, beyond which there seemed no present hope of penetrating.

"Could you tell me where?" he asked, as if the question of his having something to write might be determined by the nature of her answer.

She scrutinized him carefully. "Not exactly, sir; Mr. and Mrs. Paul are away motoring, and I believe they're to cross over to the Continent in a day or two." She seemed to have gathered confidence from a closer look, and he was glad he had waited to unpack his town clothes, instead of rushing, as he had first thought of doing, straight from the steamer-train to the house. "If it's for something important, I could give you the address," she finally condescended.

"It *is* important," said the young man almost solemnly; and she handed him a sheet of gold-monogrammed note-paper across which was tumbled, in large, loose characters, "Hôtel Nouveau Luxe, Paris."

The unexpectedness of the address left him staring. There was nothing to excite surprize in the fact of the Donald Pauls' having gone to Paris, or even in their having gone there in their motor; but that they should be lodged at the Nouveau Luxe seemed to sap the very base of probability.

"Are you *sure* they're staying there?"

To the parlor-maid, at this point, it evidently began to look as if, in spite of his reassuring clothes, he might have designs on the umbrellas.

"I couldn't say, sir. It's the address, sir," she said, adroitly taking her precautions about the door.

These were not lost on the visitor, who, both to tranquilize her and to gain time, turned back toward the quiet Kensington street and stood gazing up and down its uneventful length.

All things considered, he had no cause to regret the turn the affair had taken. The only regret he allowed himself was that of not being able to cross at once the threshold which his young enthusiasm hailed as sacred. But even that privilege might yet be his; and meanwhile he was to have the unforeseen good luck of following Mrs. Donald Paul to Paris.

His business in coming to Europe had been simply and solely to see her; and had she been in London he would have been obliged, their conference over, to return at once to New York, whence he had been sent, at his publisher's expense, to obtain from her certain details necessary for the completion of his book, "The Art of Horace Fingall." And now, by a turn of what he fondly called his luck—as if no one else's had ever been quite as rare—he found his vacation prolonged, and his prospect of enjoyment increased, by the failure to meet Mrs. Paul in London.

Willis French had more than once had occasion to remark that he owed some of his luckiest moments to his failures. He had tried his hand at several of the arts, only to find, in each case, the same gulf between vision and execution; but his ill success, which he always promptly recognized, had left him leisure to note and enjoy the incidental compensations of the attempt. And how great some of these were he had never more keenly felt than the day when two of the greatest came back to him merged in one glorious opportunity.

It was probable, for instance, that if he had drawn a directer profit from his months of study in a certain famous Parisian atelier, his work would have left him less time to observe and study Horace Fingall on the days when the great painter made his round among the students; and just so, if he had written better poetry, Mrs. Morland, with whom his old friend Lady Brankhurst had once contrived to have him spend a Sunday in the country, might have given him, during their long day of confidential talk, less of her sweet compassion and her bracing wisdom. Both Horace Fingall and Emily Morland had, professionally speaking, discouraged their young disciple; the one

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had said "Don't write" as decidedly as the other had said "Don't paint"; but both had let him feel that interesting failures may be worth more than dull successes, and that there is field enough for the artistic sensibilities outside the region of production.

The fact of the young man's taking their criticism without flinching (as he himself had been thankfully aware of doing) no doubt increased their liking, and thus let him farther into their intimacy. The insight into two such natures seemed, even at the moment, to outweigh any personal success within his reach; and, as time removed him from the experience, he less and less questioned the completeness of the compensation.

Since then, as it happened, his two great initiators had died within a few months of each other, Emily Morland prematurely, at the moment when her exquisite art had gained warmth from the personal happiness at last opening to her, and Horace Fingall in his late golden prime, when his genius also seemed to be winged for new flights. Except for the nearness of the two death dates, there was nothing to bring together in the public mind the figures of the painter and the poet; and Willis French's two experiences remained associated in his thoughts only because they had been the greatest revelations of temperament he had ever known.

No one but Emily Morland had ever renewed in him that sense of being in the presence of greatness which he had first felt on meeting Horace Fingall. He had often wondered if the only two beings to whom he owed this emotion had ever known each other, and he had concluded that, even in this day of universal meetings, it was unlikely. Fingall, after leaving the United States toward his fortieth year, had never absented himself from France except on occasional visits to his native country; and Mrs. Morland, when she at last broke away from her depressing isolation in a Staffordshire parsonage, and set up her own house in London, had been drawn from there only by one or two holiday journeys in Italy. Nothing, moreover, could have been more unlike than the mental quality and the general attitude of the two artists. The only point of resemblance lay in the sense one had in their presence of the divine emanation of genius.

Willis French's speculations as to the result of their meeting had always resulted in the belief that they would not have got on. The two emanations would have neutralized each other, and he suspected that both natures lacked the complementary qualities which might have bridged the gulf. And now chance had after all linked their names before posterity through the fact that the widow of the one had married the man who had been betrothed to the other!

French's brief glimpses of Fingall and Mrs. Morland had left in him an intense curiosity to know something more of their personal history, and when his publisher suggested his writing a book on the painter his first thought was that here was an occasion to obtrude the desired light, and to obtain it, at one stroke, through the woman who had been the preponderating influence in Fingall's art, and the man for whom Emily Morland had written her greatest poems.

That Donald Paul should have met and married the widow of Horace Fingall was one of the facts on which young French's imagination had always appreciatively dwelt. It was strange indeed that these two custodians of great memories, for both of whom any other marriage would have been a derogation, should have found the one way of remaining on the heights; and it was almost equally strange that their inspiration should turn out to be Willis French's opportunity!

"BUT ONE THING HE SPEEDILY DISCOVERED: SHE WAS KEENLY ALIVE TO HER FIRST HUSBAND'S GREATNESS"

At the very outset, the wonder of it was brought home to him by his having to ask for Mrs. Paul at what had once been Mrs. Morland's house. Mrs. Morland had of course bequeathed the house to Donald Paul; and equally of course it was there that, on his marriage to Mrs. Fingall, Donald Paul had taken his wife. If that wife had been any other, the thought would have been one to shrink from; but to French's mind no threshold was too sacred for the feet of Horace Fingall's widow.

Musing on these things as he glanced up and down the quiet street, the young man, with his sharp professional instinct for missing no chance that delay might cancel, wondered how he might get a glimpse of the dwelling which was still—which, in spite of everything, would always be—Emily Morland's.

"You were not thinking of looking at the house, sir?"

French turned back with a start of joy. "Why, yes—I was!"

THE parlor-maid opened the door a little wider. "Of course, properly speaking, you should have a card; but Mrs. Paul *did* say if any one was *very* anxious— May I ask, sir, if you know Mrs. Paul?"

The young man lowered his voice reverentially to answer: "No; but I knew Mrs. Morland."

The parlor-maid looked as if he had misunderstood her question. After a moment's thought she replied: "I don't recall the name, sir."

They gazed at each other across incalculable distances, and Willis French found no reply. "What on earth can she suppose I want to see the house for?" he could only wonder.

Her next question told him. "If it's very urgent—" Another glance at the cut of his coat seemed to strengthen her, and she moved back far enough to let him get a foot across the threshold. "Would it be to hire or to buy?"

Again they stared at each other, till French saw his own wonder reflected in the servant's doubtful face; then the truth came to him in a rush. The house was not being shown to him because it had once been Emily Morland's, and he had been recognized as a pilgrim to the shrine of genius, but because it was Mrs. Donald Paul's and he had been taken for a possible purchaser!

All his disenchantment rose to his lips; but it was checked there by the leap of prudence. He saw that if he showed his wonder he might lose his chance.

"Oh, to buy!" he asserted; for, tho the mere thought of hiring was a desecration, few things would have seemed more possible to him, had his fortune equaled his enthusiasm, than to become the permanent custodian of the house.

The feeling threw such conviction into his words that the parlor-maid yielded another step.

"The drawing-room is this way," she said as he bared his head.

It was odd how, as he paced up and down the Embankment late that evening, musing over the vision vouchsafed him, one detail continued to detach itself with discordant sharpness from the harmonious blur of his impressions.

The parlor-maid, who had never heard of Mrs. Morland, and who consequently could not know that the house had ever been hers, had naturally enough explained it to him in terms of its new owners' habits. French's imagination had so promptly foreseen this that he had, almost without a shock, heard Mrs. Morland's library described as "the gentleman's study," and marked how an up-stairs sitting-room with faded Venetian furniture and rows of old books in golden-brown calf had been turned, by the intrusion of a large pink toilet-table, into "the lady's dressing-room."

It did not offend him that the dwelling should be used as suited the convenience of the persons living in it; he was never for expecting life to stop, and the historic house which has been made into a show always seemed to him as dead as a blown egg. He had small patience with the kind of reverence which treats fine things as if their fineness made them useless. Nothing, he thought, was too fine for natural uses, nothing in life too good for life; he liked the absent and unknown Donald Pauls the better for living naturally in this house which had come to them naturally, and not shrinking into the mere keepers of a tomb.

But he had winced at just one thing: at seeing, on the writing-table which had been Emily Morland's, and must still, he quickly noted, be much as she had left it—at seeing there, among pens and pencils and paper-cutters, half-way between a lacquer cup full of stamps and a shabby blotting-book with her initials, one object of irrelevant newness: an immense expensively framed photograph of Fingall's picture of his wife.

The portrait—the famous first one, now in the Luxembourg—was so beautiful, and so expressive of what lovers of Fingall's art most loved in it, that Willis French was grieved to see it so indelicately, almost insolently, out of place. If ever a thing of beauty can give offense, Mrs. Fingall's portrait on Emily Morland's writing-table gave offense. Its presence there shook down all manner of French's faiths: there was something shockingly crude in the way it made the woman in possession triumph over the woman who was gone.

It would have been different, he felt at once, if Mrs. Morland had lived long enough to marry the man she loved; then the dead and the living woman might have faced each other on an equality. But Mrs. Morland, to secure her two brief years of happiness, had had to defy conventions and endure affronts. When, breaking away from the unhappy conditions of her married life, she had at last won London and freedom, it was only to learn that the Reverend Ambrose Morland, informed of her desire to remarry, and of his indisputable right to divorce her, found himself, on religious grounds, unable to set her free. From this predicament she sought no sensational escape.

Perhaps because the man she loved was younger than herself, she chose to make no claim on him, to place no lien on his future; she simply let it be known to their few nearest friends that he and she belonged to each other as completely as a man and woman of active minds and complex interests can be said to belong to each other, when such life as they live together must be lived in secret. To a woman like Mrs. Morland the situation could not be other than unsatisfying. If her personal distinction saved her from social slights it could not save her from social subserviences. Never once, in the short course of her love-history, had she been able to declare her happiness openly, or to let it reveal itself in her conduct; and it seemed, as one considered her history, small solace to remember that some of her most moving verse was the expression of that very privation.

At last her husband's death had freed her, and her coming marriage to Donald Paul had been announced; but her own health had already failed, and a few weeks later she too was dead, and Donald Paul lost in the crowd about her grave, behind the Morland relations who, rather generously, as people thought, came up from Staffordshire for the funeral of the woman who had brought scandal and glory to their name.

SO, TRAGICALLY and inarticulately, Emily Morland's life had gone out; and now, in the house where she and her lover had spent their short secret hours, on the very table at which she had sat and imperishably written down her love, he had put the portrait of the other woman, her successor; the woman to whom had been given the one great thing she had lacked.

Well, that was life too, French supposed: the ceaseless, ruthless turning of the wheel! If only—yes, here the real pang lay—if only the supplanting face had not been so different from the face supplanted! Standing there before Mrs. Fingall's image, how could he not recall his first sight of Emily Morland, how not feel again the sudden drop of all his expectations when the one woman he had not noticed on entering Lady Brankhurst's drawing-room, the sallow woman with dull hair and a dowdy dress, had turned out to be his immortal? Afterward, when she began to talk, and he was let into the deep world of her eyes, her face became as satisfying as some grave early sculpture which, the imagination once touched by it, makes more finished graces trivial.

But there remained the fact that she was what is called plain, and that her successor was beautiful; and it hurt him to see that perfect face, so all-expressive and all-satisfying, in the very spot where Emily Morland, to make her beauty visible, had had to clothe it in poetry. What would she not have given, French wondered, just once to have her face speak for her instead?

The sense of injustice was so strong that when he returned to his hotel he went at once to his portmanteau and, pulling out Mrs. Morland's last volume, sat down to reread the famous love-sonnets. It was as if he wanted to make up to her for the slight of which he had been the unwilling witness.

The next day, when he set out for France, his mood had changed. After all, Mrs. Morland had had her compensations. She had been inspired, which, on the whole, is better worth while than to inspire. And then his own adventure was almost in his grasp; and he was at the age when each moment seems to stretch out to the horizon.

The day was fine, and as he sat on deck watching the white cliffs fade, the thought of Mrs. Morland was displaced by the vision of her successor. He recalled the day

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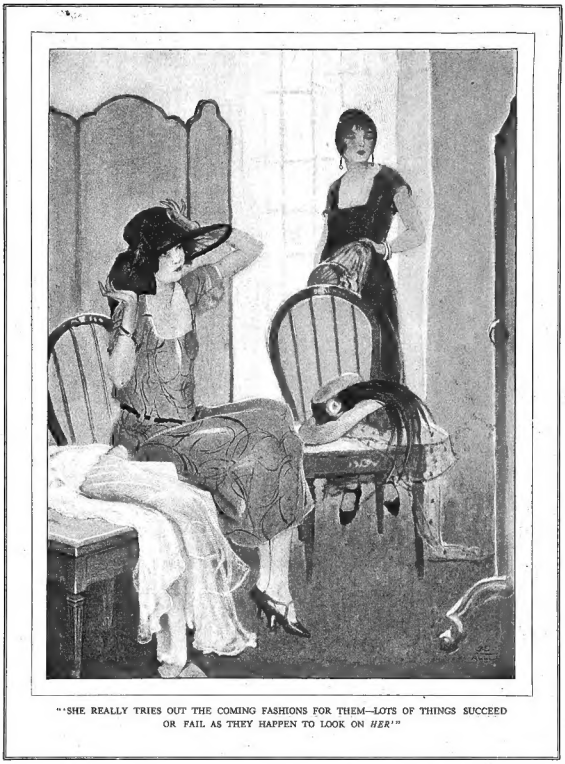
when Mrs. Fingall had first looked out at him from her husband's famous portrait of her, so frail, so pale under the gloom and glory of her hair, and he had been told how the sight of her had suddenly drawn the painter's genius from its long eclipse. Fingall had found her among the art students of one of the Parisian studios which he fitfully inspected, had rescued her from financial difficulties, and married her within a few weeks of their meeting: French had had the tale from Lady Brankhurst, who was an encyclopedia of illustrious biographies.

"Poor little Bessy Reck—an American waif sent out from some prairie-burrow to 'learn art'—that was what she called it! She hadn't a relation, I believe; but the people of the place she came from took pity on her and scraped together enough money for her passage and for two years of study. After that she was to live on the sale of her pictures! And suddenly she met Fingall and found out what she was really made for."

So far Lady Brankhurst had been satisfying, as she always was when she trod on solid fact. But she never knew anything about her friends except what had happened to them, and when questioned as to what Mrs. Fingall was like she became vague and slightly irritable.

"Oh, well, he transformed her, of course: for one thing he made her do her hair differently. Imagine, she used to puff it out over her forehead! And when we went to the studio she was always dressed in the most marvelous Eastern things. Fingall drank cups and cups of Turkish coffee, and she learned to make it herself—it *is* better, of course, but so messy to make! The studio was full of Siamese cats. It was somewhere over near the Luxembourg—very picturesque, but one *did* smell the drains. I used always to take my salts with me; and the stairs were pitch-black." That was all.



"'SHE REALLY TRIES OUT THE COMING FASHIONS FOR THEM—LOTS OF THINGS SUCCEED OR FAIL AS THEY HAPPEN TO LOOK ON *HER*'"

BUT from her very omissions French had constructed the vision of something too fine and imponderable not to escape Lady Brankhurst, and had rejoiced in the thought that, of what must have been the most complete of blisses, hardly anything was exposed to crude comment but the stairs which led to it.

Of Donald Paul he had been able to learn even less, tho Lady Brankhurst had so many more facts to give. Donald Paul's life lay open for everybody in London to read. He had been at "dear boy," with a large and eminently respectable family connection, and then a not especially rising young barrister who occupied his briefless leisure by occasionally writing things for the reviews. He had written an article about Mrs. Morland, and when, soon afterward, he happened to meet her, he had suddenly realized that he hadn't understood her poetry in the least and had left her to write another article—under her guidance, the malicious whispered, and boundlessly enthusiastic, of course; people said it was that which had made her fall in love with him. But Lady Brankhurst thought it was more likely to have been his looks—with which French, on general principles, was disposed to agree.

"What sort of looks?" he asked.

"Oh, like an old picture, you know"; and at that shadowy stage of development the image of Donald Paul had hung. French, in spite of an extensive search, had not even been able to find out where the fateful articles on Mrs. Morland's verse had been published; and light on that point was one of the many minor results he now hoped for.

Meanwhile, settled in his deck-chair, he was so busy elaborating his own picture of the couple he was hastening to that he hardly noticed the slim figure of a traveler with a sallow, keen face and small dark beard, who hovered near as if for recognition.

"André Jolyesse—you don't remember me?" the gentleman at length reminded him in beautifully correct English; and French woke to the fact that it was of course Jolyesse, the fashionable French portrait-painter, whose expensively gloved hand he was shaking.

"We crossed together on the *Gothic* the last time I went to the States," Monsieur Jolyesse reminded him, "and you amiably introduced me to several charming persons who added greatly to my enjoyment."

"Of course, of course!" French assented; and, seeing that the painter was in need of a listener, reluctantly lifted his rugs from the next chair.

It was because Jolyesse, on the *Gothic*, had been so shamelessly in quest of an article that French, to escape his importunities, had passed him on to the charming persons referred to; and if he again hung about in this way, and recalled himself, it was doubtless for a similarly shameless purpose. But French was now steeled against the celebrating of that kind of art; and, to cut off a possible renewal of the request, he managed—in answer to a question as to what he was doing with himself—to mention casually that he had abandoned art criticism for the writing of books.

The painter was far too polite to let his attention visibly drop at this; too polite, even, not to ask with a ready show of interest if he might know the subject of the work Mr. French was engaged on.

"Horace Fingall—*bigre!*" he murmured, as if the aridity of the task impressed him while it provoked his pity. "Fingall—Fingall—" he repeated, his incredulous face smilingly turned to French, while he drew a cigaret from a gold case as flat as an envelop.

FRENCH gave back the smile. It delighted him, it gave him a new sense of the importance of his task, to know that Jolyesse, in spite of Fingall's posthumous leap to fame, still took that view. And then, with a start of wonder, the young man remembered that the two men must have known each other, that they must have had at least casual encounters in the crowded, promiscuous life of the painters' Paris. The idea was so rich in humor that he instantly acted on it.

"You must have come across Fingall now and then, I suppose?"

Monsieur Jolyesse shrugged. "Not for years. He was a savage—he had no sense of comradeship. And envious—!" The artist waved a ringed hand. "Could one help it if one sold more pictures than he did? But it was gall and wormwood to him, poor devil. Of course he sells now—tremendously high, I believe. But that's what happens: when an unsuccessful man dies, the dealers seize on him, and make him a fictitious reputation. Only it doesn't last. You'd better make haste to finish your book; that sort of celebrity collapses like a soap-bubble. Forgive me," he added, with studied compunction, "for speaking in this way of your compatriot. Fingall had aptitudes—immense, no doubt—but no technique, and no sense of beauty; none."

French, rejoicing, let the commentary flow on; he even felt the need to stimulate its flow. "But how about his portrait of his wife?—you must know it."

Jolyesse lifted both hands in protest. "That consumptive witch in the Luxembourg? *Ah, mais non!* She looks like a vegetarian vampire. *Voyez vous, si l'on a beaucoup aimé les femmes—*" The painter's smile was evidently intended to justify his championship of the sex. He puffed away the subject with his cigaret smoke and turned to glance down the deck. "There—by Jove, that's what I call a handsome woman! Over there, with the sable cloak and the brand-new traveling-bags. A honeymoon outfit, *hein?* If your poor Fingall had had the luck to do *that*—! I'd like the chance myself."

FRENCH, following his glance, encountered that of a tall and undeniably elegant young woman who was just settling herself in a deck-chair with the aid of an attentive maid and a hovering steward. A young man, of equal height and almost superior elegance, strolled up to tuck a rug over her shining boot-tips before seating himself at her side; and French had to own that, as a moment's ornament, the lady was worth all the trouble spent on her. She seemed, in truth, framed by nature to bloom from one of Monsieur Jolyesse's canvases.

It was annoying that eyes like forest-pools and a mouth like a tropical flower should so fit into that particular type; but then the object of Monsieur Jolyesse's admiration had the air of wearing her features, like her clothes, simply because they were the latest fashion, not because they were a part of her being. Her inner state was probably a much less complicated affair: a state, French fancied, of easy, apathetic good humor galvanized by the frequent need of a cigaret and a gentle enjoyment of her companion's conversation. French had wandered all his life what the Olympian lovers in fashion-plates found to say to each other. Now he knew. They said (he strolled nearer to the couple to catch it): "Did you wire to Boulogne about reserving a compartment?" and "I haven't seen my golf-clubs since we came on board"; and "I do hope Marshall's brought enough of that new stuff for my face"—and lastly, after a dreamy pause: "I *know* Gwen gave me a book to read when we started, but I can't think where on earth I've put it."

It was odd too that, handsome and young as they still were (both well on the warm side of forty), this striking couple was curiously undefinable—and obviously just the same way as Jolyesse's art. They belonged, for all their up-to-date attire, to a period before the triumph of the slack and the slouching; it was as if their elegance had pined too long in the bud, and its belated flowering had a tinge of staleness.

French mused on these things while he listened to Jolyesse's conjectures; and finally, in answer to the insistent question: "But where do you think they come from?" replied a little impatiently: "Oh, from the Rue de la Paix, of course!" He was tired of the subject, and of his companion, and wanted to get back to his thoughts of Horace Fingall.

"Ah, I hope so—then I may run across them yet!" Jolyesse, as he gathered up his bags, shot a last glance at the beauty. "I'll haunt the dressmakers' till I find her—she looks as if she spent most of her time with them. And the young man evidently refuses her nothing. You'll see, I'll have her in the next Salon!" He turned back to add: "She might be a compatriot of yours. Women who look as if they came from the depths of history usually turn out to be from Spokane. If you run across her, do say a good word for me. My full-lengths are fifty thousand now—to Americans."

All that first evening in Paris the vision of his book grew and grew in French's mind. Much as he loved the

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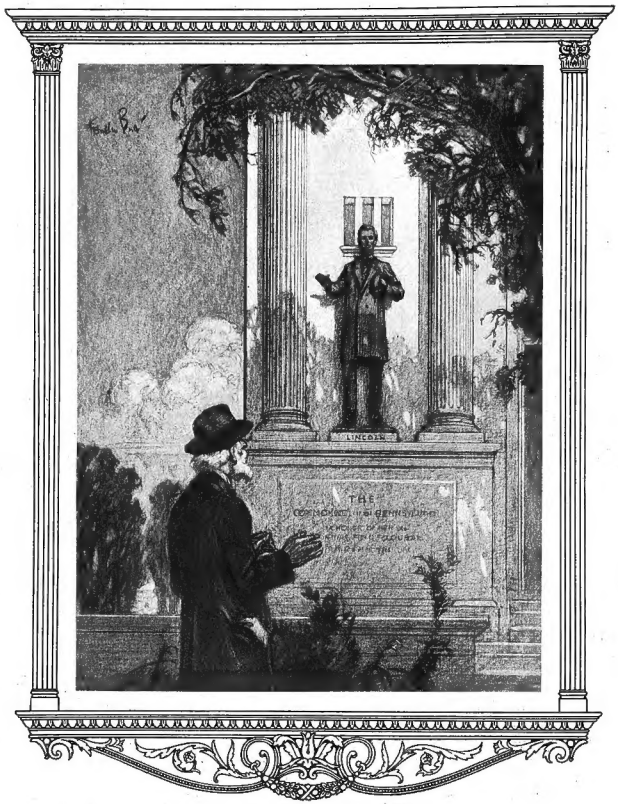

Illustrations by Franklin Booth

"'YOU NEVER CARED A SNAP OF YOUR FINGER WHAT KIND OF HORSE YOU RODE! YOU'RE LAUGHING AT ME! YOU NEVER GAVE A RIP!'"

NOVEMBER THE NINETEENTH

A Little-Known Lincoln Story Beautifully Worked into a Fiction Masterpiece

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

STANDING rapt in painful meditation at the corner of Market and Fourth Streets in Harrisburg on Friday, November the seventeenth, old Riley Tyler realized suddenly that it was ten minutes after seven and that the last train for home started in five minutes. At eleven in the morning it had seemed imperative that he leave Gettysburg immediately, and now it seemed equally imperative that he return. The thought of missing the train terrified him, and he began to walk toward the station at a furious pace, unbecoming to his age, which was seventy-six, and to his appearance, which almost merited the adjective "magnificent." Half-way down the block he began to run, clutching his broad-brimmed hat. His beautiful white beard and his still abundant white hair, worn somewhat long, were blown by the breeze created by his rapid motion. He looked like Father Time hurrying on some far more important errand than the catching of a train.

His unhappy absorption was not that of speculation upon a problem, profound or otherwise; he was not a learned man who pondered upon the fourth dimension or the Aristotelian predicate. He was the janitor of a church. He had no family troubles, since he had no family, nor did he have financial difficulties, since he earned good wages and had ten thousand dollars in the bank. His set eyes had been fixed, not upon abstraction, but upon a picture which he saw regularly each year as the nineteenth of November approached. It was this picture from which he had fled; but he saw it all day and he saw it now, as clearly defined as tho its background and figures were set out before him in the window of the nearest store.

The background was a stable dimly lighted by a large old lantern; the figures were a tall, thin boy and two tethered horses, the one black, high, and well bred, the mount for a large man; the other a short and ugly bay, a mount for a careless lad. There were sounds accompanying the picture: talk and laughter near by, the singing of young men in the distance, the trampling of horses in the street, and sometimes the soft, measured thudding of soldiers marching. There was also motion; old Riley saw the tall boy cross the stable, in his hand a pair of tongs; heard him bid the tall horse "H'ist!" saw him draw out one nail, then another and another. He left the shoe dangling, the horse useless without the attention of a blacksmith. He looked then at the other beast, homely and undersized, on his face determination and most bitter hatred.

"You're good enough for him," he said with sharp triumph.

It was a strange picture to see in a department-store window against the manikins in the latest furs! But it was from this that old Riley went flying.

At the end of a square he dropped into a short subway and there met with an accident which threatened serious delay if not worse results. The stone steps were worn into hollows, and he was slightly confused by the unevenness of his footing; moreover the lighting was poor and his vision was no longer perfect. Over his head thundered a train roaring into the Pennsylvania station on its way from Chicago to New York. Before him on the right approached a stout woman; before him on the left approached a white, woolly dog. Between the two, to the dim eyes of age, there was no connection. But a connection existed in the shape of a strong leash, and into this leash, as into a rope held taut for jumping, rushed Riley, and at once Riley and woman and dog were tangled into an apparently inseparable mass from which issued a shriek, a protest, and a howl. The shriek said "Murder!" The protest was, "Madam, I humbly beg your pardon!" The howl can not be reproduced in words.

"I am held up!" screamed the woman. "Police! Police!"

The last shout was not without its justification, for Riley had taken a wicked-looking knife from his pocket. As he severed the rope he heard the sound of an answering cry and rapid steps. Free, he dashed away, now Father Time in flight and not in pursuit, up the incline at the other end of the subway, across an open space, and into the station. A porter called, "Run, you can make it!" the onlookers cheered like those who watched John Gilpin; an

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official beckoned frantically from the iron gates; the conductor, Ed Thomas, who was Riley's old friend, waved a delaying signal to the engineer, and in a moment he was aboard and the train was in motion.

"Close shave," said Ed, stepping up after him.

Riley nodded, his breath gone; Ed spoke more truly than he knew.

He sat down in the rear car and closed his eyes. Most old hearts would have rebelled at such a chase, but Riley felt no ill effects except breathlessness, from which he soon recovered. Now that his terror was over, he reflected with both pity and amusement upon the astonishment of the poor woman and her dog; and by the time the train crossed the wide river he could enjoy the myriad lights on the other bridges and along the city front. When he had left Gettysburg in the morning he had thought that he might not return until the next day, and he was sorry that he had not carried out his intention. The nervousness which had taken him away and which was now taking him back seemed suddenly preposterous.

SINCE automobiles had become common the trains carried few visitors to the battle-field, and now that there was a bus line which went by a shorter route there were few through passengers of any sort. Seeing no one whom he knew, Riley regretted that he had not risked the crowd and the somewhat unpleasant familiarity of the bus. The train-ride consumed two hours, and without company the two seemed like ten. He was suddenly afraid of the long, unoccupied period, and he rose and walked to the front of the car, hoping that some one who looked like a stranger might prove to be an acquaintance.

His scrutiny identified no one; no answering gaze met his pleasant glance. There were young people who had been at work or at school in Harrisburg, there were a few hunters going into the country so as to be on hand for early rabbits, there were three bearded Dunkers on their way to the Dunker school at Grantham, but there was no one whom he knew. The gaze of one pair of eyes followed him down the aisle, and presently their owner, whom Riley had overlooked, rose and approached his seat. He was a short, thin man of about fifty with very bright black eyes. In spite of his pointed brown beard, to which he held as if for support, he looked, standing by Riley, like a small boy addressing an aged and regal master.

"Sir," said he in a thin, little voice, "may I ask if you are a veteran of the Civil War?"

"No, sir," answered Riley. "I was too young."

"May I ask another question? Do you live in this neighborhood?"

"I live in Gettysburg."

The stranger seemed about to pull his brown beard out by the roots.

"Would it be asking too much to let me sit with you?"

Riley could do no less than move over, tho he began to feel uneasy. But this little man did not look as tho he were of the tribe of historians whom Riley feared as a slave feared a Georgia trader.

There was a sort of historian in Gettysburg, a Miss Gant, a tall, thin woman with a large nose, who was writing a book and from whom Riley was constantly fleeing. She talked to old people and pried things out of them which had much better be forgotten, and sent little articles to the newspapers—she should not pry anything out of him!

At Riley's welcoming motion the stranger trembled with delight. He sat bolt upright and clasped his hands, still looking like a child.

"You saw it, sir? And heard it?"

As Riley regarded the little man a band of restraint within him snapped. He knew the battle like a book, from the first approach of the armies to the day when the last wounded soldier was carried away, but he never dared to talk about it in Gettysburg. He had come honestly by the fierce and bitter hatred of his youth; in '65, when Richmond fell, the celebrating villagers had taken pains to build bonfires before his mother's door.

Whatever the convictions of his manhood, the recollection of whispered epithets, "Traitors! Rebels!" would have kept him quiet even if it were not for his private and personal reasons for silence. But he could talk to this little stranger who gasped for information like a fish for water. He reversed the seat in front of him and propped up his feet and took a pencil and a newspaper from his pocket. The commuters and the rabbit-hunters had left and only the Dunkers remained, talking quietly among themselves at the other end of the car. The train ran heavily as tho the engine were old or exhausted, and the little man still gasped in thrilled anticipation. Riley spread out the newspaper and began to draw a map; he, too, was thrilled.

"Here," he said. "This is Gettysburg. These are roads, like the spokes of a wheel. This is South Mountain. Now, Lee, he was way off down here when he made up his mind to attack Harrisburg."

"Which we have just left," interpolated the stranger rapturously.

"Yes," said Riley. "Now, Meade, he was down here too, and he starts north after Lee." Riley proceeded with the familiar story. "And so, on June 29, Early, he comes riding into Gettysburg."

"You saw him?" whispered the stranger.

Riley felt that he was taking a risk, but he took it boldly.

"I saw everything from now on."

The stranger clasped his hands, he twisted them together, he wound his arms round each other.

The Dunkers left the train; the engine started again, panting as tho in agony; the temperature in the car rose to an almost unendurable point, but to passing events, to delay and discomfort, raconteur and listener were alike oblivious. Riley concluded the preliminary explanations; now Buford detected the advance of the enemy, Reynolds hastened to meet his death, Doubleday rode up and down the lines, the railroad-cut received its tumbling and bloody guests, the Union troops fled in rout through the town, and the first day was over. Meanwhile the train stopped between stations and wheezed for ten minutes before it toiled on. At the stations the crew answered irritably the badinage of the agents, who prophesied they would never get past Idaville. There was loud laughter as the train struggled desperately to depart.

The battle raged now on Culp's Hill, now on East Cemetery Hill, now on the Round Tops. Slocum rallied his forces, Sickles disobeyed orders, the Valley of Death was paved with wounded and dying, about Devil's Den the dead lay heaped. By the time the engine had climbed with anguish to Idaville the moon came out and looked down upon the slain of the second day. They were now more than an hour late, but time and space were nothing to Riley and the stranger. Sometimes the stranger interrupted with a frantic exclamation. "They must have been distracted to shoot each other down!" The thunder of guns echoed to the hills, Pickett was preparing for his charge, Longstreet was weeping, and into Lee's heart crept a cold chill. The stranger moistened his dry lips; he still sat like a child, his little feet not quite reaching the floor. There was a long pause in the journey at Goodyear, another at Peach Glen, but there was no pause in the recital. It was ten instead of eight-forty-five when they came to Biglerville.

"So it was over," said Riley with the sigh of one who wakes from a heroic dream. "All over."

The stranger clutched him by the arm.

"But afterward," he said, his hunger unappeased. "How did they take care of the sick and bury the dead? My God! Ten thousand dead men to bury!"

Riley looked a little frightened; awaking to the present, he remembered that November the nineteenth was close at hand, and he saw the dim stable and the sullen, angry boy and the two horses. The details had changed: it was morning now, and the confusion outside had thickened, and beside the boy stood his employer, looking distraught at the dangling shoe. Riley saw another picture, like the close-up in a motion-picture; a man's face, dark, rugged, down-bent, sorrowful.

"It's time we were in long ago," he said nervously, fumbling for his watch. "You ought to be paid for riding on this road. Look at the time! We'll be two hours late."

The stranger cared nothing for time, and his hand refused to be shaken off.

"Of course you know why I'm going to Gettysburg at this time of year," he said. "I want to stand in that cemetery where Lincoln stood. Now, you didn't see or hear him, I suppose!" The stranger meant, "Of course you heard and saw him!" in his excitement with joy!" "Did you?" he said when Riley did not answer.

At last Riley got rid of the clutching hand.

"I'm going to the door to get some air. This car's like a furnace."

The stranger persisted. "But did you?"

"I did," said Riley. "But I was young." He rose and turned to step into the aisle, but the perverse stranger stretched his short legs across the space between the two seats.

"I understand they gave him a small horse to ride and he looked ridiculous," he said. His aspect was innocent, but to Riley he had the malice of a venomous snake. He believed that at last he was found out.

"I was young," said Riley. He lifted his long legs and stepped over the slight barrier into the aisle.

"I'll bet it was done for spite or hatred," continued the stranger in his shrill voice. "There were plenty that would have been glad to make a fool of him. They thought he was a fool." The stranger rose and followed Riley toward the door.

"They called him a fool and a clown. One of his own Cabinet said he was the original gorilla. The papers made fun of his speech—think of that!" The stranger began to recite shrilly, "Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers—"

Turning into a seat as tho to let this persistent little terrier run past, Riley staggered and sat down perforce. It was the last curve, thank Heaven! Already the lights of Gettysburg gleamed brightly. He rose when the engine was again

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"IT WAS A STRANGE PICTURE TO SEE IN A DEPARTMENT-STORE WINDOW AGAINST THE MANIKINS IN THE LATEST FURS! BUT IT WAS FROM THIS THAT OLD RILEY WENT FLYING"

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Illustrations by George Wright

Seven Times Seven

Concerning My Sunken Year at College and Various Other Well-Meant Efforts to Educate Me Despite My Own Desires

By Maria Thompson Daviess

Complete in Five Parts—Part Two

MY EIGHTH birthday, passed in Nashville, was a very hilarious occasion. It fell on the day after Thanksgiving and was spent with Aunt Susie and her babies in her town home on Broad Street.

I had discovered Aunt Susie and Uncle Ed as soon as I got to Nashville, and they have been two of the big assets in my after-life. Aunt Susie had been so busy having babies and Uncle Ed in taking care of her and them that they had not come up to Harrodsburg to see us, and they were a kind of blood-strangers to me.

On that memorable birthday I see myself standing beside my mother's knee "helping her hold" wee six-months-old Sue, with yellow-thatched Leonora beside me and red-roofed Mortimer holding onto my short skirts to steady his toddling legs. I know a discussion is on as to whether I am to be allowed to have Sue put into my arms to hold all by myself and carry to lay on the bed. To this day the look of confidence with which Aunt Susie lifted the tiny kiddy, laid her against my shoulders, and folded my arms about her in proper maternal style, warms my solar plexus when I think of it.

For forty-one years Aunt Susie was my very best chum, who believed in me always, and let me see it, and it was wee Sue's eldest daughter, Milbry, who drove me out from the hospital and helped lay me out on the four-poster the terrible day I came home to Sweetbriar Farm to die—and didn't. She looks rather like Aunt Susie, and her face had a touch of her grandmother's gentleness as she eased me out of her rakish yellow-and-blue car into Housemother Bernice's arms.

That eighth year I spent in Nashville would have been a horror to me if it had not been for Aunt Susie's riotous little household. Her namesake, cuddled in her lap, singing perhaps, "He Promised to Bring Me a Bunch of Blue Ribbons" or even "Flee As a Bird." She never sang "Hey, Diddle, Diddle," but always a classic gem.

I would pause at the foot of the steps long enough to make sure that I heard her rich voice and then, relieved of fear, go back to the kitchen to see what old Aunt Hannah, the cook, had kept on the back of the stove for me to eat.

Just before dusk my mother and brother, very often Leonora, too, Old Jude, and I would all amble home, hurrying to get there before Uncle Joe, who came out in the horse street-car. That whole Winter my heart was torn between a wild desire to stay at Aunt Susie's long enough to see Uncle Ed when he got home, and to hurry home to be there when Uncle Joe came in the front door. Sometimes they would beg me to stay all night with the babies and go to school from there, but I went wild at the very mention of being away from my mother at night and would tremble and clutch at her in my sleep for nights after such an argument had taken place. I sometimes think Aunt Susie had a dim notion of what I was enduring, for she always made Uncle Ed and the children stop teasing me to stay. And how I wanted to stay!

One of my eighth-year bright lights was furnished by Aunt Emmie. She carefully built me a wonderful blue-plush coat and blue bonnet with pink-silk lace and a rose inside it, arrayed me in it, and took me to see Modjeska play "As You Like It." My first memory of sound is hearing great Helena's golden voice utter these words: "By my troth, Narcissa, my little body is aweary of this great world." Why these particular words I do not know. I catch a memory glimpse of her standing beside a stage-tree, and that is all, except that the strings to my blue bonnet were too tight.

Except for a few bright spots, that Winter in Nashville was a nightmare no small child ought to have had. And I know my mother suffered, too. Grandmother and Little Aunty were as good as gold to us, but there were other members of the household to whom the noise and clutter of two children, who had been reared in liberty, were a sore trial. Everything we did was wrong, and when I finally stood up and let loose all the choice oaths with which I had ever heard my grandfather's negroes control the mules out at Hayfields, at the relatives who had dared to move the lilies my mother had brought in the pot in her hand to a place where they would die from the sun, my mother fled with us back to Hayfields and Grandmother Daviess.

The Summer at Hayfields was as happy and colorful as the Winter in Nashville had been troubled and dull. It was then that I found my grandmother Daviess, never to lose her again; tall, strong, handsome Grandmother, who ran the machinery of a great farm, conducted a column in a farm paper published in far-away Yankee Boston, lectured on literature and history at the academy, and entertained the whole countryside day in and day out, for, male and female, the entire county brought their wails and woes to Grandmother to adjust, and she spent the day and sometimes far into the night doing it.

THE first morning after our arrival I see my mother seated beside Grandmother's writing-table, helping her with some kind of papers, and I voluntarily trusted her to Grandmother, and left her for fifteen minutes to go and see the Spring output of the poultry-yard get its noonday feed. I ran back in a panic, but found them calmly working. I see myself fall on the foot of Grandmother's huge mahogany bed, panting with relief that at last I had found somebody I could safely leave my mother with for a few moments.

And the very next week saw the end of my eighteen-months under that grilling fear-for-my-mother obsession. I see myself coming into my grandmother's room and finding my mother sewing a white-crêpe ruche in her widow's bonnet, and I know that my grandmother puts it up to me to let my mother go with her for three days over to Cincinnati to a great agricultural fair the next week. As I stood there I saw something had happened to my mother. She was eager and interested over some display of cannas at the fair of which she had been reading. I took a deep breath; something in me seemed to snap, and with it the obsession departed forever.

I see myself respectfully giving my consent to Grandmother to stay behind and let Mother go with her. Then I rushed out, got on the back of a little blue-blooded hack-mare, always kept grazing in the orchard for emergency, and rode, bridleless and bareback, around the pasture beyond the orchard until both the mare and I were exhausted. I think that we might have been galloping yet if Sue Kirk had not flagged us down by the road and feverishly imparted the information that she had come to stay a while with me.

Oh, the joy of freedom that flowed back into me! I was wild. Sue and I raced and ran and climbed and ate and swung all over the farm. We came in late for supper, and I hardly looked at my mother.

When I saw her drive away with Grandmother next day, looking so beautiful and young in her white widow's frills, I felt as if a huge mountain had rolled off me. I became a child again. And some child! It was a damaged pair of small girls and a damaged farm Sis Annie saw bedded down that night.

That was a glorious Summer, and one of the most glorious things of it was to get back to Mammy Kitty's devoted ministrations. When we had given up the cottage

"THEN I RUSHED OUT, GOT ON THE BACK OF A LITTLE BLUE-BLOODED HACK-MARE, AND RODE AROUND THE PASTURE BEYOND THE ORCHARD UNTIL BOTH THE MARE AND I WERE EXHAUSTED"

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and gone to Nashville she wanted to go with us, but her timid old husband flatly refused the terrors of the journey.

A bank-book my father had kept for her showed a balance of about thirteen hundred dollars in her favor. With her small fortune Mammy Kitty bought a little three-room house, furnished it out of left-over things from our moving to Nashville, lived in it about forty-two years, and it is worth to-day to her grown-up piccaninnies almost three thousand dollars.

Tho she jobbed around for other people, nursing babies and cooking for parties, when we got back to Harrodsburg on visits Mammy Kitty was ours as long as we were there.

I am enjoying peering back into the reel of that 1881 Summer. I see it as a kaleidoscope, turning out scenes of color and beauty.

I see carriages arriving and carriages departing full of friends and relatives, and I am being continually starched and frilled for company by Mammy Kitty.

I see myself sliding down towering haystacks with Sue Kirk, two boy cousins, and always D. Bowman.

I see all of us mounted on the thoroughbred horses, which Grandmother was gradually selling off, riding all over the place to gentle them and get them ready for selling. We all were expert riders, and my brother could break a colt at five years. D. Bowman and I rode my "span" until they were perfectly gentle, and it hurt to see them sold, but I saw the reason when Grandmother pointed it out to me.

Then as the glorious freedom of vacation passed and I began to feel the time drawing near for our return to Nashville and the "forbidding relatives," I see myself sitting off in corners plotting some sort of death and destruction to somebody to prevent the return. I wanted to see Uncle Joe and the others whom I loved, but I loathed the thought of Belle's fine red-brick house, under whose roof the word "don't" was so freely hurled at us. And the death of the lilies rankled.

I thought it all over and finally staged an explosion about the matter and delivered an ultimatum. I would not go back to Nashville! There were parleys and discussions, and finally my mother asked me how I would like to go up to Danville, a town ten miles from Harrodsburg, for the Winter, and board near what she had heard to be a particularly fine school, coming back to Hayfields for week-ends. I "liked" the idea, and we went.

Of the Winter in Danville I have only two distinct pictures. One is of the wonderful old Carolinian colonial house in which we boarded, with its tall columns and wide wings. There were queer stairs that led up and down to different floor-levels, and a moss-stained brick court in the back. I have recreated different angles of it in my novels. It too has been burned to its foundation-stone. Strange!

I AM not improving as I should. My hands are drawn so crooked that it is almost impossible to strike the typewriter-keys. They are again discussing giving me the rheumatic serum. If I can get together the strength to make this record without it I am going to do so, but if not I'll take the serum as a last resort. I've written a lot of Christmas notes, one at a time, and I've made them as cheery as I wish I were. Goddaughter and I have just straightened out Santa Claus and Jesus and Mab, Queen of the Fairies. It was hard sledding, for she has a nice budding questioner's intellect.

AFTER the Danville school, which proved to be so little of a school that I have only one recollection of it—the way some old stone steps led down into a rough flagstone court covered with a grape-vine—no memory of any fragment of the three R's—we went out to my aunt Jean Warren, my father's youngest sister, for a visit.

And again I see red! I see my mother and Aunt Jean sitting on the front porch at Warrenwood; Aunt Jean, handsome, gay, rough-and-tumble, kindness itself, and carelessly cruel. A buggy with a high-stepping span of horses had just driven out of the front gate in which sat Cousin Henry, a handsome old white-headed widower. Aunt Jean turns to me and says: "Well, how will you like Cousin Henry for a stepdaddy?" I see my mother shrink as if from a physical blow, and in an instant I am on my feet, and the negroid oaths of the Hayfields teamsters begin to pour from my lips in a raging torrent.

Those curious brainstorms interest me. I have had perhaps a dozen in my life; and between them I can remember not a single one of the tremendous oaths that come when a certain kind of anger releases them from the pigeonhole in which I stored them in my infancy. Sometimes I've needed one or more to ornament a page of my writing, but try as I will I can not call up a single one. After a month under Aunt Jean's and Uncle William's broad and hospitable roof we went back for the rest of the Summer to my beloved Hayfields.

"TO THIS DAY THE LOOK OF CONFIDENCE WITH WHICH AUNT SUSIE LIFTED THE TINY KIDDY AND FOLDED MY ARMS ABOUT HER IN PROPER MATERNAL STYLE, WARMS MY SOLAR PLEXUS WHEN I THINK OF IT"

And then it happened that in August, 1881, in Harrodsburg, Ky., I met Ambition face to face and took him by the hand. I have made my footprints in his tracks forever after. It happened in this wise: A letter had come from Uncle Joe asking my mother to tell him frankly if she and I had been satisfied with the Danville school. We sat on a huge rock at the gate of Hayfields and read the letter together and took counsel.

Then and there we decided that we would have to write Uncle Joe a decided negative to his question; but I see myself emphatically commanding my mother to write him that I would never consent to returning to Rokeby Place.

Such a letter as we got in return! It said that I should not be made to live at Rokeby, but that he could rent for us the down-stairs part of one of Nashville's fashionable old residences, which was directly opposite a College for Young Ladies, which at that time was admittedly the best school for girls in the South; also that he would come to take his midday dinner with us, as it was within walking distance from his office. The closing paragraph did the work. The words are graven on my memory:

"You have shown decided symptoms of intellect, and I want you here by me so I can see it develop. You are all the girl I have got, and I want to make you into as great a woman as if you were a boy. You must be here to enter school by September tenth. I count on you."

I came—Uncle Joe has always won out with me in the end—but I hated the old half house where he settled us, except that here I met for the first time with a bath-tub. Rokeby Place and Aunt Susie's house were out of the water-limits.

Then on the nominated tenth of September Uncle Joe took me by the hand, led me across the street, through a forbidding portal, and introduced me to Education, whom I found on the job, white-haired, goatee beard, suave, and ready for business.

The College for Young Ladies was a good school—now I know how good it really was. And of its value about four-fifths was vested in the frail, erect, fire-blue-eyed body of Cousin Kate Thomas, who taught belles-lettres from English grammar to general history. For four long years under Cousin Kate's uncompromising supervision I scrawled original sentences, picked classic sentences to pieces, parsed, analyzed, and diagrammed their vitals, and then put them together again. I balanced adverbial phrases against single adjectives, and vice versa, and if I split an infinitive to-day it is not my cousin Kate's fault.

But life at C. Y. L. was not all subjects and predicates and subjunctive clauses. First and foremost there was Mamie, beside whom I was seated my first day in the halls of learning. Mamie, when I first met her, had big innocent blue eyes which could squint up into demons of mischief—and that on the slightest provocation—a thick yellow thatch of shingled hair, and the longest and thinnest legs I had up to that time encountered.

Next came Sallie, a wee girl whose spine was just beginning to curve, but who mastered suffering with a giant will and mastered the rest of us with that same will plus a giant charm of nature. Sallie was always having or doing something that the rest of us could not match out. Sallie went to New York to have her back treated and came home with a ring in which glinted a real tho microscopic diamond. She modestly displayed the ring and said nothing about the suffering which had brought it.

And then, too, Sallie possessed, smuggled into school, and generously lent to her classmates the *Elsie* books. At the time the *Elsie* rash was broken out the thickest I was going out to Aunt Susie's every Thursday to read a serial by Charles Reade called "Put Yourself in His Place," which was coming out in *Harper's Bazar*.

LITTLE AUNTY, out at Rokeby Place, also, was reading "Swiss Family Robinson" and "Robinson Crusoe" and "Little Women" to me for about thirty of my forty-eight hours' leave as her guest. I remember that my interest always flagged after the first half of the Alcott masterpece. I never believed that *Jo* turned *Laurie* down, and I hated *Amy*. In fact, I rather think that Aunty was more of an Alcott fan than I. Being thus sustained, naturally I didn't crave much of the sweetness of *Elsie Dinsmore*. If I felt the need of juvenile company I took Mamie off into a quiet place and read *Dolly Dimple* and *Sister Prudy*, those real children classics which I want to read this very year to Goddaughter.

Mamie said the reason I didn't like the *Elsie* books was because I was getting to like the boys and wanted to read about sweethearts and grown-up things. And then the first rift in our palship occurred.

And it is to laugh, for at that time, save for a lingering longing for D. Bowman's inventive wickedness, I never had one thought of a boy; in fact, never saw or spoke to one of the creatures for the whole four years I was at C. Y. L.'s hotbed for feminine young ideas There were no boys of my age in the family connection and I was too busy to look any up. It rather surprizes me to remember that for four years after my separation from D. and the boys at Hayfields I lived happy and content with Mamie and Sallie and the rest of the class, with a skipping-rope, roller-skates, and dancing in the gymnasium.

Then, in our respective eleventh years we graduated from the primary room into the intermediate class and went to sit sedately in the chapel with the grown girls, Mamie and I still managing to desk-mate.

And it was the first day of our new estate that I met Romance and for the first time felt the dam of affection in my heart overflow. I met Young Teacher and fell at her feet in as violent a spell of hero-worship—or heroine-

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An Amazing Autobiography

THE first instalment of Maria Thompson Daviess' autobiography, "Seven Times Seven," reveals the high lights and shadows of the life of a little girl in Kentucky, whose awakening emotions have left vivid pictures on her memory; pictures, grave and gay, culminating in the tragic and untimely death of her father. With their little world completely shattered by this unfortunate calamity, this girl, who was destined to become a brilliant novelist, and her mother undertake to find themselves once more. Their efforts result in a tremendously interesting story that moves swiftly along through the remaining instalments.

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The Sword and the Sunburst

The Third in the Series of Five Stories of the Romance of Early Christianity

By Agnes Laut

Illustrations by Remington Schuyler

"SHE SAW HIM LEAP BACK, STRIKE OUT WITH HIS SHORT DIRK SWORD. THE IRON-SHOD FOOT SLIPPED ON THE BLOODY FLOOR. HE FELL WITH A CRASH OF ARMOR ON STONE"

IF a woman is forced by the chain of circumstances to barter her love for power, is she justified in bartering herself to the highest bidder?

That was the thought that chased through the Princess Bernice's brain in a dizzy whirl when she struck her horse and bolted from the missioner's caravan to force herself on the notice of the Roman Emperor's son and make such bargain as she could with her own charms for coin to save herself and her brother—the King—from ruin. Had she ever known a day of freedom of choice from early girlhood, when she had been sold to one old husband to steady a tottering throne, to opening womanhood when, widowed, she had again been sold like a slave on the shambles to another aged and repugnant spouse to win alliance to strengthen that same insecure throne?

And when she had fled from that second aged buyer on plea of religious vow, her name had been dirt under the feet of the very beggars on the street—a byword among the Jews and a joke among the actors of the Roman theaters in all the known world. If the world would hound her to lawlessness for refusing to bow to legalized indecency, she would accept the challenge and bid for a power that would put the world under her feet and reduce the dogs, who barked, to lick her very hands.

"Dogs—dogs—dogs"—she hated the whole scheme of life that made of her love and womanhood a pawn to lust and power. 'Twas all very well for the Christian presbyter and the great revivalist to hurl anathemas at her sin; but was the sin hers, which had forced her down in the cesspools of selfish slime? If the world had made her sin she would take toll of the world for her sin and exact tribute that would compensate her loss for the sin.

Rebel? Yes, she knew she was a rebel; but who had turned her into a rebel? If she could not fight Rome she would exact the price from Rome by beating it at its own ruthless gamble for power. To be sure, the presbyter and the revivalist had offered her refuge from Rome in a Shadowy Kingdom not made with hands; but had the God of that Shadowy Kingdom reached down miraculous hand and saved her from the price she had already paid? Could all the tears of repentance and sorrow for the past—which was not her fault—wipe out the memories that seared her soul like a red-hot iron?

The great revivalist had warned it was she who was tempting the young Greek convert of the new faith. Tempting? She laughed; and struck her frantic horse again with all the vicious strength in her woman arm. It was she who had been tempted by a type of love she had not dreamed could exist in the world of men; and what could she give back for that type of love—now? An assoiled thing with drugged memories, which all the waters of Dead Sea hopes and Jordan tears could not wipe out. How easily she could have drawn the young Greek convert's lips to her own and drawn his soul through those lips and held it enchained forever in enchanted fetters he did not dream! She loved him too well to make of his life what fate had made of hers!

She laughed now because she was forever past tears. She struck the horse again and again because she would have made all living creatures suffer a little of what she was suffering; and she could have screamed in such a fury of incarnate, demon exultation as the warrior women of the barbarians screamed when they tortured fallen foe. She would have laughed if the horse had stumbled and caused her death. That, at least, would be going down with defiance in the very teeth of fate; but a frantic horse on a devil's errand somehow does not stumble. It carries us into the very pit of fate.

It was just as the mists of morning were rising that some of the soldiers stirred uneasily in their sleep to the echo of the trumpets and bugles sounding reveille and the sharp, iron-shod pound of the two horses ridden at furious pace over the flinty rocks. Some of them sat up wearily. A few commanders sprang to their feet, sword in hand. Their first thought was of fresh dispatches from Rome, or word of surrender from the besieged Holy City. What they descried through the rising gauzy mist was the figure of a woman leaping from her horse in front of the commander's tent, followed by a soldier throwing himself from his horse across her way and thrusting his lance before the tent entrance. Not thus had refugees escaping over the walls of the besieged city by rope come to Roman for permission to seek safety in the caves beyond the Dead Sea.

The officers smiled in hard contempt. The soldiers laughed an ugly, suggestive laugh. They laughed because they knew that while the war lasted, if a goddess had come garbed as a woman she would not be received in that tent. They trusted, loved, and idolized their commander as they would a god, and already openly talked of Titus as the army's future Emperor when the cares of Rome from Gaul to Ganges would have worn out his father, Vespasian.

THE Roman legions lay encamped on valley and hill in front of Jerusalem. Seven months now had they besieged the Holy City, from Passover week in Spring, when a million Hebrews from every country in the known world had come up to Jerusalem to celebrate the birth of their nation from the bondage of slavery in Egypt. It was now the golden Summer season, which we know as the end of August and opening of September. Russet mist shimmered on earth and sky. As the sun rose over the red mountain rims of Moab far to the east of the Dead Sea, the gauzy clouds took to themselves wings and rose to mid heaven white as the snow of Hermon in the north and joyous as the lark's greeting to new-born day.

Seven long months the Roman legions had beaten with their huge engines of war against the three impregnable walls of the Holy City. Beleaguered and assailants were both exhausted and had appointed this day a truce, for it was the Jewish Sabbath. The besieged citizens would long since have surrendered to Rome, for Rome had given them peace and prosperity and security in their own Hebrew laws for a hundred years; but the mad Zealot robber bands and short-sword ruffians, known as the Sicarii, who had seized the city twenty thousand strong Passover week to plunder in the name of liberty from Roman yoke, when all the Temple chests were filled with the gold tribute from Jews the world over, knew that surrender meant death, and, holding all the arms of the city, kept the gates of the three unscalable walls locked against Roman entry or citizens' escape.

Escape was possible only by leaping or dropping roped from the high walls. Women were held prisoners in the houses, as cattle for slaughter are hemmed in shambles, to force the obedience of the men to the mad Zealot robber bands. He who threw himself from the broad parapet of the upper walls and missed death in a frantic leap saw all his kin flung forcibly over after him by the Zealots, into the bloody moat beneath the southern precipice, where the slow-burning fires of Gehenna had already consumed more than six hundred thousand Jews.

But all was peace of parley this calm Sabbath morning.

Not a watcher appeared on the broad top of the walls from the Temple on the east to the three towers of Herod on the higher Zion to the west. The world of fighters slept in the dead exhaustion of men who had lived in armor day and night for seven months. The footmen of the Roman legions sprawled on the ground, helmets and face-pieces still fastened, metal armor still buckled to breast and thigh. The horsemen lay with heads pillowed on saddles, their beasts stretched on the ground beside them, bridle-rein crooked in their elbows, shields thrown for protection across their lower limbs. The huge battering-rams, which the Romans had hauled up to the walls and mounted on hurdles of trees and rocks and sod, rested suspended in mid-air, the giant beams hanging over the wall for the first time the next day, with rams' heads of solid iron twisted and torted from the smash of seven months' ceaseless work.

Where the cable, that hauled back the beam coiled around a horizontal windlass, had been tied to a stake driven in the ground, a hundred ropemen lay in a sleep dead as death. The great catapults, with jaws of a giant leviathan gripping rocks for the toss over the walls, also hung silent and still against the calm sky, with more cables fast to ground-stakes and more fighters asleep with hands not a finger-length from the ropes for the call to fresh fight when the trumpets should sound.

North of Jerusalem, far as eye could see on mountain and plain, was a yellow tent city of Roman legions grouped round one large marquee on the central ridge, above which gleamed the ensigns of the Emperor's son, Titus, the gleaming eagle in brass on a lofty pole in front of the commander's quarters.

THE woman and the soldier stood facing each other with blazing eyes before the commander's tent. The man did not speak. If Rome won, he would not risk his head by letting her pass. If Rome failed, neither would he risk his neck by offense to an imperious mistress who was not wont to be stopped in her will.

Their eyes blazed. Both breathed hard.

"Down with that lance!" The woman's order was emphasized with a stamp. She had tossed aside her black cloak revealing royal purple below, and her right hand

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sought the pearl-handled dagger in the gold cord round her waist.

"The Emperor sleeps, Princess," the soldier gasped back. "One to win favor had best not disturb the tired conqueror unannounced."

"Liar," she said with the quick gleam of an angry comet, "drop your spear!"

The tent curtain lifted. An unarmed man in royal vesture like her own emerged as if dazed from sleep.

The Idumean's lance went up with a flash in the sun, butt on ground, point in air, held by hand as of an unseeing statue. The hair of the man in the tent doorway curled unkempt and damp with night-sweat on his brow. He was unshaven and bent unlike soldier men as if crushed with burdens too heavy to be borne. He was still in the drowse of heavy sleep.

"Bernice—Princess—Sister," he ejaculated. "Are you —ghost, or flesh? In the name of all the gods of Rome, how came—you—here?"

"Aye—how came her Highness here?" angrily repeated the old Idumean guard. "And my life was sworn to hold the two Princesses and the Queen Herodias safe in Machærus Fort beyond Jordan while the way lasts; but she tricked me by tale of joining some Nazarene Christians going to the Isles of Greece; and when the caravan passed this way up from the Jordan she broke from rank and wheeled her horse, affrighted by the morning trumpets, straight for the General's tent."

"Silence—fellow!" ordered the man. "Who gave you leave to speak? Come inside, my sister!"

He lifted the tent-flaps, and they passed in. There was not a soul inside all the great tent but a Sabean slave laying out his master's armor for the day.

"My brother—my King—Agrippa—last of the Herod line," the woman opened her arms; and they embraced with the passion of the Herods, who loved as they hated with the hot blood of the torrid Arab strain.

"You may go," the King ordered the man.

Left alone, he turned to the Princess.

"What means this—mad—adventure, Sister?"

"It means, dear brother, that the Herod women will no longer endure to be cooped like sheep to be eaten by wolves yonder in Machærus Fort! Herod women are of the lion line, my King! They fight not in cornered walls. They crouch and spring for the foe's throat and never wait for any foe to strike first."

"Dangerous words if Rome overhears," said he.

"HAVE you forgotten how, from the male side, we spring from the unconquered Arab, and from the other side from Mariamne, daughter of the greatest of the Hebrew High Priests?" demanded the Princess. "Have you forgotten when the Great Herod would have broken Mariamne to his imperious will, she defied him; and when he slew her, she came back and haunted him till she drove him mad in that same Machærus Fort? Have you forgotten how the great Imperial Cæsar called Herod to Rome, and Herod would not lower eye or knee in presence of Imperial Rome; and how for his fearless courage he won respect of all the Senate in Rome and gained the Kingdom of Judea for his race? Royal house has held from that day to this? When did Herods win a kingdom by cringing in fear? Not thus are kingdoms won, Brother!

"Old Queen Herodias grows madder every day with dreams of the Hermit John's head, slain in the dungeons there. Sister Drusilla, who has ever been jealous of my being younger and your favorite, swears she will join her husband Felix, whether he is in Rome or among the barbarians. Know you not if the Romans win here, the secret Zealots and Sicarii sword ruffians in the fort there on the Dead Sea will rise and cut our throats for loyalty to Rome; and if the Romans lose here, they will tear us to pieces with bloody hands and feed us to the dogs beneath the city walls?"

The man's head sank forward despairingly.

"You should have been King in my place, little lioness. Rome's luxuries in youth have softened my Herod daring. I am no longer wild Arab of the desert willing to wade waist-deep in blood to power. I crave no more kingship, but rest and peace."

"Then—confess it not," scouted the Princess scornfully. "But I do confess it. I am weary of fighting for a kingdom to do as Rome bids! If Rome fails, we are lost. If Rome wins, all Judea will be ravaged from Galilee to the Dead Sea, and every city put up on the auction-block to the highest soldier bidder, slave or free. Know you our royal revenues all come from the tribute taxes of these cities? Only Felix, the freed slave, Sister Drusilla's husband, had cunning to foresee. We of the royal line have been blinded by our own ambition and mistook a Shadow Kingdom for the real. We are only weak shadows of Rome. As waves Rome's arm of command so jumps our obedient shadow. Rome is crumbling like a colossal image of clay. Only Felix laid him away gold enough in strong iron chests to buy a villa down on Naples Bay, where I had planned to send Sister Drusilla to her husband, and the Queen Herodias on to her lord in banishment in Spain."

"AND what did you plan to do with me?" asked the Princess with the eye of a harrier-hawk on a weakling bird.

"Trust Titus's mercy! You have ever been favorite with him. He likes your wild daring; but dare not too much! We have been loyal to Rome——"

"Mercy!" the Princess Bernice laughed. "Is that the Great Herod's voice I hear in the last of the Herod line? Do you also plan to march with shackles on hands and balls on feet behind the conqueror's car under the Triumphal Arch at Rome?"

"Sister, dearest Princess, my lioness," answered King Agrippa, caressing his sister's hands. "Have you forgotten how a year ago we stood on the Bridge of Fate that runs from the Temple roof across the middle lower city to Herod's Palace on the west, to plead with the High Priests to stem this revolt against Rome, and the whole populace of Jerusalem took up stones to kill us? Only the height of the bridge saved our lives. Have you forgotten the shameful names they shouted up at you—Rahab, they called you—a Herod Princess—because you had left your ancient spouse up in Cilicia and came down to pay your vows in Jerusalem—you, my Queen sister, the daughter of the High Priests back to Aaron? Have you forgotten the insults they hurled at me for defending you—my favorite sister—tho never Herod did more for the Jews than I have done? What would you if we trust not Titus's gratitude?"

"Gratitude!" the Princess harshly laughed. "Gratitude, the sour-milk diet of weakling fools—coward hopes!" She drew back from her brother and screened her face by throwing her purple cloak over her shoulder as she spoke. "What would I do? I'd do what every High Priest's woman has had to do since Miriam, Aaron's sister, beat the timbrels of victory on the Red Sea. I'd rule the man! I'd ride with the conqueror in his car beneath Rome's Arch of Triumph! I'd turn a Shadow Kingdom into a real earth power ruled with iron grip tho it were fleshed in woman. They call us—weak." She laughed again.

"I'd send Drusilla with her dove-cooing love to her slave husband Felix on Naples Bay. I'd send the old drooling Queen Herodias to her doting failure of a spouse in Spain to waste their souls away in vain regrets; but I'd strike, and I'd strike now straight at Titus's heart for the throne of Rome——"

"Not that—not that way, my Queen, my sister," her brother drew back in horror. "Know you what names the populace call you, my royal sister?"

"A curse on these barking dogs! What care I for the curs of the gutter? He who fights curs finds himself snarling in their gutter. We Herods have given Judea security for a hundred years. What have they given us? They have snapped hands that feel them royal bread free. Let the Romans conquer and throw every Judean over the walls to the fires of Gehenna, or sell the seditious slaves to Egypt for the price of dogs. Think you, beloved brother, that I have not sacrificed love for power? I left the only man that ever I loved in my life but you—my King—to break from the caravan to the Isles of Greece and come to Titus here.

"Yes, the Greek slave—Onesimus, from whom you parted me in the Gardens of Daphne long ago, now grown to man majestic as a gladiator! He offered me the Shadow Kingdom of his Christ, and my weak heart might have yielded to that love had I not seen the Emperor's tent here when the mist rose; but I would not drop the real kingdom of Rome within our grasp for all Shadow Kingdoms of all the prophets since time began. What have the prophets done for us, Brother? Show me a kingdom I can grasp and I'll close my clutch on what I feel. I grasp not rainbows, my Agrippa!"

King Agrippa sank to his cot with his face in his hands.

"If you ride with the Emperor in his chariot under the Triumphal Arch, know you what Rome will say?"

"And what do I care what Rome says? Can Rome say worse than these Judeans have shrieked as we rode through the streets? What care I what the Roman rabble bawls if I rule Rome? With the army in Titus's strong hands, the Senate will eat from our hands, whipped curs. Where is Titus? Take me to him, Brother! We can save the last of Herod's line."

King Agrippa rose irresolute. The Princess had stung him to action; but one who must be stung to action must be kicked on by prods in action.

"That I can not, Sister Bernice, tho you were queen of heaven." King Agrippa began pacing the tent. "We have a remnant of the Roman garrison secure in the three great towers of Herod, whence the Zealots and Sicarii sword ruffians have been unable to drive them out—they are our old loyal garrison of a year ago; and they have ample water in the roof cistern to hold out till we go in. That's why our engines have avoided throwing rocks at the west towers. With them are three of the Nazarenes who refuse to be driven to revolt.

"Our spies tell us these Nazarenes have rescued all the sacred scrolls from the ruffians now in the Temple to the east and carried them for safe-keeping to Herod's towers by the secret aqueduct that runs from beneath the Temple to Herod's Palace on the west. You would be safe there; but I—can not—take you there. The overhead bridge from the Temple to the Palace has been smashed by the great rocks we have been throwing over the walls, and the aqueduct from the altar to the Palace is filled with rotting dead and plunder—the rebel bands drove the High Priests under and cut their throats in the aqueduct—and the Temple floor now swims in blood——"

"And think you, Brother, my feet are so dainty they would spurn to wade in the blood of these dogs or trample the rotting bodies of High Priests to gain our end? Have you forgotten how Herod Great had strangled, beneath the baths of Machærus, his wife's brother, who was High Priest, to gain his end; and how when his best-loved wife taunted him with murder and turned from him in hate, tho he loved her to madness, he slew her, too, and stopped at naught to make his throne secure? I am such a Herod daughter! Shall we let slip what he paid such price to gain?"

The King's brows knitted deep. Tho scarce past midlife, he bent with the

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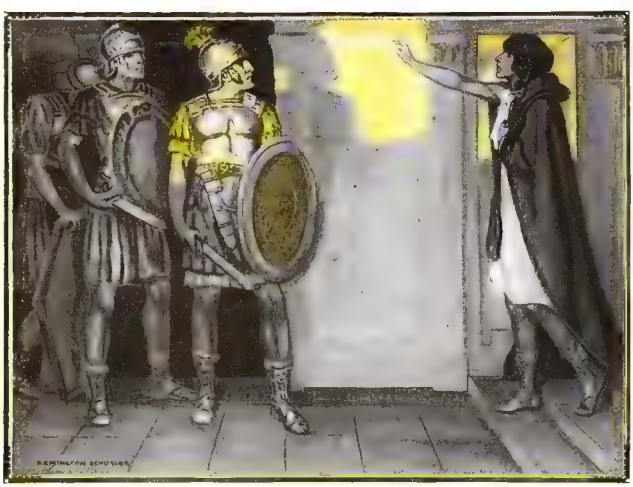

"'MY LORD,' SHE SAID, 'WHEN THE CHARIOTS ENTER THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT ROME, THE LAST OF THE HEROD LINE WOULD NOT PACE BEHIND IN CAPTIVE CHAINS. THEY WOULD RIDE WITH THE CONQUEROR'"

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The Man Who Knew Women

Putty Proves the Theory That to "Treat 'em Rough" Will Get a Man a Lot Further Than Writing Sonnets to Her Eyebrow

By Beatrice Blackmar

Illustrations by Hibberd V. B. Kline

"'HELLO, KIDDO: WANTA DANCE?'"

IT WOULD appear to the naked eye," remarked Putty Green conversationally at the family dinner-table that night—"it would appear to the naked eye that one of the town's young plutocrats is trying to beat my time with my girl."

Since Putty had joined the ranks of working men, and his union-card ranked only after his fraternity pledge-pin and his battered second-hand roadster in the list of his most highly prized possessions, it was his favorite whim to speak of himself as one of the "laboring classes" as unalterably and irrevocably opposed to the "idle rich"—a whim which was regarded with amusement by his father, with indulgence by his mother, with condescension by his elder brother, and with dark despair by his twenty-year-old sister.

"Just who is the plute in question?" inquired Brother Arthur, betraying faint interest. He wrote editorials for the newspaper, and considered it necessary, to Putty's mind, to appear superior to every word, act, or thought of his younger brother.

"Oh, he's one of these angleworm Isabels who have nothing to do all day but manicure their finger-nails and lounge around in the front seat of 'fathaw's motaw-caw.'" Putty surveyed his brown and slightly grease-stained hands with pride. He finished his fourth roll, and regretfully relinquished his plate.

"It's Hubby McGrew. Goes to one of these 'finishing'—I mean 'prep' schools. I hate to see a nice girl fall for a guy like that—honest I do. If I didn't feel sorry for her, I don't know but what I'd leave her lay." He took a spoonful of custard and spoke again plaintively. "Mother, why don't we have some peach shortcake? We haven't had any peach shortcake this Summer. These light and fluffy desserts are all right and very nice, but they are so—er—light and fluffy."

"Putty, you eat like a vacuum-cleaner. The table looks as if it had been visited by the seven-year locusts after you get through," Rosamond interposed before his mother responded:

"All right, dear, we'll have some to-morrow. But about this girl. You'd hardly call her your girl, would you? I don't believe you've been with her more than half a dozen times, have you? With this particular girl, I mean? So I wouldn't feel badly——"

"Mother, if I have two dates with a girl and expect to have another she's my woman, see?" declared Putty largely. "And no woman can throw me down and get away with it, see? I hate to call up a girl for a date and have her say she's busy and then see her going out with a worm like that. It's—why, honestly, it's—awfull Of course a girl goes down in my opinion who even accepts attentions from such a dumb-bell. But then she can't always tell about a fellow, just at first," generosity compelled him to add.

"Sometimes a girl goes with a man she doesn't think much of just to make the others jealous," said Rosamond sagely.

"Huh, it doesn't make me jealous; it makes me pity her! Of course Hubby's got nothing more useful to do all day but drape himself over her porch-swing." Putty's tone expressed the utmost contempt. He worked in a filling-station from seven in the morning until six at night, and three evenings a week besides, and most of the money went into the bank to supply fraternity dues and spending-money for his sophomore year at college in the Fall.

"And he has a huge car at his beck and call, while when I go to see her I take her riding in Little Nell—than which, of course, nothing could be a greater luxury," he added loyally. Little Nell had been so christened because of her limping and crippled gait, and into her beloved but gaping maw went the greater part of Putty's tenderness and a large share of his weekly wage.

"Just how did you discover the fair lady's perfidy?" inquired father.

"Oh, I was hoisting some barrels of oil off a truck, and I hears a sweet voice behind me, just as sweet as cream, say, 'Hello, Putty,' and I turned around and it was she, her herself, and him—driving right up to my station for gas. Can you imagine the nerve of it? And I says, 'Hello,' and she says, 'Are you working hard?' and I says, says I, 'You see me, don't you?'"

"Oh, Putty," breathed his mother, "remember, a lady——"

"'N' then, so she wouldn't think I was knocked between the goal-posts, I went and twined myself gracefully along the side of the car, exchanging the time of day and a few neatly turned remarks with her in my customary finished style, until my duties called me away.

"And now," added Putty grimly, "now, there's just two courses I can take. One is to quit my job, start sending her bouquets, and spend my time writing sonnets to her eyebrow. You see me, don't you? The other is to give her quality and not quantity, and make her like it—and that's what she's going to get."

The silence after this last sweeping statement convinced Putty that he had properly impressed his audience as a man of the world. Satisfied, he hoisted his as yet not entirely manageable six feet of length from his chair.

"Well, I'll have to be getting back to work," he stated importantly. As an afterthought—"Might get hungry during the evening"—and he stuffed two remaining rolls into his pocket.

He caressed his mother's cheek in passing. A slight trace of grease, unaccountably unremoved by the scouring-soap which he kept in the kitchen, and whose aroma pleasantly hovered over the table at each meal, appeared there. His hand deftly touched his sister just at the nape of her neck, and pursued an upward course through her bobbed hair until she presented a close imitation of a fear-inspired gentleman in a Harold Lloyd comedy.

"Good-by, marshmallow nose," he caroled, and with a "Hi, there, Felix," pursued the portly family cat through the screen-door, which closed with a tremendous bang after them, leaving his family to the sigh of relaxation usually attendant upon his departure.

Putty whistled cheerfully as he labored to crank Little Nell at the curb; but as she pursued her wheezing way down the street his whistling died. An expression remarkably like dejection turned down the corners of his mouth and peered out of his eyes. The braggadocio front he had presented to his family still appeared necessary. His gesture of lightness, of cock-sureness, had been the manly, the only possible thing to do. For he would not have any of them, not even his mother—no, his mother least of all, for she would pity him—know how much he really cared.

The reason, he reflected, was that Mary was entirely different from any other girl he had known. She was so sweet—and so restful. Yes, that was it—she was restful. Just the kind of a sweet feminine influence a man needed at the end of a day's work. He thought of the evenings he had spent, stretched out in the swing on her porch, simply resting. She would talk part of the time, and part of the time they just wouldn't say anything. And about ten-thirty she would go in the house and bring out some lemonade or a glass of milk and some cookies. She wasn't a jazz-hound, and yet she was pretty and cute, and could dance circles around any other girl in town.

She was a real girl; that was all there was to it, a real girl. The kind that made a man think about a little vine-covered cottage and all the rest of it.

PUTTY reflected darkly on some of the things he had heard about Hubby McGrew. If a nice girl knew, she wouldn't even go out with a fellow like that—and then to have that cake-eating crocodile beat his time!

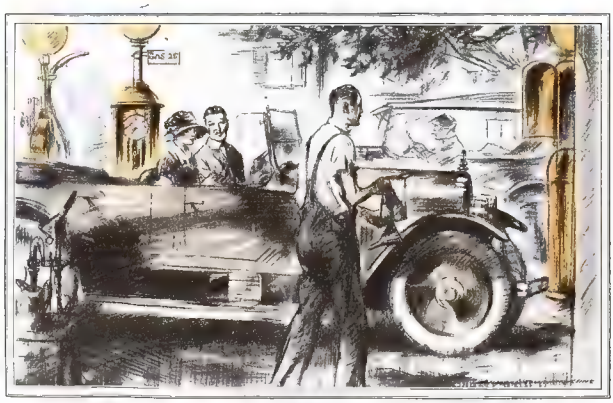
He had to admit, too, that his course of action was not as clearly outlined as he would have had his family believe. One reason was he didn't want any advice from them. Surely not from Rosamond; she was a disgusting flirt. And Arthur—what did he know about women?—when you thought of that one he ran around with—who wore batik smocks and horn-rimmed glasses and talked about Dadaism in the arts and Sherwood Anderson. There wasn't anything feminine about her; she was nothing but a mind!

And he knew what his mother would say. She would just tell him to be chivalrous and courteous and that would win in the end. He'd tried to explain many times, thus:

"That's old stuff, Mother. It's been exploded. A girl doesn't like to have a fellow say, 'May I come to see you at eight o'clock?' She likes him to say, 'I'll be around at eight o'clock, see? And you be ready, see?' It's feminine psychology, don't you understand, Mother?" he would add loftily.

So Putty's course gradually became clear to him. He'd have to treat her rough. By the time he drove into the filling-station for his evening's work, in his mind was forming the vague outline of a plan!

The evening was a busy one, for Mike, Putty's helper in the station, was taking his night off. It was some time before he could



"DAY AFTER DAY IT NOSED ITS WAY UP TO THE STATION, AND HUBBY, CLEAN, TAILORED, IMMACULATE, WOULD LEAN OUT CHEERFULLY AND SAY, 'HOW ABOUT A QUART OF OIL, PUTTY?'"

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take advantage of a lull in trade to go to the telephone and call the familiar number. Mary herself answered.

Putty's voice was unnecessarily gruff.

"Hello, Mary; how's everything?" He didn't tell her who was calling. That was part of the necessary masculine pose. Her feminine intuition must tell her that it was none other than he. To say "This is Putty" would have implied that she was not sufficiently his.

He was brief. "Say, Mary, I'm afraid I can't be around to-morrow night. We're awfully busy down at the station. I'm responsible, you know, and I've got to see that things are going right."

Her voice sounded properly impressed. Its ineffable sweetness caressed him. "Yes, I know how busy you are, Putty. I'm sorry, tho." No one else could have said that, "I'm sorry," with just that lifting catch of the breath which implied sorrow. Darn it all, she was so sweet! His resolution wavered, then stiffened.

A slight hiatus occurred during which he would ordinarily have said, "How about Monday?" He didn't say it. Nothing happened. Before the pause assumed large proportions Putty said:

"Er—good-by, Mary." The "Mary" was unnecessary, but he couldn't quite forbear saying it. It sounded less abrupt. Anyhow he liked that name—Mary.

Putty wiped slight beads of perspiration from his forehead before he slid out to supply an impatiently honking motorist with gas and oil.

IT SEEMED to Putty, during the week that followed—the week that he had set aside for ignoring Mary—that Hubby McGrew's father's car ate up unbelievable quantities of gas and oil. Day after day it nosed its way up to the station, and Hubby, clean, tailored, immaculate, would lean out cheerfully and say, "How about a quart of oil, Putty?" And always there was she—she whom he had put out of his life for the entire week—smart in her tennis costume, neatly knickered for golf, or softly wrapped in a loose cape for evening.

They appeared so often that their coming blended into one long dream-like horror for Putty, in which he, kneeling in the dust with his grease-stained cover-alls to put air in the tires for some terrible fat old woman, or unloading oil with a swipe of it across his face, would look up and always into those softest of brown eyes, whose depths held some unfathomable glow—was it of amusement, or sympathy, or reproach?

One morning he could endure it no longer. Hubby was in the rear of the station, in quest of water for the engine. Mary, attired for golf, her dark head uncovered, smiled at him from the front seat.

"Have you been awfully busy—all week?" came meltingly from her lips.

Putty's wrath and grief almost choked him. He wanted to burst into words—to beg her to stop going with Hubby—to accuse her of cruelty—to make her promise that she would be with him every evening he had free during the rest of the Summer. He gripped the top of the car's door and recovered himself in time.

"Yes, indeed, I've been busy, very busy," he gulped, and, horrified at the abyss over which he had trembled, he went on quite airily, "You see, the auditors have been here, checking over all the books. But then I don't want to bore you with that. Little girls can't understand such things." He was pleased with the patronizing note on which he ended.

Was their coming perfectly natural, he wondered, its apparent frequency exaggerated in his mind because of his own sensitiveness?—or did they come together to flaunt themselves in his face? Hubby would be capable of such cruelty, but surely not she; or did she perhaps suggest coming because—oh, delirious thought—she missed him?

He started on an involved calculation of how much gasoline a heavy car could use normally in a week, averaging, say, ten miles to the gallon. Great Scott, they must be driving all over the State every day! Still, allowing slightly more for frequent stops and starts—say, averaging nine and one-half miles to the gallon, that would be ninety-five miles on ten gallons—Putty went about his work muttering to himself, estimating, multiplying, dividing, until he was brought up short by his sister Rosamond in the family roadster.

"Good night, Putty; are you learning the multiplication tables or repeating poetry to yourself to beautify your day's labor? I asked for five gallons and you've given me ten and seem to have no intention of stopping."

Things at home were far from pleasant, too. Putty cursed himself a thousand times for having mentioned the affair to his family. That was just like a family. Tell them a single fact and they use it against you. In the future his motto should be, "Never tell 'em anything." He'd always known that was best, and from now on he was going to stick to it.

When he got home from work Sister Rosamond would look up from her magazine and say:

"Hello, old dear. I saw your lady fair out riding with Hubby McGrew to-day."

And Arthur would come in late for dinner, drop into his chair, and remark:

"Had a good game of golf to-day. By the way, I ran into your 'inamorata' and your 'rivval' out on the links."

And then mother would look at him and murmur:

"Oh, dear, that's too bad," and some way that would be the worst of all. He didn't mind the others making fun of him, but he couldn't *endure* pity.

So he assumed a large air.

"Huh, much I care! Any girl that wouldn't have better sense than to play with an egg like that certainly goes down in my estimation. Yes, sirree, she certainly goes way down. I haven't called her up for a date all this week, and I've about decided I'll leave her lay."

With which Putty swaggered out of the room, satisfied that he had regained his necessary pinnacle of imperviousness. But he reflected bitterly on his family troubles. That was just like a family. It surely didn't pay for a man to tell them anything of his private life. A home was all right as a place to eat and sleep—but as a place for confidences—no, sirree! He'd learned his lesson.

Monday night came—the night on which he had *not* asked Mary for a date. It was the evening on which the whole town danced at the boat club. Putty requested, even ordered, that dinner should be late that night. At six-thirty arrived home a Putty redolent of oil, begrimed from head to foot. At eight o'clock descended the same young man; but such a purification as had taken place! A Putty shampooed, manicured, bandolined, powdered, tweed-suited, sport-shod. His mother must have had a swift inward vision of the up-stairs bathroom, for she shivered. His sister cooed, "All fixed up but the lip-rouge, aren't you, sweetheart?" His father remarked, "Aha, Beau Brummell in our midst."

"'STAND STILL FOR A MINUTE, MARY. DON'T MOVE. I WANT TO REMEMBER THE MOONLIGHT SHINING ON YOUR HAIR.'"

Nevertheless they were impressed by the transformation; of that Putty was sure, and he was satisfied.

He strolled comfortably late into the pavilion where the youth of the town—both that which was "nice" and that which was not "nice"—was dancing. After a few moments' survey of the scene he selected a frizzled little blonde whose bobbed hair resembled a straw-stack and whose red earrings dangled to her shoulders. His movements were well timed, for just as he leaned over her persuasively and said, "Hello, kiddo; wanta dance?" Mary, slim, lovely, swept past in the arms of Hubby McGrew.

The little blonde immediately started an animated conversation. "Oh, I've seen you so many times, and I'm so glad you asked me to dance! Don't you ever remember seeing me before—not ever? Oh, if you aren't the most unflattering person!" He rather enjoyed her exaggerated style of dancing, and her little satin-clad body, redolent of perfume, pressed close to his.

HE RETURNED her line with apparent zest. "Don't see how I could have forgotten you, if I'd seen you once. You're just the cutest little thing on this floor." It wasn't half bad. He was almost enjoying himself, until again the twistings of the dance brought him side by side with Mary, and he caught a glimpse of her head, proud and erect, and a haughty glance from those starry eyes. Then all pretense of enjoyment oozed out somewhere through his toes. The little blonde's conversation became a clatter in his ears, then died away; his hold on her relaxed, and he was reduced to saying, "I beg your pardon" each time he grazed her toes, to break the silence which gradually grew more stony. Up and down, up and down, he danced, his eyes drawn by that erect dark head as a magnet, until the room grew hot and close, and the mass of figures a nightmare maze out of which her face alone remained distinct.

Nevertheless he pursued his program doggedly, even to dancing with the horrible creature with red-dyed hair, who called him "dearie" and finally said in exasperation:

"Why, don't you ever look where you're going? It seems as if you're always watching something." Whereupon he laughed boisterously as tho he were having the best time imaginable, until she stared at him in amazement and growing distrust.

At eleven-thirty he asked Mary for a dance, casually, as tho it had just occurred to him. Her refusal was expected. No girl of any pride would give a dance so casually asked, so late in the evening. The real test of his plan was still to come; he had expected this slight rebuff. To show how little he cared, he danced once more with the fluffy blonde.

His temper was not appeased by finding Rosamond waiting for him when he reached home, curled up in an armchair, obviously with something on her mind. "Well, Putty Green, I am surprized," she commented at once.

"At what, pray?" He was his lordliest.

"I'm going to talk to mother about it. The idea of your going out and dancing with all those—those girls to whom you had not been properly introduced, in front of all the nice girls of the town!"

"My dear Rosamond, you will surely realize the impropriety of a man's sister discussing such matters with him,"

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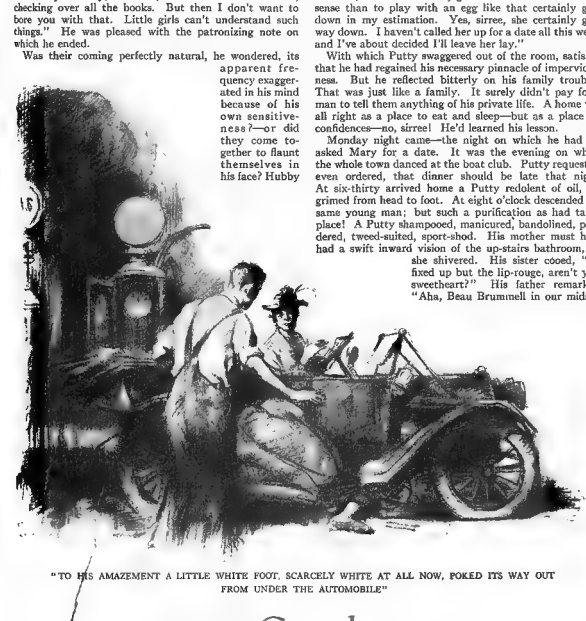

"TO HIS AMAZEMENT A LITTLE WHITE FOOT, SCARCELY WHITE AT ALL NOW, POKED ITS WAY OUT FROM UNDER THE AUTOMOBILE"

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Illustrations by Hubert Mathieu

COMPLETE IN FOUR NUMBERS PART THREE

To-morrow's Bread

In Which Candy Holtz Falls Blindly in Love with a Lady of Title and Becomes an Anxious Pupil of Dame Etiquette

BY WALLACE IRWIN

IT WAS the Spring of 1921 before Admah saw her again. In that interval a sick world had murdered a dozen millions of its bravest men; earth had changed her face and become as much something else as the moon might should she decide on a Midsummer's night to turn over and show us that other, mysterious profile which none but lunatics are supposed to see.

And how had those seven years changed Flora Lee, Marquesa de San Pilar? She had had her eyebrows plucked. She affected a cosmetic which makes the skin very pale to contrast with the rouge on the lips. She wore costumes of parrot-green with remarkably brief skirts and the first pair of short-toed sandals to be seen in that section of the South.

Miss Sunshine Buckner called her a "cocotte" and Jimmy Wilder, sipping Miss Sunshine's sherry, pronounced it "cookoo."

It was to the old Peake house that the beautiful Marquesa brought her luggage, which was light, and her story, which was vague. If she bore a weight of sorrow it was unapparent to her sister Margaret, who listened with amazement and later with amusement to her lively talk. Her chief treasure seemed to be a French bedspread, a triumph of patient needles plied before the Deluge. There were legendary animals grouped in splendid arabesques at the corners; at the center a crusader's crest presided over a rather wicked motto in old French, traced in purest white on a scroll of tarnished metal thread.

"It's beautiful," decided Margaret, then translating the central motto; "but how horrid!"

"Isn't it?" chimed Flora Lee with the little foreign accent she had acquired. "I'll sleep again in my adorable old bed—I've always missed it, honey. And with this spread over me I won't have a shred of reputation left."

All of which was characteristic of Flora Lee. Margaret, who soon got used to seeing the massive embroidery stretched out between her sister's guardian swans, regarded it somehow as an exhibit in the sorry case of Flora Lee and her Don Carlos. But just what was that sorry case? Nobody knew, and the young Marquesa was generous with inexactitudes.

The Elder States ladies of Satsuma ventured this and ventured that. Some said that Bunny had quit her overnight, others that he had endured while she regaled herself in more exalted company. A tourist had seen her in one of the cafés in Madrid—a place which Victoria would have called Bohemian; she had been rioting with such American waifs and strays as drink and borrow in foreign capitals. After a deal of such evidence the verdict was rendered. Flora Lee had become impossible. Did it matter to the Satsumas? Certainly not. Despite the blasted credit of her family, despite unpretty speeches from old ladies who minced no words behind her back, she remained a Peake. And a Peake had stooped a little to marry a San Pilar.

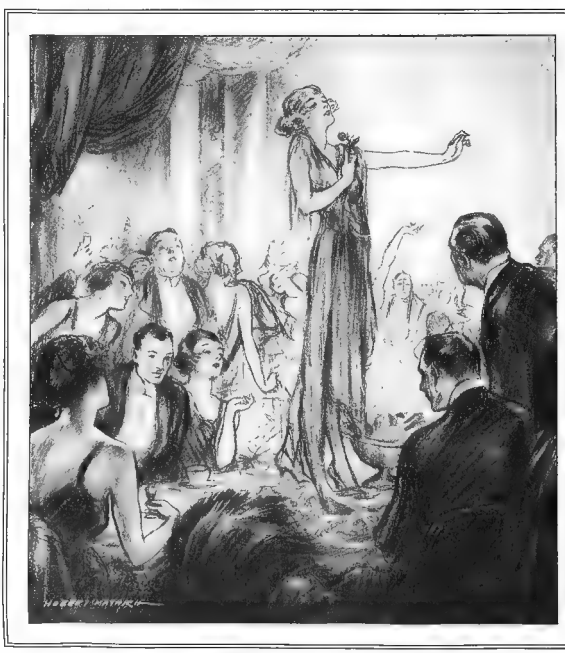
But if her own caste measured, appraised, discussed her according to their own standards, Admah Holtz saw her in quite a different light. Indeed, I doubt if in all his peculiar relations with this woman he ever really *saw* her. He visioned her instead. She always came to him in a cloud of self-created light, something that blinded and exalted. His worship was beyond analysis, beyond the reach of justice. On one moonstruck night her little head had rested on his shoulder. There had been no love in that. She had yielded to him as she might have yielded to any other pillow, yet he worshiped her quite without understanding. The cool capriciousness with which she had invited him to her house, and insulted him with an absent-minded smile, should have worked a cure for his diseased ambition. It would have been more than an eye-opener for a worldly man. But Admah with all his love of material success was never worldly. He liked to be deceived.

When Flora Lee came back Admah was in his fortieth year. He still carried the wound that she had given him, but the pain of it in a curious way, not at all. The Money Devil was the scapegoat upon which he turned his spleen. Money. "Get the coin," as Elmer Hemingway had put it. The Satsumas could bluff as they might, but First Citizens were ranked by the checks they could write.

He blamed her

On that bald principle Admah had done not so badly. The War might have made another story for him, but when he sought to volunteer a conscientious surgeon insisted that he had flat feet, a disability which did not interfere with his being drafted and left to molder in a training-camp. This camp had been near town, making it convenient for Sergeant Holtz to direct his brother Jo—providentially found unfit for service—so that the Candy Holtz Idea did not languish during a sugar shortage. Hersinger, the proud confectioner of Grand Avenue, had been less fortunate. Germanic sympathies did not make for prosperity in the Anglo-Saxon South.

In 1919 the sign "Candy Holtz," beautifully engraved on a silver board, made its unostentatious appearance over the door where Hersinger had once stood to fawn upon the ladies of Satsuma.



"'IF YOU'RE GOING TO DRINK TO ADMAH I WANT YOU TO DRINK TO ME TOO. DRINK TO OUR HAPPINESS. WISH US LUCK. ADMAH AND I ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED'"

HERSINGER'S—for the town still called it that, in spite of the change of sign—had for years been a favorite rendezvous. The Yankee invasion, which was complete by 1921, altered the general character of the town, but the shopping district still held to its old axis. Hersinger's store-front, almost opposite the Federal Building, continued to invite the younger set to morning ice-cream sodas and matronly bargain-hunters to chicken

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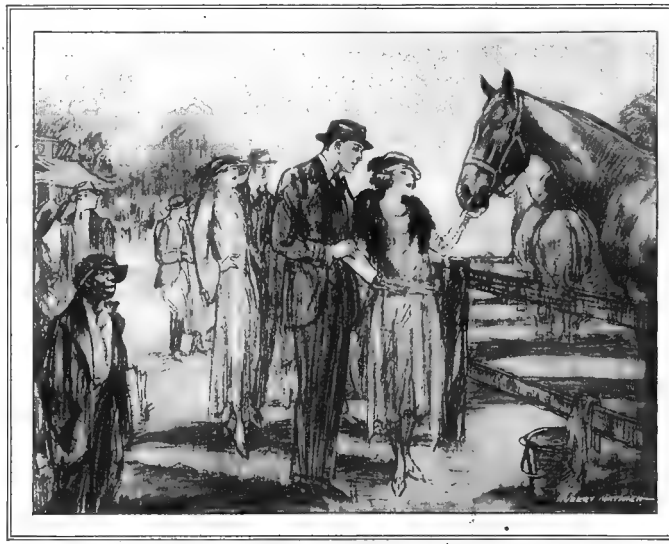
mid luncheons in the rear. Hersinger's was rated as "nice," and under Admah Holtz's management it did not fail in the niceties. Satsuma clanladies liked Mr. Holtz because he was so quiet and obliging, and his delivery service was prompter than Hersinger's had been.

In 1921 Admah belonged to the Rotary Club and one or two other national organizations. Since the disastrous tea-party in 1914, when he had appeared in tobacco-brown and very tight shoes, he had made some progress in the sophomoric problem, "What the Well-Dressed Man Will Wear." Monty Fernback, who had become an automobile agent, introduced him to a traveling tailor with New York samples. The best barber at the Hamilton Hotel kept his vigorous, wavy hair in reasonable condition. A powerfully built, active man of forty, he entered Hersinger's with a quiet air of ownership, kept his eye on everything, knew everybody, and, most important of all, he wasn't intrusive. The Satsumas hated tradespeople to be intrusive.

He was moving toward middle age, a growing figure in a world of figures. His eyes no longer dreamed; they had grown almost fiercely awake. All the time he was working, planning, conquering—for what? Elmer, the usher, had said, "Get the coin," and Admah was getting it. For what again? Maybe it was for the satisfaction it gave him to feel his feet planted on material things. People now addressed him as Mr. Holtz. He took their orders without the turn of an eyelash, always agreeable, always scheming toward another rise in the ladder.



"'BLACK HEK. LOOK AT HIM—ISN'T HE ADORABLE?' 'WE'LL BET ON HIM,' DECIDED ADMAH, QUITE INTOXICATED. 'AND WE'LL WIN!' SHE WAS DELIGHTED"

MORE humanly there was Margaret Peake. His life had crossed hers again by the merest chance of fortune. A colony of new rich, who had conquered the hills along the River Boulevard, patronized Hersinger's more liberally than the Satsumas had ever done. They were particular about their dinner favors, these hot-spending people. Admah Holtz, who had once dreamed of iron and conquest as he shoveled coke into Moloch's mouth at the Plow and Tool Works, found himself in 1921 seeking pretty place-cards for the local plutocracy. Eastern stationers sent trite samples. One day he came upon a row of impertinent, amusing paper figures in the window of an obscure bookstore. Sweet little ladies, six inches high, pirouetted in dresses of silk and lace. They were quaint, and they were salable. He sought their origin and found that they were made by Miss Margaret Peake.

Subsequently Hersinger's sold Margaret's paper dolls, and in that way she passed through Admah's zone. She was a peculiar girl, he thought, with a curiosity that wasn't prying exactly—it was too kind for that. Quite without self-consciousness he told her about himself and his business. She liked to hear about everything, and their friendship was so unaffected that it gave him a shock sometimes when he remembered that she was a Peake and not to be treated like common folks. She was straightforward. No fuss and fixin's. The kind of a girl a man likes to have around. Right good-lookin', too, in a sensible way. He had heard about the Jimmy Wilder case; how she had given him the gate for no particular reason, and settled down to be an old maid. Too bad. She'd have made a right sweet wife for somebody.

If Admah saw Flora Lee through a blinding light he reserved for her elder sister the cool spectacles of realism. Margaret was a comfort to his reasoning mind; Flora Lee touched him like a firebrand, bringing devastation. He never forgot her and never mentioned her name through all the years she was away.

So much for the poor reflection of his love. Then came the afternoon when Flora Lee appeared again.

"If Bunny ever had a human emotion," a sweet, rough voice was drawling over one of Hersinger's glass-topped tables, "he must have checked it at the Customs House. . . . descended from a raft of those dear old Crusaders who used to lock their wives in iron cages, then go to some darned old holy war . . . bet they had all the showgirls they wanted in Jerusalem. But if the wife borrowed a file and started to saw her way out——"

Admah looked around and saw her seated in a group of laughing admirers, some of the young married set from the Sycamore Club. Her hazel eyes were vivacious; her mouth was open, showing straight white teeth; her yellow hair, cut short, clung round her forehead like a golden cloud. Vaguely Admah recognized other members of the group. Hunter O'Neill, who had been married and divorced within a year, was smuggling a flask under the table. Admah should have put a stop to it. But his resolution evaporated, as it always did at sight of Flora Lee.

How beautiful she was! He stood two yards from her chair, unaware of the business around him. Amidst the friendly cackle of her audience she went hilariously on:

"Some day I'll write a guide-book and tell the world what to avoid in Spain. There's the dear little flea—the only Spaniard I ever met with any pep. Except the mother-in-law—if you've never been to Spain you've never seen a mother-in-law. Mama San Pilar! She used to go round the place counting my cigaret stubs."

"Must have been some counter," suggested Hunter O'Neill, adoring her with bloodshot eyes.

"She was the human adding-machine. She used to walk in her sleep like Lady—you know that one in Shakespeare—and when she walked she counted. She counted my hairpins and the buttons on my underwear and the bottles under my bed. I certainly knew all about the Spanish Inquisition when I got through with Bunny's mother. And before I'd marry another Spaniard, I'd marry——" Was it an accident that her eyes lit on Admah Holtz and lingered an instant without recognition? Then she finished, "I'd marry a jockey."

"They're doin' right well this year," suggested O'Neill, unscrewing the stopper of his generous silver flask.

"What's the style in America?" drawled Flora Lee. "Do we drink straight out of the bottle?"

O'Neill looked around, and, spying Admah, held up a finger with a pleasant, patronizing, "Hello, Mr. Holtz!"

"Good mawnin', sir." Recovered from his surprise and from the emotions which, for an instant, had gnashed at each other like savage dogs, Admah came forward. The eyes of the group were upon him, but he saw only Flora Lee's. They were splendid in their lazy indifference.

"Say, Mr. Holtz," began O'Neill, lowering his voice, "I wonder if you could send us a quart of White Rock and some glasses. We've got everything else." He raised his flask under the table-edge and wagged it significantly.

"I'm sorry, Mr. O'Neill," replied Admah with a sort of cheerful coldness. "It's against the law, you know." Admah sensed a barbarous joy in O'Neill's discomfiture. He was glad to have the upper hand, and for mixed reasons. These high-toned people could take game of him in their own homes. Good. But Hersinger's belonged to Admah Holtz, and they should know it. Even tho he looked away, he could feel Flora Lee's eyes. His revenge was an unworthy one; but most revenges are.

"When did *you* join the Anti-Saloon League?" asked O'Neill.

"I ain't joined it, and I don't suppose I ever will," replied Admah. "I don't mind takin' a nip once in a while—off the premises. But Hersinger's has got a reputation to keep up, Mr. O'Neill."

"That's funny," grumbled O'Neill, rather clumsily pocketing the flask. "I've had bootleg here twice at least."

True, no doubt. Like many another of his profession, Admah had been obliging. Even he was surprized at his sudden rush of puritanism.

"I'm afraid it's the last time," he was beginning when a movement from another chair caused him to turn and stare into the face of Flora Lee Peake. She had arisen and was regarding him with a look that was childlike and bland.

"Well," she drawled, "if it isn't the Candy Man!"

ADMAH, who had steeled himself to be self-possessed in his defiance of Satsuma's rights, withered suddenly under the artlessness of her attack. So this was the Candy Man! Her look was bright, her voice like honey. She might have spoken just so had she recognized one of her grandfather's old slaves wandering barefoot along the waterside. He found himself mumbling something inane to the effect that he was the Candy Man. But her interest had fled.

"It's messy here," she was saying to her companions. "I know the loveliest little Wop dump down on Nestor Street. Why in the world anybody wants to live in this beast of a country——"

And in the best of spirits, volleying the new Hersinger's with pleasant abuse, Flora Lee led her sprightly train out through the store and into the street. Admah Holtz stood still, just where she had stricken him, his head whirling. He had defied the Tradition and been felled by a simple phrase. The Candy Man. Well, he was the Candy Man. But why should she have remembered that one thing about him?

A crowd was constantly coming and going in the busy morning trade, but he saw less than their shadows. Glaring after his victorious enemies, he wondered what had possessed him to make this petty demonstration? Or if he hated them, as was his right, why hadn't he gone bersik and made a loud, healthy scene of it? Morbidly he recalled a gold tooth which O'Neill had shown. Why hadn't he aimed at that tooth and let Hersinger's go hang?

Part of the Story You May Have Missed

TO FLORA LEE PEAKE and her sister Margaret, children of the "aristocracy," Admah Holtz, of Dutch Hill, was just a boy who peddled candy from a basket, until by sheer hard work and will-power he becomes Candy Holtz, a "First Citizen" and commercially and financially a power. Then through a turn of Fate they find their decaying fortunes strangely dependent upon him.

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He strolled abstractedly over to a table where a company of Margaret's paper dolls simpered like Circassian slaves, begging to be bought. He started a little when he found Margaret there and realized that she must have witnessed the scene in the back of the store.

"After all," she said quietly, "you were right about the liquor. This *isn't* a saloon."

"I didn't mean to be rough," he mumbled, and was panic-stricken with the terrible feeling that he wanted to cry.

"It's hard not to be sometimes, isn't it—and to be honest?" she observed. Then came a sensitive, sarcastic turn to her mouth, and she said, "But you mustn't mix quinin with your candy. It's good for people, maybe, but they don't like it."

"You've said something, Miss Peake," he agreed, and found himself laughing as he showed her out of the store.

That laugh was not for long. Through the afternoon's hard work he struggled to control himself, to down the bitterness that was rising in his heart. Flora Lee had come back.

In her absence he had fought the world methodically, had succeeded beyond his hopes and grown satisfied with his position, seeing little beyond. He had even contemplated an alliance with one of the De Long girls; her father, the rich hotel man, had waxed richer on war speculation, and people were forgetting that he had been a head waiter. Admah might have married Hortense, joined a plutocracy, lived modernly happy. Then Flora Lee had come to town and called him the Candy Man.

In midafternoon the sweetish smell of Hersinger's sickened him to the core and he went charging out into the street. Head down, he strode through the press of Saturday shoppers. Now and then one would call his name, but Holtz was oblivious. Candy Man! He'd show them what he was. Who were they to call names? Nit-wits, four-flushers, mama's boys. Half of them were on the verge of bankruptcy. And look at the Peakes! Nobody carried their account any more. Their Inness Street house was for sale, but who wanted to buy the old shell, now that Niggertown was two blocks away? Candy Man, indeed!

STINGING himself a hundred times with that poison phrase, Admah thought of a slangy and threatening pun. All right, he *was* the Candy Man. And to-morrow he'd be the Candy Kid.

Just how he didn't know. He had looked again into that golden cloud and reason had gone out of him.

A sneeze awakened him from his melancholy trance. Gosh, he mused, I've been working too hard. That's what's the matter with me. Not an afternoon off for six months. No wonder I'm goin' a little queer. Now look at Jo. Moved his whole darned family into a flat over the Red Front; everything at loose ends. Of course Admah wouldn't change shoes with Jo and have Myrtle always snapping at him like a little dog. But, gosh! There was something to be said for marriage, after all. It kept a man in place, gave him a number like a street number or a telephone number or an automobile license. An identification.

I'm all wore out, thought Admah moodily, and hated the idea of returning to Hersinger's and the Saturday night rush. It would be something like desertion, just to walk away and not show up. But he'd skipped a Saturday night in Christmas week when he had the flu. Everything had gone all right.

Finally he wandered back to Hersinger's and turned the store over to Charley Finch, who from a thin-wristed boy was growing into a stout and capable, if somewhat garrulous, citizen. Admah mentioned his health, coughed mysteriously, took his overcoat, and disappeared in the direction of the store garage, where his new roadster was resting on its lily-white tires. As he drove through the suburbs and into the River Boulevard he was thinking seriously of getting married. He'd lived alone too long. That was what was the matter with him. He had nice enough rooms at the Hamilton Hotel, but there was something sort of insipid about them, like weak tea. Even if you weren't exactly crazy about your wife, she was something to tie up to. And children gave direction to a man's life. Look at Jo, for instance. He was going to send his boy to college.

Half-way along the River Boulevard Admah had decided to call on Miss Hortense de Long. He'd been rather neglectful lately, and it was a shame; Hortense was the nicest sort of girl, gentle and affectionate—a little too fat to be pretty, but she had nice eyes. And that Saturday afternoon he felt confident that she would accept him.

But when the Boulevard had brought him opposite a knoll, behind which showed De Long's fine chimneys and handsomely tiled roof, the same Fate that steps in and turns the tide of battles loomed invisible in the road, diverting Admah's thoughts to Uncle Lafe and the hog farm. So he turned his wheel from the De Long drive and proceeded on the main highway toward Dell's Landing.

Just a turn of the wheel. Otherwise he might have found Miss Hortense at home, willing and waiting. From that day on he might have lived drowsily on a sleek plush pillow, his future settled, his history forgotten, as so many are.

But at Dell's Landing he caught sight of Uncle Lafe, his silvery hair blowing in the river breeze as he tossed fodder over a fence to make delightful frenzy amidst a company of little red hogs. Aunt Brownie was shooing chickens out of the flower-beds, while her black servant carried water from the pump. As fine a rural scene as any professional melodramatist might have devised. Upon sight of Admah Captain Lafe moved his great bag of a body toward the road.

"Well, Ad. How's candy?" was his greeting.

"Pretty good, Uncle Lafe. And how's ham?"

"'Tain't so good as 'twas. I've been discovered by the newspapers. One o' them fresh reporters come out here in April and give me a write-up. After that rubberneck wagons come puffin' along every Sunday mornin' full of school-teachers who git out and say, 'Ain't it jest too lovely! So here's where the real Southern hams are made! Ain't it crool to slay the dear little pigs!' I got so many orders ahead that I can't supply my regular customers. There's no way out unless I teach the sows how to have twenty-four shoats to the litter."

"No quiet on the farm any more," observed the nephew.

"No quiet nowheres. Last week a feller come along the road with some sort of infernal machine in a satchel. This is a radio set,' says he, 'and for a hundred and fifty dollars I can install it in any home. If you study the handbook,' he says, 'and learn how to work it, you can set by the stove any night and hear the Honolulu University Glee Club sing, "O Promise Me," jest as if it was in the next yard.' 'And what of it?' says I. 'What of it?' hollers the drummer, 'Why, man alive, think! With a radio you can have visions from Chicago, Paris, and London droppin' in on you out of the air. The radio, friend, has took all the lonesomeness out of the farm.' 'If you'll bring me an invention that'll put the lonesomeness back in again,' says I, 'you can take my order.' With that I opens the gate a crack and points to a place down the road where——"

"If there ain't Admah!"

THIS from Aunt Brownie, who came waddling around the house, her little eyes bright with welcome. She had not changed in seven years, save that the two rosy blisters on her cheeks had enlarged to wandering islands and her nose had grown quite pink. After she had kissed her nephew rapidly, smack-smack, she fairly dragged him along with numerous exclamations that there wasn't much in the house, but Lordy knew he was welcome to what there was, such as it was. There was the usual affectionate quarrel when three glasses were produced by Aunt Brownie, who only wanted a nip and managed to accept a half tumblerful before Captain Lafe's "Here's wishin' you."

"Ain't she a doll?" inquired the ex-river-boat captain as he engulfed her in his fat embrace. Then when he had let her escape to the kitchen he poured a second drink, smacked his lips, and regarded Admah carefully.

"How's yer liver?" he bawled.

"What?"

"Don't jump as if you'd set on a hot horseshoe. You're lookin' kinda yeller. Been eatin' too many gum-drops."

"It's only the business," grinned Admah. "You know what you said about not needing a radio to keep you from being lonesome. Well, I've found more noise than I can use. I've 'bout lost my taste for bein' Candy Holtz."

"You don't say?" Uncle Lafe's eyes grew round and shrewd as he took an enormous bite from his plug.

"I've done all right with the stores," persisted Admah, deciding to be frank. "I reckon I could raise a right smart o' money if I only found the right investment."

"Hush!" Uncle Lafe's whisper rattled the bric-à-brac. Aunt Brownie was coming in with the supper-dishes.

"What are you two boys hushin' about?" she asked.

"Business," explained Uncle Lafe meekly. "And now, Brownie, you wouldn't understand a word of it——"

"Never mind, Admah," she smiled. "He'll tell me all about it as soon's you're gone. Sunie Snow's boy jest fetched up a mess o' jack-salmon from the river. We can have those for supper and piece out with ham and sausage and spoon-bread. Now you boys go right on talkin' and don't mind me. Lordy knows I got plenty o' troubles on my own hook."

But Uncle Lafe made no further move toward the confidence which, so Admah felt, had been trembling to be born. During the heavy meal the Captain concentrated all his energies on the work of feeding. Finally, after a dessert of four apples baked to a jelly, he scraped his plate neatly, laid down his knife, and sat back with a wheeze.

"Brownie," he thundered, "you look tired. Don't she look like the deuce, Ad? Too much settin' up nights. Now you go to bed, sweetie, and git a little rest."

"And leave the jug out, I suppose," said Aunt Brownie with as much rancor as she could employ.

"Ain't she wonderful, Ad?" he asked, getting his aged sweetheart around the waist and regarding her with loving pride. "That's the way with her. Jest thinks of everything. Knows durned well I can't talk business without gittin' drunk. Yes, leave out the jug, cutie, and kiss Admah good night."

When her footsteps had echoed up the stairs Uncle Lafe bawled hoarsely, "Look here, boy. How much money have you got?"

"I could raise seventy-five thousand, I reckon," said Admah, surprized into a quick guess. "Arthur de Long—you know, the oldest of the de Long boys—wants to buy Hersinger's. I still own half of the Red Front store, but I wouldn't want to sell out on Jo. Then there's the Scudderville store."

"'ONE EXCUSE GOOD AS ANOTHER.' O'NEILL'S SWOLLEN EYELIDS CAME TOGETHER LIKE BAGS. AND HIS MOUTH WAS UNPLEASANT AS HE LEERED AT FLORA LEE"

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Uncle Lafe had fished into his mud-colored coat to bring out a grubby scrap of paper. This he unfolded between his large, cracked thumbs to show the letter-head of the Principality Trust Company with smeared blue columns of typewriting below. Admah could make nothing out of the rows of figures with additions that went up into the millions. It was grotesque, this important scrap of paper coming out of the hog farmer's shabby coat.

"What's it all about?" asked the nephew, puzzling over a column marked "Liabilities."

"That," wheezed Uncle Lafe in a mighty whisper, "is the P. & T. as she stands to-day. She's takin' in water faster than they can pump."

"Gosh!" The P. & T.! What visions of superhuman power flashed into his mind at mention of that well-remembered name! Puzzled and impressed, Admah sat staring at the figures.

"Where'd you get this?" he asked finally.

"Jim Atterbury give it to me yesterday when I was to town. I guess you know Jim, don't you?"

"I know *of* him," admitted Admah. Everybody knew of Colonel James W. Atterbury, president of the Principality Trust.

"I been sellin' hams to Jim for twenty years now," explained Uncle Lafe. "And I been on the board of directors since 1910."

It was all so casual. There he sat in the dim light of a kerosene-lamp, his sleeves rolled back to show his red-flannel undershirt, relics of his enormous meal strewing the oil-cloth table-cover, a corner of his crooked mouth stained with tobacco—and he had been a director in the Principality Trust since 1910. It would have surprised Admah less had he said, "I'm the lost Czar of Russia."

Uncle Lafe went thundering on—Admah had a mental picture of Aunt Brownie up-stairs taking in every word—"I been keepin' my eye on this here P. & T. It's bein' run by a lot o' windbags. Look at that there smart Ellick, Garnett Peake."

"He's got money in the P. & T.?" This was news.

"If you call it money. Everything that pin-head touches turns to dirt. Now that the Judge is dead and the house is up for sale Garnett's gone down to Charleston to live on his wife. That's about his size. This here Tool Works made some money durin' the War, but they lost it all tryin' to git their machinery back on a peace basis, or whacha-call-it. Anyhow, they couldn't supply the demand, and when they started makin' tools again what happened? The farm market went flat and you can't sell a hoe from here to Kalamazoo."

He took more Bourbon, renewed his quid, slammed the glass on the oilcloth, and roared:

"Ad, if you was Jo I'd have to put this here idea on the phonograph and play it before you'd catch on. But I guess you know what I'm drivin' at."

"To buy the P. & T.——"

"It can be done," said Captain Lafe, and his voice grew unusually quiet. "Their common stock's down to nine. The Principality Trust owns 'em, soul and britches. I was talkin' to Jim only yesterday, and he told me how we can get a lot for our money, you and me——"

"It's a big gamble," murmured Admah.

"Afraid to gamble, huh?" twitted the retired skipper who, in his day, had thrown hams and table-legs into the furnace to win a race up-river. He sat stolid as Buddha, admiring his own paunch while Admah walked around the room, considering what to do. It looked like a rash plunge; but Captain Lafe was shrewd. *He* wasn't spending his money to impress a girl who had come back from Spain to call him a Candy Man. Candy Man. The phrase hummed in Admah's ear like a poisonous insect.

"Jim Atterbury," said Uncle Lafe out of the silence, "has spoke to me about you."

"What did he say?" asked Admah thickly.

"He thinks you're the man to make 'er float."

Admah came back and sat down heavily. Uncle Lafe's whisky seemed to differ from all others in that it had a charming effect on the imagination. The first time he had tasted it he had dreamed audaciously under the moon and met Love on the roadside. And to-night his fancy raged again. Visions of empire, Alexander, conquering for the lust of conquest, picking up little kingdoms and squeezing them as a child squeezes a ripe tomato.

"'SIT DOWN, ADMAH, AND WATCH ME MESSING AROUND WITH A LOT OF QUEER COLORS I'M JUST DOING THIS FOR FUN. CAN YOU IMAGINE IT? BUT WE GET SUCH A NICE NORTH LIGHT AT THIS TIME OF DAY'"

"There's consid'rable risk," Uncle Lafe was saying, "and I ain't such a old fool that I'm goin' to go broke on it. But I'll gamble twenty-five thousand."

"That wouldn't give us control," said Admah.

"Who wants it? Why don't you and me go to Atterbury and have a talk to-morrow? If you want anything——" Uncle Lafe sat turning his quid. "What *do* you want, Ad?"

"To be president of the P. & T.," he replied calmly.

After that they stared across the kerosene-lamp, these two able representatives of a family which, according to local tradition, should never have raised its head above the mud-flat where it was spawned.

WHEN Flora Lee, Marquesa de San Pilar, came back from Spain she had gloried in her oval chamber, waiting for her jury as she had left it, a bluish Venetian mirror casting cool reflections, four gilded swans raising haughty wings to greet her. Across her bed she had laid the embroidered coverlid with its dogs, swans, and pheasants; a relic which she never viewed without one thought of triumph, another of regret.

If she was irritated to know that the house was crumbling for shame of its owners, that its every stone had been appraised by tradespeople who had profited on the Peake tradition that it was poor form to ask the price of anything, yet the thought of impending bankruptcy touched her never-failing sense of humor. They were intending to auction Peake property! What a silly, butter-fingered business!

Returning late the night before the public sale, she tittered emptily at the numbered tags fastened to everything. Having taken too many wretched prohibition cocktails, she was willing to see the joke and be gleeful because she had turned the key and kept their wretched tags from her own beloved things. She laughed too—or made a face like it—at the letter which she found on a table by her door. It was postmarked Madrid.

"My dear Flora Lee," it ran, "I had the pleasure this afternoon of unwrapping a mummy in the Royal Museum here. She was a very old young lady, this mummy, having danced herself to death at the age of seventeen in the period of Hotep II. Buried with her were immortal relics: a powder-rag, a jar for cold-cream, a pencil for outlining the eyebrows. Also a curious device of bronze wire what you call a 'rat'—contrived to deform the hair into a fashionable head-dress. It was all so very touching, and reminded me of you, Flora Lee.

"I am so pleased to give you your freedom and to hope that it will make you merrier still. My religion forbids a divorce, but since you have returned to your own, why should you not be severed from me according to your law? Please call upon me for anything within my power to give—except, of course, a resumption of married relations. I kiss your fragrant white hands and salute your fairy, fair face.—SAN PILAR."

Flora Lee, grown solemn, twisted the paper in her hands as if to wring from it a little hope. But that hope had dried with the ink. San Pilar would never take her back now.

Out in the hall, stripped and naked for to-morrow's auction, the gas burned low in gaunt niches, casting unclean shadows, harbingers of decay.

The loneliness of the house from which even the servants had fled oppressed little Flora Lee, sent her scuttling for the walnut door of the room that had once been occupied by Grandmother Peake.

Among trunks already packed for departure Margaret was working at a bridge-table. She was making paper dolls; first she would sketch an outline on cardboard, daub in little black dots for eyes, little red ones for cheeks, then cut it out and trim her fancy with wide silk skirts, an impertinent hat, and pantalets of lace. Snip-snip, the first figure was done and Margaret perched it on her knee, herself a pretty picture with head to one side and a braid down her back.

"Well, Bunny's given me the bird," Flora Lee announced.

"The what?" Margaret had been thinking of something else.

For reply her sister handed her the letter.

"He's dished me up in fine, noble language," went on Flora Lee. "No mention of alimony, you'll notice—and I wouldn't take it from his tribe. If he hadn't been a crab he'd have given me my freedom when I wanted it—that week at Tours. Savarac would have married me then. He would have done anything for me that week. He'd have——"

"Flora Lee!" Margaret looked

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

Jenny the Joyous

By Cornelia Stratton Parker
Author of "The American Idyll"

THIS story is a vital step forward in the American novel. It is the first candid portrayal of the emotional life of the modern well-bred business woman—the woman who enters her career with a background of culture and education and a happy marriage—the woman who has a capacity for love and for romance—the woman with an unconquerable soul who can face her sorrows and failures with a transcending joy in the persistent beauty of life.

This new serial begins in Pictorial Review for March

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Brick Meets the Bad Angel

The Process of "Getting to Be a Man" Is Hard on a Little Fellow, Especially When No Letters Come from Home

By Isa Urquhart Glenn

Illustrations by William van Dresser

"HE KNEW THAT HE MUST LEARN TO SWALLOW TEARS INSTEAD OF LETTING THEM RUN OUT OF HIS EYES AND DOWN INTO HIS MOUTH"

BOYS rushing up the hill. Boys spilling out from the different doorways of the school-buildings. Big boys — little boys — middle-sized boys; in uniforms. Rakish overseas caps on fair heads, dark heads, red heads, failed to shield from the sun turned-up, immature noses. Puttees wound around unruly legs; gangling legs, ending in large, puppy-like feet. Roguish eyes turned expectantly toward the post-office window. Wide mouths hailing the smiling clerk, asking for the letters that none failed to receive, for this was the beginning of the Easter holidays, and from absent parents were coming checks, and instructions regarding trains for home.

Up the hill toiled a very little boy. A boy whose legs were so short that the extra length of puttee, wound over and over on itself, made a series of bulges between his neatly pressed breeches and his stubbed toes.

"Hey! Brick! Got your letter yet?" howled a big fellow.

"No; not yet. I'm on my way there now. It takes sorter long to get up this hill," said the little boy patiently.

"I just got my letter, and the money to go home on. Hurrah!" The big fellow clattered away, waving his letter.

The little boy went on up the hill, and into the post-office in the main building. He stood on tiptoes to look into the window.

"No letter for you, Shubrick," said the smiling clerk, bending over the sill to cast a compassionate glance at the little boy's forlorn figure.

"Are you sure?" Brick looked up at her earnestly. "I must have a letter. I haven't had a letter from my mama for such a long time." His under lip quivered. "Please look again, Miss Long?"

Miss Long made a great display of resorting the letters. "No, Shubrick," she said regretfully.

The little boy dropped down off his tiptoes. Hastily he turned away from the window. He must not let Miss Long see that he was crying. Miss Long was a kind lady. But Brick did not want any one to be sorry for him. If people were sorry for him it might make him cry out loud; and he knew that he was growing too big to cry out loud like a baby. A boy who had grown to be eight years old could not afford to cry like a baby. If he had to cry he must do it silently, and in a corner, so that people should not know about it.

He went out into the sunshine. Perhaps it was the sun that made his eyes feel queer. Perhaps he was not crying after all. He straightened his shoulders under his smart military blouse.

He walked back down the steep hill. But he did not want to return to his barracks yet. He must find out first if he were going to cry out loud; and, in that case, he must do it off the grounds where the big boys should not hear him. He thought that he had best stop a while in the little pavilion that overlooked the road from the village.

He scrambled up on the bench that was too high from the ground for his short legs.

His mother might not have written because she was coming, herself, to take him home. Of course! How silly of him not to have thought of that before! She was probably, even now, on the trolley-car coming out from the city. He would sit in the pavilion until the trolley-car should come in sight; then he would run down the short incline to the trolley-station. His mother would step from the car, all pretty and smelling faintly of flowers the way Brick liked to have her. And perhaps, as he would be so awfully glad to see her, she would let him hug and kiss her.

Brick knew that ordinarily his mother did not like to be hugged and kissed, and especially by thoughtless little boys who constantly forgot to be careful about mussing her clothes.

"Jack, the men of the family have to be 'hands off' when the lady of the family is beautiful!" Brick's father had said to him.

Brick laughed out loud. It was funny how father always called himself and Brick the men of the family. Funny, but nice. It made Brick feel old and important.

And yet Brick was sure that father often wanted to do the same things to mother that Brick wanted to do but did not dare. Perhaps father did not dare, either. And that was funny, too. Brick laughed again. Then he stopped laughing. Because he remembered that sometimes father had had to shut his lips together hard; and Brick knew that was because father was not a little boy and so had discovered the secret of how to keep from crying.

The trolley-car rounded the turn in the road from the city.

Brick jumped off the bench and raced down the hill to the station. His heart was beating fast from the joy he felt at the prospect of seeing his mother.

The car stopped at the station. A man got out. The old woman who ran the lunch-room for the boys got out.

Brick went up to the old woman.

"Didn't my mama come?" he asked.

The old woman looked bewildered.

"There was no one else in the car, Shubrick," she said.

Brick went back to the pavilion. He lay down on the bench, flat on his stomach. He was not crying; he was sure of that. The little wet spot on the bench that grew . . . and grew . . . and spread out . . . was not a crying-spot. It must be that he was hot, and the wet spot was from his hotness.

"What's the matter, Brick?" asked a voice that was at once husky with growth and shrilly uncertain with adolescence.

Brick raised his head. The personage looking awkwardly down upon him was a very old boy of fourteen. Brick furtively brushed away the wetness that had got from the bench back onto his face.

"Nobody's come for me!" he told the big boy. "Nobody's sent for me!"

"Say! Ain't that the limit?" the big boy inquired of the unkind fates.

"I guess I've got to stay at school for Easter," added Brick.

The personage scratched his cropped head in an effort to find words adequate to the occasion. His emotions rendering him inarticulate, he mutely indicated the nearby grill. Silently they marched across the field to the haunt of the growing and hungry.

Enthroned among the big boys for the first time, Brick tasted the pleasanter side of grief. His legs were the only pair which failed to reach the planks of the scrubbed floor; but his head was held high with pride. His tears dried on his cheeks in a pattern of smudges. He solemnly partook of the pride of the grill, a beefsteak dinner. He accepted with dignity the sympathy of the big boys. With several hands of big boys on his shoulders he marched back to the barracks.

"'I GUESS I'VE GOT TO STAY AT SCHOOL FOR EASTER,' ADDED BRICK"

SNOW. Dreary afternoon in the barracks. From most of the rooms noise. Atrocious noise. Demoniacal noise. The music of phonographs; the harsher music of the masculine voice in the stage of transition. The instruments played each a different tune; a concatenation of jazz.

Brick's heart swelled with agony. It was bad to be a little boy and away from one's parents during the holidays. To-morrow this noise would be over. Even now the fat porter was hauling out the trunks into which had been crammed a judicious mixture of the useful and the useless, the dirty and the clean. The barracks would be left to the care of a few teachers and one lonely little boy.

Brick hastened into his room and closed the door. He did not like to be alone in a room, even his own room. Good angels took care of little boys when they were alone in rooms; but Brick preferred the more cheering company of his roommate. However, when boys felt an unmanly lump in their throats it was better to be alone except for the good angels, who would not laugh.

The door opened with violence. Brick turned his face away toward the lawn that, fair and virginal in its new white garment, spread out beneath the window.

"Well, Brick, old kid!" shouted the newcomer. "Hate to leave you behind." With conscious manhood he added: "Damned if I don't!"

"Oh! That's all right!" Brick tried to put the necessary heartiness into his own voice. He gulped and rose to the occasion. "Damned if I'm not sorry to see you guys leave!" he said.

The big fellow laughed, and condescendingly patted him on the back. "Getting to be a man, you are!"

The door slammed noisily behind him. Brick, left alone once more, felt an uneasy consciousness of a disapproving presence. It must be the good angels, who were angry with him for swearing. He was overawed at this disapproval of the good angels. He welcomed the advent of another boy, a fair-haired lad who was good to the little boys of the Lower School.

"You know, Dana," he confided diffidently, "I don't b'lieve I'll try to swear. I want my mama to see, when I get home, that I'm the same little boy I was when I went off to school. She'd hate to think I'd grown to be a big boy all of a sudden."

"That's right, Brick," replied Dana gruffly. "Hell! What's the use of swearing, anyway?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

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Eat soup!

-with the meal

-as the meal

-for the extra meal

Soup is food. Soup is an appetizer. Soup nourishes. Soup makes you more eager for your other food. Soup is a splendid aid to digestion.

Eat soup freely—for health—for a varied enjoyment which no other one food can offer.

A luncheon or a supper made on Campbell's Vegetable Soup is a meal that has thirty-two different ingredients.

Fifteen tempting, succulent vegetables. Broth of fine beef to stimulate and strengthen. Cereals rich in sustaining food. Fresh herbs and delightful seasoning.

A hearty dish at a hearty dinner. And it's a great favorite for that extra meal many people find so beneficial during a busy day's work, or later in the evening.

Never be without soup in your pantry

21 kinds
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My figure is certainly neat,
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My motor's the soup that I eat!

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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"Can you get to be a man without swearing?" asked Brick, an earnest frown on his face. "'Cause I got to learn to be a man awful quick. I got to learn how to keep from crying. I—I want to cry, sorter, now, you see, Dana."

"Aw, say! Brick, you mustn't do that!" Dana seized him by the arm. "Come on, now; let's—let's—go to the grill! Let's have a beefsteak dinner—on me, Brick! I got the money. I got my check to-day from home." He swore again. "I didn't mean to say that! Honest!" He snapped his fingers in an agony of embarrassment.

"No, Dana," said Brick pensively. "I don't want a beefsteak dinner. I don't feel hungry, somehow. I feel sorter queer in my stomach, Dana. I feel sorter as if I was going to be pretty sick."

"You're homesick, kid," announced Dana from the superiority of age. "I know! First week, last year, I felt that way. I felt like all my insides was gone. I felt like I was going to croak, sure. I felt like I'd die if my folks left me at boarding-school a day longer. But you got to buck up." He patted Brick's shoulder with great kindness and greater awkwardness. "We'll be back at school soon. And I'll bring you something from New York. Want some candy?"

"No, Dana, thank you," said Brick politely. "I think I'd rather you wouldn't. You see, my papa always gives me candy when I'm allowed to eat it."

He swallowed hard, but held out loyally against the bribe of the candy.

"Well," said Dana inadequately. He wrung Brick's hand in a grown-up fashion that felt like balm.

Brick ran to the door after him.

"You know, Dana," he called, "my papa will be sure-to bring me some candy. And I wouldn't want to hurt his feelings by having had some other candy that he hadn't brought me, you see. You understand, don't you, Dana?"

"Sure!" said Dana.

Dana went off down the long corridor. Brick was sure that he heard Dana talking to himself. Dana was saying something that sounded like "Gosh darn it! Ain't it a shame to treat a kid that way!"

But Brick knew that he must stop being a kid. The ever-present menace of the tears showed him that he must grow up just as fast as he could. He must learn to swallow tears instead of letting them run out of his eyes and down into his mouth.

He studied the first hard lesson of life.

He thought much about these things during the long and lonely Easter vacation. His father was always present in his thoughts; his mother usually. But the man who figured oftenest in his dreams was the policeman on the corner outside the New York hotel in which he and his parents lived. He liked to remember what the policeman had said to him when he had first seen Brick in uniform.

"My! Ain't you wonderful!" the cop had said. "Now you can help your papa take care of your mama, bein' as how you've growed to be such a great big man!"

"BUT WHAT'S THE JUDGE GOT TO DO WITH ME? GOD GAVE ME TO MY FATHER
WHAT'S A MEAN OLD JUDGE GOT TO DO WITH IT?"

Brick was growing to be a man. The pains in his throat when he thought about his mother, the queer feeling in his stomach when he remembered his father, might be growing-pains. When anything was growing fast it hurt. He remembered that his nurse had told him his legs hurt at night because they were growing. And now his legs had got to be so long that, if one were carefully about winding, puttees the same size as the big boys' puttees could be fastened around them. This proved that things were growing when they ached. He was surely growing to be a man.

In spite of the growing-pains of his manhood, Brick opened upon commencement week the hopeful eyes of babyhood.

His father and mother were certain to come for him yet.

His short legs carried him with speed up the hill—a smiling and green hill now, as befitted the pathway of a little boy to his heart's desire.

Only from great heights can one fall to immeasurable depths. Brick could not believe the thing could happen to him that did happen.

Still there was no letter!

Overwhelmed by his misery, Brick forgot to be a big boy. He forgot to cry silently. He crept into the nearest haven, like a sick little dog. He went behind the packing-cases in the hallway of the main building, put his face to the dusty wall, and gave way to the howls that his bruised soul required.

When Brick, breathing in gasps, opened his eyes he became aware of the ring of nervously embarrassed boys which surrounded him. But he said nothing. His reddened eyes were lack-luster. He was in the grip of the exhausted indifference that follows violent and prolonged weeping

A tender feminine face looked over the heads of the staring boys. A woman's soft voice began saying to him the things that Brick wanted his mother to say. There was comfort in the arm that went around his shaken little figure, that drew him closer, that led him down the cruel hill of blasted hopes and into his barracks.

"Miss March," asked Brick of this kind teacher, "is it the Dark Angel that's got my parents?"

"No, Shubrick! No! They are alive and well. Your mother has gone abroad, and your father is too busy to come up here, you see. So the lawyer wrote that you were to stay on here and go to the school camp with us. Won't you like that?"

"No," said Brick honestly. "No; I want to see my parents. And I don't understand. My papa was always busy—but he didn't ever mind me being around. And my mama oughter 'uv' taken me with her."

He stared out of the window. Life was very hard for little boys. "I don't understand, Miss March," he repeated.

Miss March met his troubled gaze with her own sorely troubled eyes.

"There is so much we can not understand when we are eight, Shubrick," she began.

"I never will understand," said Brick. "Not when I've growed to be a thousand. My papa is awful friendly with me."

He broke off to shake his head hopelessly. "My mama isn't exactly friendly. Ladies is never friendly with boys. Boys get them rumpled up, you know. But I love her," he added dutifully. "And I wish she'd took me with her."

"Taken, Shubrick—taken; not took," Miss March began automatically. Then she went over to the window and put her arms around him. "Say it any way you please, dear!" she said.

"Miss March," sobbed Brick from the haven of her arms, "grown-up people don't understand how little boys feel; do they? What makes them treat me this way? I haven't been a bad boy!"

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"BRICK, BREATHING IN GASPS, BECAME AWARE OF THE RING OF NERVOUSLY EMBARRASSED BOYS WHICH SURROUNDED HIM. BUT HE SAID NOTHING. HE WAS IN THE GRIP OF THE EXHAUSTED INDIFFERENCE THAT FOLLOWS VIOLENT AND PROLONGED WEEPING"

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100 Years to a Day

HOW wonderful it would be if our bodies were like the "one-hoss shay"—if we kept on going until we just collapsed from old age! What joy to live a life free from pain and illness, filled with pleasant activities and followed by a *natural* passing away—just the simple stopping of a worn-out heart!

Heart *disease* is another matter. Today more people die from heart disease than from tuberculosis or cancer or pneumonia. And many of them die needlessly. Heart disease is so little understood and so greatly feared! There has always been a hush whenever the dread words were mentioned—always an air of awe and mystery. The person who had heart disease was supposed to be doomed—with the sword of Damocles hanging by a hair above his head.

It was thought that nothing could be done about heart disease. Those who had it were afraid to exercise, afraid to work, afraid of this—afraid of that. Relatives watched with terror, ready to open the window or bring a glass of water.

But it need not be so. Heart disease is not the tragically incurable and unpreventable affliction it was thought to be.

Nature, in most cases, makes the heart strong enough to serve faithfully for a long life—there are few bad machines turned out of her work shop.

Day and night, year in and year out, this most wonderful machine in the world does its work. It has no rest, from the day you are born to the day you die. It has no time off for repairs—it knows no holidays and observes no union hours.

Steadily, steadfastly, second by second and minute by minute, this marvelous muscle contracts and expands—contracts and expands—pumping the blood all through your body. More than 30 million times a year this action is repeated.

"Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, * * * * *

* * * *

All at once the horse stood still
—First a shiver, and then a thrill
Then something decidedly like a spill,—

* * * *

—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
* * It went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst!"

We are grateful to Mrs. Howard Pyle and Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to reprint Howard Pyle's historic picture of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' wonderful "One-Hoss Shay."

Treat your heart fairly—protect it from the things that may injure it and you have little to fear. Heart disease has grown to such alarming figures as the greatest life destroyer in the United States, simply because people have not dealt intelligently with it.

Many damaged hearts can be made to do their work through proper rest and care. The heart has amazing recuperative powers and often will mend itself if given a chance. But even though you have some serious organic heart trouble, there is no reason why you should despair. Some of the busiest, most useful people in the world, are heart sufferers.

If you have heart disease do not lose hope. A noted heart specialist said: "The cases in which people drop dead from heart disease are comparatively few. If those with impaired hearts will follow the instructions of their physicians they can live practically normal lives—and will most likely die of something else."

Find out how to live so you will not over-tax your heart. Learn the kind of occupations that are safe for you. Let your doctor tell you what you may do and what you must not do. Exercise is often a part of the treatment of heart disease but your exercise must be directed by your physician.

A lot of people are suffering from imaginary heart disease. Don't try to decide for yourself. There is scarcely a sensation associated with heart disease which may not be caused by some other disorder. The most important thing is to live hygienically, to keep yourself strong and well, so that disease germs will have little chance to attack your body. When you are ill put yourself at once in your doctor's care and obey his orders.

Have your heart carefully examined after every attack of serious illness.

Aim for "*A hundred years to a day.*"

It has been estimated that 2% of the population of the United States, or more than 2,000,000 have organic heart disease.

Statistics show that one industrial worker in every fifty has a serious heart defect. And one out of every 13, so suffering, dies.

The annual death toll of heart disease in the United States is 150,000.

Prior to 1912 tuberculosis caused more deaths in the United States than any other disease. Since then, heart disease leads. The reason is that the death rate for tuberculosis has dropped, while the death rate for heart disease has remained almost stationary.

In the communities where people have learned how to fight tuberculosis, it becomes less of a menace each year.

As fast as people understand what can be done to prevent and relieve heart disease, there will be not only a decrease in the number of deaths, but also a splendid increase in the number of lives completely transformed—from dependence and anxiety to usefulness and happiness.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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The Century
Tea Spoon
SILVERPLATE
From the House of
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INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Brick Meets the Bad Angel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Over the hill floated the clear note of a bugle. First call for parade.

Up and down the barracks the stamping sound of feet. Boys hurrying out to fall in with their company. Boys buckling on their belts as they ran. Boys shouting to each other for things forgotten. Rushing—pushing—laughing boys, whose overseas caps stuck to their heads by the grace of youth.

Quiet fell down upon the barracks.

Outside, the bugle-call for assembly.

A sharp command in a gruff, cracked, youthful voice.

"Fall in!"

A rhythmic stamping of feet. A shuffling sound.

The gruff, cracked voice again lifted on high, in the authority dear to the unfledged heart.

"Inspection—arms!"

The rattle of rifles. The click of locks.

Falsetto again: "Forward—march!"

Tramp—tramp—tramp. Up the hill to parade.

Silence.

There is in military formations a something which stiffens the backbone but wrings the heart-strings.

Brick, left behind in the silent barracks, took fresh hold on his manhood. He would try his best never to be a cry-baby again.

Impelled by this ambition, Brick wandered down the deserted hall and into a big boy's room—the room of the friendly Dana.

Brick knew where Dana had secreted a half package of sadly mutilated cigarets.

A dazzling scheme sprang full-fledged in Brick's brain. He would smoke Dana's cigarets! This would mean that he would be expelled; which would mean that he would be sent down to New York to join his father. His father would then be obliged to take care of him, despite business.

Overcome by the brilliancy of this plan, Brick did not realize that he was fast being overcome by the cigaret. Sprawled on Dana's bunk, as he had seen Dana sprawl, he smoked the cigaret to the end.

His head drooped. His stomach felt very peculiar. It was not much fun to be a wicked boy, but it was good business. He took another cigaret.

He heard, as through the haze of a dream, the company returning from parade. He tried to rise from Dana's bunk. Dana's room went around in a circle, like the barrel at Coney Island. He tried to walk up the wall of the barrel toward the door that he could dimly see.

BRICK never knew how he reached the hospital. Possibly Dana dragged him across the lawn. Certainly Dana, looking appalled, was there when Brick came to himself. Dana was talking excitedly to Mrs. Nixon, the trained nurse.

"Gee! I didn't know he had 'em! Good night! I didn't give 'em to him! I swear I didn't give 'em to him! Why, I—I wasn't even there! I found him there—flopped—when I came back from parade. Gee! I didn't know he had 'em! Good night!" Dana broke off to catch his breath.

"Will I be expelled?" inquired Brick in a weak voice.

Mrs. Nixon leaned over him. She smoothed his damp hair back from his anxious brow.

"No, dear; I am sure you won't. The Colonel knows you are all upset. He won't do a thing."

"Gosh!" ejaculated Brick, disgustedly. "All that for nothing!" He moved his weary head on the pillow until he could look into Mrs. Nixon's pleasant face. "Please—I'd like to whisper to Dana I know it isn't polite, Mrs. Nixon; but it isn't nothing about you—honest. I just got to tell Dana why I stole his cigarets."

Mrs. Nixon tactfully drew to one side. Brick pulled Dana down until he could whisper in his ear.

Dana spoke. He was awed. "Aw, gosh!"

"Now, Shubrick," said Mrs. Nixon, returning to the bedside, "I want you to take this nice, cold drink and lie still for a while. You'll be all right in an hour or so. Come on out, Dana. I want Shubrick to be quiet."

Left alone, Brick lay staring at the cheerful yellow wall. He felt very small and forsaken. Into his throat came the tickling sensation that denoted the approach of tears.

He'd be a cry-baby again if he did not look out. If he stayed flat on a bed, he'd surely cry. It was undoing to a man to stay in bed. He arose from the hospital cot, hurried into his uniform, and slipped from the building.

Across the road in the direction of the main building clattered a big boy. Brick felt that he could not yet bear to watch the preparations in the barracks; the packing of the cheering phonographs, the spreading out of the clothes in which the boys were to take their departure, the frenzied scrubbing of ears soon to be submitted to mother eyes. He ran after the big boy.

"Hi! Lovejoy! Where you goin'? You ain't—you ain't—goin' to meet your parents; are you?"

"Naw," said Lovejoy. "I'm goin' to telegraph 'em what train I'm takin'."

Brick trotted along beside the big boy, thinking out a fresh scheme.

"Lovejoy, will you show me how to send a telegram?"

"Sure! But who's goin' to pay for it?"

"Me. I've got seventy-five cents."

"All right, then," said the far-sighted Lovejoy.

Laboriously Brick spelled out his telegram.

"John Shubrick, Hotel Gotham, New York, N.Y.

"Every boy has got somebody coming to see him except me. And I can't bear it. Jack."

Manfully, he paid his bill. Manfully, he tried to joke with Lovejoy on the way down the hill to barracks. But Brick did not feel in the mood for joking. He felt that to be a man was a hard game.

He was still playing that hard game the next day, when he went down the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

Photo by Arnold Genthe

ISA URQUHART GLENN

Author of
"Brick Meets the Bad Angel"

FEELING the urge to write from the time one is a "green kiddy," but restraining the desire until one is convinced one has something to say, is bound to result in stories rich in feeling and color. Mrs. Schindel, who writes under her maiden name, is the wife of the late Brigadier-General S. J. Bayard Schindel, and her travels in the Orient and remote corners of the world have given her a wealth of material to draw upon. Even the privilege of working under Whistler when she was a girl of ten did not turn her from her ambition to write good short stories.

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Day by day modern life is taking from your skin *something you must put back*

EVERY skin blemish and fault comes fundamentally from one cause. Neglect this cause, and no amount of treatments, however strenuous, will keep your complexion from being permanently clouded. Follow this simple method of daily care, developed thirty years ago by a well-known physician, and you will unlock a hidden beauty. Just *beneath* your skin, perhaps only one short week away, is the complexion you envy today in others.

IS your skin dull and muddy? Is it marred by blackheads and blemishes that special treatments do not seem able to remove?

Is it rough and blotchy—oily, coarse-textured, or over-sensitive?

Whatever special fault your skin may have, it is fundamentally from one underlying cause.

Thirty years ago a well-known physician made an important discovery

Continually confronted in his practice with extreme cases of skin disorder, and not content with mere patchwork treatment, a well-known physician thirty years ago set out to find the underlying cause of *all* complexion faults.

From the beginning one thing was clear:

Dust and soot that carry germs deep into the delicate pores of the face—

—lack of the blood-pulsing exercise so necessary to keep the tiny glands of the skin functioning normally

—the nervous rush of life that photographs itself first in the delicate lines of the face

—harsh, dry winds that roughen the surface that should be always soft and supple

—these are the forces in modern life that day and night are working against the complexion—the one fundamental cause of all skin blemishes and faults.

No girl can change these conditions. Yet if the skin is to have the clear, radiant glow of health, there *must be put back into it the elements that daily life is stealing from it.*

To stimulate the flow of blood—to soften the skin and keep it supple—to cleanse the pores of dust and germs—this was the physician's problem.

At last he achieved it—not in a complicated drug, but in a simple prescription that had within it the vital elements every normal skin needs.

Today you too can have this remarkable prescription

At first, the knowledge of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment was confined to the medical profession alone. Today, from that early prescription, these two have come into nation-wide use by thousands of women. Discouraged with the failure of many creams, drugs and preparations, women everywhere are turning to this simple, fundamental principle in the daily care of their skin.

If *your* complexion is not all you want it to be, if it is dull and sallow, or marred by blemishes, begin today to use Resinol.

Get a cake of Resinol Soap and a jar of Resinol Ointment. Every night before retiring, work up on the face, with warm water, a thick creamy lather of Resinol Soap. Work it gently into the pores; then rinse off, and splash on a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores. Then, with special irritations, roughnesses, blemishes or rashes, apply a touch of Resinol Ointment and smooth it in very gently with the fingers. Do not rub or massage with harsh methods. If possible, leave it on over night. Then in the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer, texture—a ruddier glow—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

For regular toilet use, too

In thousands of homes where Resinol was first used for the special care of the skin alone, it is today the only toilet soap in use. For baby's tender skin, for shampooing, for the bath where harsh soaps are especially irritating to sensitive surfaces—Resinol is today in widespread daily use.

Send in the coupon below for free trial sizes of both Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. They will keep your skin functioning normally—will put back into it the vital elements your daily life destroys.

Resinol Ointment also for more serious skin affections

Not only is Resinol Ointment used by women everywhere for clearing away minor skin blemishes—but its soothing, healing properties have for years been successful in relieving more stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days, the itching stop, the clear, clean texture of the skin be restored. Thousands of users have wondered at the quickness of its action. Even a light application sinks deep into the pores, attacks the root of the disorder, and starts the skin again acting normally. Resinol is absolutely harmless. It will not irritate even the delicate texture of an infant's skin.

RESINOL

SOAP *and* OINTMENT

Send this coupon today for free trial packages

Dept. 1-C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment enough for a week or ten days' use.

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"—then my Dentist smiled and said, 'Use Colgate's'

"AFTER Dr. Stephens had cleaned my teeth, he held the mirror for me to see how white and pretty they were. They looked so nice and clean.

"'My!', I exclaimed, 'I wish I could keep them that way'.

"Then my Dentist smiled and said, 'Use Colgate's'."

* * * * * * *

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream gives you the secret of clean, beautiful teeth. It "washes" and polishes your teeth, without scratching or scouring. It brings out and preserves all the natural beauty of your tooth enamel.

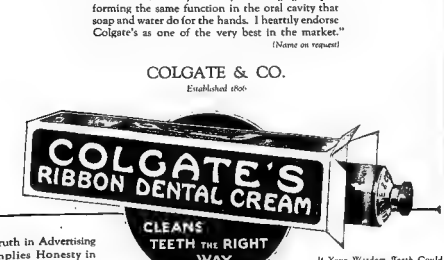
Colgate's is the safe, double-action dentifrice. Its specially prepared non-gritty chalk loosens clinging food particles; its pure vegetable-oil soap gently washes them away.

Because Colgate's cleans teeth the right way, it is recommended by more Dentists than any other dentifrice.*

Colgate's is on sale everywhere. Large tube, 25c.

*A Dentist recently wrote: "There are no 'cure-alls' in dentifrices. They are only cleansing agents performing the same function in the oral cavity that soap and water do for the hands. I heartily endorse Colgate's as one of the very best in the market."
(Name on request)

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806



Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

If Your Wisdom Teeth Could Talk, They'd Say, "Use Colgate's"

Brick Meets the Bad Angel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

long corridor past Dana's open door. From Dana's room came voices.

"I saw Brick's mother once. She was all dolled up like movie queens. You know. Her hair looked like she never went to bed for fear it'd get rumpled. And she jerked Brick along by the arm. She said that boys were awful little animals—and ugly to look at, around her apartment. I heard her saying it to another dame. And she said —"

"Listen! That ain't the worst about her. My mother telephoned her to ask her if Brick could come along with us to the matinée; and my mother said she'd see that Brick got home all right. I don't know what Brick's mother said then. But my mother said: 'Poor child!' when she finished at the phone. So Brick's mother must have been just awful. Yes, sir!"

It seemed to Brick that an officer and a gentleman would not stand in the corridor and listen to this. He walked into Dana's room.

"You mustn't talk that way about my mama," he told them sternly. "O' course she'd come to get me, if she was in New York. She's pretty, she is! As sweet as any of your mothers! So there! And pretty . . . she's pretty as—as—Heaven!"

"Well—you ain't very big to get along by yourself," remonstrated the boy who had made the first comment on Brick's mother.

"Shut up, can't you?" growled Dana.

"Aw! What's bitin' on you, Dana?" whined the first boy. "I ain't tryin' to hurt Brick's feelin's. I'm sorry for him, I am! I been through it, myself. Didn't my mother give me the bounce—and a stepfather—the same day?"

BRICK looked from one face to another. He realized that these boys were much older and wiser than himself; for he could not understand the nonsense that they were talking. But there were some things they did not know. So he told them these things.

"I don't know what a stepfather is. But I don't need one of them, anyhow. My papa is a great friend of mine. I don't need another one."

"You never need 'em! But you get 'em anyway," said the first boy. His mouth curled cynically. "First thing you know, you've got a bum wished on you. And mean to you! Lordy! You don't know how mean those guys can be!" He turned to the second boy. "Say! What I say is—those two people might have tried to get on together a while longer, until Brick had a chance to grow bigger. It wasn't so bad with me; I was old enough to stand up for myself when my folks got divorced."

"Aw! I don't know," said the second boy uncomfortably. "I don't think we ought to be talking to Brick about it, somehow. I feel sorter queer about it."

"Why not? Huh? He's got to know about it, ain't he? He ought to be told by his friends, oughtn't he? Huh?"

"But I don't know what you are talking to me about," interrupted Brick. He was feeling more and more bewildered. These big boys were kind, and he was flattered at their speaking of themselves as his friends; but he could not understand what they were saying.

"We're talking about your having three parents instead of —"

With one blow judiciously placed Dana wound up the conversation. Rubbing his fist tenderly, Dana then turned to the starring Brick.

"Brick, old fellow, you better run along now. We've got to hustle. Go see—go see Miss March! She's in her room; I just saw her go by."

There was something the matter with Brick's head; and something the matter with his insides. He felt very sick as he went to Miss March's room. But he did not know what it was that was making him sick; because those boys were just trying to surprize him with new sorts of fairy-tales. That was what made him feel like he always felt when he got afraid in the dark. But he was glad to get safely into Miss March's room. Something whispered to him that he should not tell the other boys of the things he had just heard.

"What did they mean, Miss March?" he asked. "I don't need another papa. What did they mean? They were joking, weren't they?"

Brick then learned his second hard lesson in life. Tenderly, cautiously, Miss March explained to him that the judge had given him to his mother instead of to his father.

"But what's the judge got to do with me?" asked Brick in anger. "God gave me to my father. What's a mean old judge got to do with it?"

"He is a nice, kind judge, Shubrick. He thought that he was doing the best thing for you."

"Well—he ain't! So there!" Brick's eyes, bright with tears, were fixed on Miss March's distressed face. He blinked rapidly. Instinct was continuing that whisper in his head; it was telling him that his days of being a cry-baby were over—that he must learn to fight his own battles, to make his own choice between two courses that he barely discerned. "O' course," he added fairly, "o' course I'll be awful glad to be with my mama, and have her hear me say my prayers at night. Only she won't do it. She's always just goin' out to a party. But I'll want to talk to my father about guns, and dogs, and things—that ladies don't like. And what am I goin' to do then? Will the judge let me talk to my father about things that ladies don't like? Will he, Miss March?"

"I'm afraid not, Shubrick," said Miss March regretfully.

"Then I won't obey the judge!" announced Brick promptly. "Then I'll run away and live with my father. Why, I—I just couldn't get on 'less I could hear him callin' me 'Old Chap.'"

A new and strangely mature firmness was breaking through the soft fatness of Brick's face.

"Miss March, what's Di Vorce?"

Miss March made a sound like a gasp. Brick made that sound when he jumped under the cold shower in the morning.

"Is he a good angel, Miss March? An angel who takes care of little children? Hodgson's parents got Di Vorce when they couldn't get on together and Hodgson's mother gave Hodgson the bounce. Hodgson told me so."

Miss March shivered, as Brick did when he got out from under the cold shower. She did not speak, altho Brick waited politely until he was convinced that Miss March was going to fail him.

"Oh!" he said then. "I understand. He's a bad angel."

Brick began to feel the pull of the demands that life was to put upon him. He must be a man, as the cop had said, but he must be a man in order to help his father fight the bad angel.

He felt a rush of gladness as he reflected that he would never again consent to wearing short pants. A fellow who was "Old Chap" to his father could scarcely wear short pants. He and his father must both wear long pants. Both men. Two men together, fighting the bad angel!

ABSORBED in dreams of the choice that he was making over the judge's head, Brick scarcely heard the knock on Miss March's door. He did not turn his head when Miss March admitted a young man in "civ." The young man came over to where Brick was lounging in Miss March's big chair.

"Jack—old fellow," said the young man.

"Jack!"

Brick jumped up from the big chair. He came out of his dream at this call from home. He stared, blinking, at the young man. Then he made a rush forward and threw himself into the outstretched arms.

"Uncle Jimmie! Uncle Jimmie! Then somebody's really come to see me at last!"

Uncle Jimmie patted Brick awkwardly, much as Dana patted him.

"Where's my father?"

"'Father'?" asked Uncle Jimmie quizzically. "Not 'Daddy' any longer?"

"I've grown up!" announced Brick briefly. "Where's my father?"

Uncle Jimmie glanced at Miss March. Miss March smiled. A light of sudden understanding flashed over her face.

"I'm glad!" she said. "I'm glad you are going to do it!"

Uncle Jimmie leaned over Brick. He spoke to Brick in a low tone, but smiling at Miss March over his shoulder.

"He got your telegram, Jack. He left for Canada on the next train. He sent me here to get you. We are going to run up there for Easter, you and I, just as quick as we can—if you can keep a secret, old man—and find him!"

"What'll we do to that mean old judge?" asked Brick vindictively.

"Running off—to father will shake him up!" promised Uncle Jimmie. "Trust to father!"

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Learn from the women who tax their skin the most . . . .

and keep their faces loveliest

TWO ESSENTIALS THEY NEVER FORGET

THE actress, the society woman, the modern young girl are the ones who have learned first how to care for their skin. Because they have been obliged to search and study until they have found the *right* way. In no other way could they go on subjecting their skin to the same conditions and keep it beautiful.

The whole secret of their loveliness today lies in giving their skin regularly the two things they have found are *indispensable* in keeping a woman's skin young and supple.

First—the kind of cleansing that frees their skin nightly from the tenseness of the day's strain and clears it of the collected dust and oil and cosmetics—restores its transparency and natural pliancy. This toning up at the end of every day is absolutely essential.

Second—they know it is imperative to render their skin immune at all times to strain, dirt, changes in temperature—to all the kinds of exposure that tend to coarsen it.

Two distinctly different face creams, each beautifully designed for its special purpose—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream. For years the whole effort of an old and much esteemed maker of toilet preparations was centered on these two preparations that were to answer the two vital needs of women's skin. Today millions of women are using these two creams, night and morning and sometimes during the day, to keep their skin perfectly fresh, supple, young:

MAE MURRAY Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

The actress gives her complexion harder wear and demands more of it in return than almost any other woman. She must keep her skin fine and clear though she covers it with make-up. It must be fresh in spite of late weary hours. Her very success depends on her finding the right way to care for her skin.

Fascinating Mae Murray writes, "Pond's Two Creams keep for me the smoothness and transparency I must have in spite of the way I tax my skin."

THE FAMOUS METHOD THAT MAKES IT EASY FOR THEM

YOU do not merely cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream—you restore each time your skin's natural freshness and suppleness. And with Pond's Vanishing Cream, you have not only unfailing protection but the instant beauty of fresh, smooth skin under the powder.

Do this every night. With the finger tips or a bit of moistened cotton apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it penetrates every pore of your skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth. Dirt and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day are taken off your skin and out of the pores. The black that comes off shows you how carefully this cream cleanses. *Do this twice.* Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

And before you powder, smooth a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream evenly over your whole face—just enough for your skin to absorb. If you wish, rouge—powder. How velvety your face feels to your hand! How charmingly fresh it is in the mirror! It will stay fresh and powdered for hours and nothing can roughen its fine, smooth texture.

Try this method yourself. Buy both Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream today at any drug store or department store. Just the right amount, just the finest quality of each ingredient to do the actual benefit to the skin for which each cream was formulated. And neither delicate cream can possibly clog the pores or encourage the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company.

The society woman knows how to be a zealous sportswoman by day and appear in the evening with delicate skin unmarred. She cannot allow exposure to roughen or redden her skin, or fatigue to mark it with lines. She has been compelled to find the way to keep it fresh, supple, young, season in and season out.

She insists on both—her career of cars and sports and the particular kind of complexion men bow to! How the modern young girl keeps her skin so fascinatingly fresh, after seasons of skating, skiing and wild tobogganing, is perfectly simple—according to her. She just goes in for taking care of it.

EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS—POND'S TWO CREAMS USED BY THE WOMEN WHO TAX THEIR SKIN MOST AND KEEP IT LOVELIEST

SEND THIS COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.
125 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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The Custom-Corseted Look

Looking Young is an Art That You Can Learn

YOUTH is not wholly a matter of birthdays. It's largely one of appearance. You've seen women of 54 with figures like eighteen-year-olds.

Fortunately the art of looking young is an art that you *can* learn—yes—and learn in a day. It's just a matter of intelligent corsetry and keeping in mind today's style requirements, of course. If you haven't been able to keep your "delicious" young-looking lines you've only yourself to scold because you've been wearing the *wrong* kind of corset.

Let's face about. Go to your shop *today* and choose your personal model of the *right* kind of corset—the P. N. Practical Front.

Why P. N. Practical Front Is the *Right* Corset for You

The right P. N. Practical Front model for you will produce the correct style silhouette. The flexible Inner Elastic Vest* holds the front steels at the true body center. No off-center steels can prod the bust. No "riding up." The outer flaps lace swiftly, easily, over Flat Hooks* like lacing a shoe. Each lacing lengthens the life of the corset's lines, creates a new fitting at each wearing and *retains* the original custom-corseted effect.

*Patented

"The Movement for Youth and Beauty"

Write for this helpful illustrated FREE Booklet and learn the real secrets of retaining Youth and Beauty of Figure. Full of graphic, easily understood advice from a foremost master of this interesting new art. Send for your copy today.

P.N. Practical Front

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At Stores and Departments where right corseting is a study, you may select your style in a variety of models and fabrics at $5.00 upward to $12.00

I. NEWMAN & SONS
Fourth Avenue, Cor. 18th St., New York
BOSTON CHICAGO NEW HAVEN

Manufactured exclusively in Canada by Dominion Corset Co., Quebec, P. Q., Canada
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November the Nineteenth

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

headed straight, and went back to fetch his hat. The train was slowing down, and the stranger was mounting the seat for his satchel. Riley could have reached it with a single motion of his arm, but he hastened to the door.

Outside he strode down the platform toward four or five sleepy taxi-drivers. They were bitterly disappointed when they saw that the tall arrival was only Riley Tyler, and they all fixed hopeful eyes upon the little stranger following a long way behind, his body weighed down by luggage, his heart by Riley's harsh rebuff.

It was past eleven when Riley unlocked the door of his house. Usually he had a bite to eat and played several records on his phonograph before going to bed. He liked marches and heroic songs, and of all "The Two Grenadiers" was his favorite. He had several records of the air, two solos by famous barytones, and one band record. He often played it twice, and sang the concluding words, about which there was something vaguely inspiring and reassuring:

Alert and still in my grave arrayed,
Like a sentinel I'll be lying,
Until I hear the loud cannonade,
The neigh of the chargers replying.
Then over my grave will my Emperor ride,
The swords will be flashing and falling!
And hearing a voice, I'll arise from the dead;
My Emperor, my Emperor is calling!

But to-night he had no desire to hear music. He ate a lunch of bread and butter and thick slices of Lebanon Bologna and went to bed. He slept heavily, but he tossed and threw the covers off, and sometimes he groaned.

ON SATURDAY Riley rose early and went to the outdoor market, which had been continued into November because of mild weather. It was held in Center Square, where wagons and automobiles were parked close together against the curb.

It was only a little after seven and the sun had been up less than an hour, but the square was crowded with buyers.

Riley stopped at the edge of the throng and stood blinking, his market-basket in his hand. All that he needed he could have bought later in the day, but he did not wish to be on the street at an hour when he might encounter the stranger.

Aware that he had been standing a long time, he was about to turn away when he felt a hand on his arm. Several seconds passed before he looked down—could it be that the little man, like the wolf in the nursery story, was up early too? The poor pig was no more terrified than Riley.

But he was unnecessarily alarmed; his eyes fell not upon the face of the stranger, but upon the shoulder of tall Miss Gant. Miss Gant smiled at him, and it seemed that her nose quivered like a rabbit's following up the scent of cabbage.

"You too are overwhelmed by thought of what has happened here," she said, in her queer, sentimental way. "I've stood still a long time looking at the roof which sheltered the Knight of Sorrow." She squinted across the square at the gray house where Lincoln spent the night. "You can see it, I know, in recollection as well as in imagination—the crowd, the regiments of soldiers, the heroes. You can hear the bands and the singing. Then comes the great figure ill-mounted, almost ludicrous, scorned by many." Miss Gant sniffed feelingly. "I have often wondered who provided that poor Rocinante."

"That poor what?" asked Riley, puzzled.

"That poor Rocinante," explained Miss Gant, pleased to exhibit her knowledge. "I spoke figuratively. The horse of *Don Quixote*, you know. It is said a better mount had been provided, and that there was some accident at the last and it was too late to get another, but I consider that a fable, Mr. Tyler." Miss Gant came a little closer, her long nose quivering the more. "I have wondered whether that horse was not vicious as well as small, whether there was not back of it a devilish" Miss Gant used this word explosively and as one justified—"a devilish plot, Mr. Tyler."

Riley took a step away.

"Oh, I hope not!"

Miss Gant took a step forward.

"I think I'll make that incident the subject of research. It's about the only one left in mystery. Who provided that horse? Was he a loyal citizen? How did he explain, how did the committee explain to the loyal section of our country the furnishing of a pony for a man six feet four? How——"

"I don't think it was a pony," interrupted Riley in agony Now he was lost! "It was a smallish horse."

But Miss Gant was pursuing another train of thought.

"In meditating upon him—I do a good deal of meditating, Mr. Tyler—I have often reflected upon his good fortune in leaving us when the blush of glory still mantled his cheek. We did not see him pine and fade away—there is some poetry which expresses this better than I can, but I can not remember it. He did not live through the trying period of reconstruction I have often felt that I ought to follow this line of thought, which is entirely original."

Riley's cheeks quivered with a hysterical spasm. He wanted to shout to her, "Chestnuts! It's not original—you read it somewhere." But he was afraid of Miss Gant. He bade her good morning and moved away with his basket. Her nose was too long, her skirts were too short, and he hated her.

He spent Saturday afternoon at the College Church, where he was janitor There was a promise of cold weather and he built a light fire. When he was not tormented by his vision he liked to work in the church because it had a famous history.

In the evening he went to the barber-shop where he was accustomed to put in a good many hours. He needed no barbering, but he did need

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

Photo by Elliot

ELSIE SINGMASTER

Author of
"November the Nineteenth"

LIVING so near a national shrine as she does, there is little wonder that the battle-field of Gettysburg has inspired Mrs. Lewars, who writes under her maiden name, to write a masterpiece of fiction like "November the Nineteenth." She is a Pennsylvanian by birth, the author of four novels, numerous short stories, several books for children, and a volume of biography. She was educated in the public schools and at Cornell University and Radcliffe College, from which she was graduated with the class of 1907. Her latest novel, "The Hidden Road," was published in June, 1923.

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Do You Envy The Health of Others?

Read these remarkable statements of what one simple food can do

There is nothing mysterious about the action of Fleischmann's Yeast. It is not a "cure-all"—not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—this simple natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion and assimilation, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. *Health* is yours once more.

ABOVE

"A YEAR ago found me morose and irritable, with a nervous, run-down body and . . . an exceptionally bad complexion. Horrid pimples on my face were the bane of my existence. One day while sitting at a soda fountain I read this ad: 'Try Fleischmann's Yeast for your Health's Sake,' and concluded to give it a trial . . . Within a week I slept better, and everyone complimented me on my improved appearance. Today I am a picture of health, have a wonderful complexion, and everyone says I look five years younger."

(A letter from Miss Jane Branch of Houston, Texas)

AT RIGHT

"RUN-DOWN and ill from overwork, I had local neuritis, stomach acidity and insomnia; a formidable array of enemies for the brave little yeast cake to tackle! Yet in two weeks friends began to take notice . . . In a month my complexion was clear and lovely, stomach in perfect condition, nerves 'untangled,' gone the 'All worn out' feeling, and I was able to sleep like a top."

(Extract from letter of a Chicago business girl, Miss Dorothy Deeds)

AT LEFT

"IRREGULAR hours, eating in snatches, desperate hurry . . . nervous, little or no appetite, slept poorly, and worst of all suffered from constipation. Then I tried Fleischmann's Yeast." Almost at once "evacuation was easier, no stomach pains, no heartburn." Today—"practically complete elimination of bowel trouble, clearer skin, sounder sleep, *better health*."

(Extract from letter of a New York reporter, Mr. A. Kandel)

ABOVE

"UP to a couple of years ago I never have had regular intestinal action. I worked on this defect in many ways—abdominal exercises, vegetarianism, occasional medicine, Dr. Coué . . . Fleischmann's Yeast has been the only agent that, with me, ever produced normal movement continuously. And as a natural consequence, I now feel finer in other ways—enjoy everything more: food, work, play. Even my pipe seems to smoke better!"

(A letter from Mr. Henry J. Carroll of St. Louis)

AT LEFT

"I AM a graduate nurse. Back in 1911 while in charge of an operating room, I was afflicted with boils. I tried many remedies—still boils came, and I got run down and unable to carry on. Finally a physician told me to take Yeast . . . That was twelve years ago, and I have never had a boil since. I have used Fleischmann's for hundreds of patients and for any number of different ailments. I am glad to say that twelve years have not dimmed my enthusiasm for Fleischmann's Yeast, or staled my appreciation of what it has done for me and for others in the course of my professional life."

(Miss Ann Batchelder of New York)

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—before or between meals—plain, dissolved in water or milk or spread on crackers or bread. A cake dissolved in a glass of warm water before breakfast and at bedtime is especially beneficial in overcoming or preventing constipation. Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today! And write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. A-1, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

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It ruined her entire evening

SOMETHING that she had overheard quite by accident—several men talking about her when they didn't know she was near.

Surely this sort of thing couldn't be true of her—and yet she had heard them with her own ears!

She couldn't get home fast enough. Nor could she explain to her escort why she was so upset. She felt only like bursting into tears—which she did the moment she was alone.

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

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November the Nineteenth

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sadly a little company after a lonely day. It was not likely that the stranger would penetrate thither, and certainly Miss Gant would not come!

Opening the door, he heard a loud argument, of which he could distinguish at first only, "It was! . . . It wasn't!" "There were! . . . There weren't!" The subject, he gathered, as he found a chair along the wall, was the relative American losses in the Civil and World Wars. Nobody had any figures, but the old veterans were certain of their statements and so were the young veterans. Riley took a little clipping from his pocket. Upon this subject, which involved no question of North and South, he could speak with safety.

"At the time of the Civil War the United States had a population of about twenty-eight million," he read. "Out of these about one-tenth were in the armies, and out of this tenth one-seventh were killed in battle or died of wounds.

"At the time of the World War the United States had a population of about one hundred million. Out of these only one-twenty-fifth were in the armies, and out of this twenty-fifth only one-fiftieth were killed or died of disease."

"See!" yelled the older veterans.

"It isn't so!" shouted a young man.

"Official figures," said Riley, folding his paper. His uneasiness had vanished.

"Don't believe your figures," said another young man.

"Were you in the war?" asked some one politely of Riley.

"I wasn't eighteen till sixty-five."

"Did you see Old Abe?" This too was an innocent question.

"I was too young to take much account."

"They say he had such a small horse to ride that he looked as if he could have walked off over his head."

Involuntarily Riley lifted his hand to hide his face and, getting up, started slowly toward the door.

"Going, Riley?" said the barber.

"Yes," he said, pronouncing the simple word with difficulty.

As he went he met the preacher coming in for a parcel left there yesterday.

"Good evening," he said, addressing everybody. "I'd be happy to see you all in church to-morrow. It will be the nineteenth of November and I'm going to preach about Lincoln."

RILEY sat in the right-hand corner of the rear of the church. His chair was higher than the pews, and he prided himself upon his share in keeping the services moving smoothly. On a dark morning he could tell the instant when the light became too dim for comfort and the instant when daylight was again sufficient. He knew from the look of Professor Barrett's back when the window must be closed, and from the quiver of Mrs. Scarlett's feather when it must be opened. He recognized the exact moment when the boys on the rear seats had gone far enough. He knew which students drew in hymn-books and which scarred the backs of the pews with the nails in their shoes. About the worst offender he quoted a passage which he believed came from the Bible, "I have hated many things, but nothing like him, and the Lord will hate him."

The service opened with the singing of "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," and Riley joined in with gusto. He had seen nothing of the little stranger, who had probably left town, and he had reminded himself that the visit to Gettysburg was but one incident among many in the life of Abraham Lincoln and that the minister had but a half-hour in which to discuss his whole career. If he did allude to Gettysburg, the fact that Lincoln had a small horse to ride was too insignificant and immaterial a point to mention. It was unlikely that the preacher had even heard of it; it was not reported in the official histories, but only in personal reminiscences of merely local interest.

The minister spoke rapidly, and when he passed the year '63 without alluding to Gettysburg, Riley drew a long breath; so long and loud that the boys near by thought he was awaking from sleep and giggled coldly. From now on he listened with joy so intense that it was almost painful. He forgot the mistaken views of his family; he forgot the dimly lighted stable; he listened as one able at last to worship openly a divinity which he has hitherto had to visit in secret. He leaned forward a little, and the beauty of his old head and its rapt expression impressed even the unthinking youths beside him.

But his rapture did not last; he was suddenly plunged back into the pit, even into a deeper pit. Said the young preacher in his pleasant, earnest voice

"We can not leave our contemplation of this great and beloved figure without recalling that this is the nineteenth of November and that on another nineteenth of November he trod these streets, slept under a roof of this town, looked upon our sky and our beautiful hills. He was not then recognized as a hero except by the far-seeing. He was jeered at, mocked, scorned, despised, and rejected of many men. Even his great words uttered here were received by thousands with laughter. It is said they gave him a small horse to ride and that he looked ridiculous. That incident has now a mysterious suggestiveness; often God makes the wickedness of men to serve His purposes. There was Another Who rode a palm-strewn road on a small beast to a triumph beyond which waited Golgotha."

Riley sank back into his chair, a cold sweat upon him. He could not believe that he had heard aright, yet every word was graven on his mind. A new aspect of his situation opened; if he had provided this parallel, then the ghouls would be more than ever on his track. Even the friendly preacher, whom he loved, might try to develop further this interesting idea!

He heard none of the brief conclusion, and the procession out of church seemed interminable. He went home, and in his house muttered as he prepared his dinner. He could not eat, and when there was a knock at the door he started with terror. Without stood the kindly minister.

"Professor Law and Dr Tolman and half a dozen other men who remember Lincoln are going to walk out to the cemetery with me—wouldn't you like to come too?"

Riley hunted desperately for an excuse. "Some one is coming to see me."

"But the afternoon is so beautiful; it's a pity not to be out-of-doors."

"I wish I could go with you," said Riley from his heart.

As if to punish him for his lie, some one did come to see him. Presently there was another knock, this time at his front door, and he peered out through the side-light. Miss Gant stood waiting; she had still the aspect of the rabbit who sniffs cabbage. To Riley she looked like one who believes cabbage near at hand. He tiptoed through the house, flew down the boardwalk to the rear gate, and fled out Long Lane toward the fields. His anxious mind compared his crime now to that of Booth, of Guiteau, of Czolgosz.

Cutting through the Union battle-line where General Lee had hoped to penetrate, he went toward the southeast, avoiding monuments and markers and traveled roads.

Riley traveled as tho the stranger and Miss Gant and the preacher and all curious persons were pursuing him. His active imagination pictured newspaper reports with large head-lines, headings of chapters in books, ignominy forever. But he could say in defense that the substituted horse was quieter than the tall black one he had disabled, that no vicious purpose had been in his mind, that he had only meant to play a practical joke. He stopped once or twice in order to think better and, standing still, he talked to himself.

THEN suddenly he shook himself as tho he shook off a burden. He would go home and never repeat this nonsense. He looked at his watch; it was half past three. The windows of the church must be closed, the bulletins and hymn-books placed neatly in the racks, and a little draft turned on the fire. He would cross to the Baltimore Pike as quickly as possible.

But when he was facing the west his heart sank. No shaking of his shoulders, no exercise of common sense, no assurance of freedom from publicity would rid him of his burden. Lincoln had been held in contempt and he had promoted it; he, Riley Tyler, had made Abraham Lincoln ridiculous in the eyes of twenty thousand human beings. His remorse seemed impossible to bear; he would cheerfully exchange it for infamy if he could forgive himself.

The road home seemed long; Round Top lay at an immeasurable distance. He plodded on, hoping that some one would offer him a ride, but all the cars

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

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No. 2158—Of imported, fine checked gingham. This has collar and cuffs of white poplin, hand drawn and embroidered dots to match gingham. Belt and front of dress trimmed with bands of plain Chambray. Colors: green, black, blue and hello. Sizes: 16, 18, and 36 to 46. Price, $5.95.

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Address House of *Queen Make*
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November the Nineteenth

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were going away from Gettysburg. He climbed one hill, then another; from here he could shorten his way by crossing first the citizens' cemetery, then the National Cemetery.

Walking rapidly among the thick-set graves, he passed the spot where he would one day lie. He wished himself there, away from thought. Stepping over the stile in the evergreen hedge, he walked more slowly. He often came thither on Sunday afternoons, believing this to be not only the most beautiful spot in the neighborhood of Gettysburg, but the most beautiful in the world. Even in his wretchedness he could not fail to see the unfaded emerald of the grass, the dark, lofty wall of the spruces, the brilliant, honey-colored foliage of Norway maples, lighted by the fast-sinking sun. At the far end there was a memorial to the butt of his bitter joke, an exedra with a fine portrait bust and a bronze plate bearing the dedicatory speech. He had almost walked into it before he realized where he was.

In terror he whirled about and looked the other way, toward the marble shafts rising to the treetops and the thousands of tiny headstones dotting the sward in regular ranks. He had the place to himself; the minister and his friends had long since completed their pious pilgrimage, the tourists had sped homeward, and even the birds that lingered late in this sheltered sanctuary were still. He was afraid to look at the bronze face, but an irresistible force turned him round.

The head was like that living head which he remembered: bent, sorrowful, and inexpressibly pitying and tender. Hot, slow tears filled his eyes, welling up from his heart. He felt indignant toward the young minister who had added a new and sadder reflection to those which he had to bear already, and he appealed to the sad face as if for vindication and comfort.

Suddenly as he gazed his startled heart missed a beat. Blinking back the tears, then rubbing his eyes with his hand, he stared. Something queer had happened; the red sun, which seemed to lie upon the crest of the hills, sent its last rays directly upon the memorial, and the glittering horizontal beams had a strange effect upon the face and upon Riley. There was a twinkle in the bronze eye, a twist of unmistakable humor in the corner of the grave mouth. On November 19, '63, those eyes had searched Riley's soul; now they searched it again. Then they seemed to say, "Unkind! Unkind!" Now they said, "Oh, foolish! Foolish!" An amazing idea came into Riley's mind—it was queer that it had been almost sixty years in taking shape. He put it into loud, shrill words.

"You never cared a snap of your finger what kind of horse you rode!" He put it into other words. "You're laughing at me! You never gave a rip!"

He sat down weakly on a bench, resisting an impulse to knee . The sun still showed half its great circle and the twinkle still enlivened the eye; the smile still played round the fine mouth. He sat till twilight blotted out twinkle and smile. Then he rose, he would like to lay his hand on the bronze cheek, but this impulse he resisted also. His eyes traveled across the green hedge to the dim place set with crowded white stones where he could distinguish the monument beside which he would soon lie. He grew pale, but it was with expectation, not with terror. A great wind seemed to blow upon him, sending chills down his spine, lifting his hair. It came and passed and he walked on. His gait was shaky as tho he felt the wind, and martial as tho he timed his steps to music. He heard music in his soul, and he stood still to hear more clearly.

Alert and still in my grave arrayed,
Like a sentinel I'll be lying,
Until I hear the loud cannonade,
The neigh of the caagers replying.
Then over my grave will my Emperor ride,
And swords will be flashing and falling!
And hearing a voice, I'll arise from the dead;
My Emperor! My Emperor is calling!

He understood now why he had played the song a thousand times. He went on, still marching, as tho the trump of resurrection had already sounded.

Seven Times Seven

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

adoration—as ever prostrated a page at the feet of some seasoned Greek warrior.

I see her for the first time, seated behind her desk in her classroom, very slim and dainty in a tan-muslin dress with a pink-and-white collar. She has soft brown hair, soft brown eyes, and a soft cream-colored skin. A bunch of pink roses is on her desk and a sympathetic and very young smile is in her eyes and on her lips. I, with Mamie beside me, am sitting on the front bench directly in front of the young thing with pedagogics in her head and an arithmetic in her hand, as young in her way as Mamie and Sallie and I. I am looking down at Mamie's feet encased in some very smart new shoes, which she turns in pigeontoe to amuse me. I giggle, feel an electric pause, look up into Young Teacher's sympathetic and unchiding eyes, and a tide of love rises from my solar plexus. To this day I remember the physical source of the tidal wave that overflowed the dam.

Up to that time I had felt anger and anxiety and sorrow and joy and ambition and loathing and humiliation and patriotism and loyalty and devotion, but at that moment I first met and recognized love. I find it difficult to describe the change in myself that came in the twinkling of an eye. The rose on the desk became pinker and more fragrant. I wanted to snuggle closer to Mamie, who also had become pinker and more golden and more fascinating. I mark the lesson in the new arithmetic book with trembling fingers, and when we stand up to be dismissed I feel the first weakness my vigorous young legs had ever experienced.

As we file out Young Teacher calls me out of the line to her desk and tells me that her mother, then dead, had loved my mother dearly. I see myself after school running out across the street to throw myself in my mother's arms with a kind of outgoing affection for her I had never felt before. For the first time I grasped love as an output, not an intake. I tell her all about Young Teacher. My heart is in a blaze, and my mother's blazes with it—there was nothing small about my mother. The next morning I took Young Teacher a bunch of flowers and an affectionate message from my mother about her mother, and the affair was off and away.

To my mature analyzation all love seems to be an outpouring of something which inflames and consumes a super-Power. It may flow out from our hearts in brawling brooks of friendship, broad, deep rivers of maternal cherishing, or in passionate torrents of mating insistence, but it is all from the same dam, accumulated from the same Power.

And of all the outflows one of the most limpid and sparkling is the upleaking adoration an adolescent boy or girl bestows upon a member of his or her own sex climbing a few rounds higher up or perhaps lower down on life's ladder. It is sexless or superasexual and is one of the most powerful stimulants to endeavor in existence. Its mature phase is friendship, which has built monuments to itself, from Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan, to Susan B Anthony and Anna Howard Shaw, and must in no way be confused with any kind of hybrid degeneracy. Such a relation is the hardy, vigorous, common garden variety of friendship to which one or both of the growers have added the elusive quality of glamour which is in a way like to, but indeed very different from, the sex glamour, through which two ordinary mortals are apt to see each other while they are the stars in the drama of creation.

The young warrior sleeps at night with his head on his shield and dreams of the feats of arms he is to accomplish for his chosen knight, as well as of the damsel in the dell. Such an individual completes love within her or his own soul. It is of small importance what love given gets in return. Oftentimes starved love grows strong while nourished love only fattens. A very little of Young Teacher went a long way with me. I saw her for one

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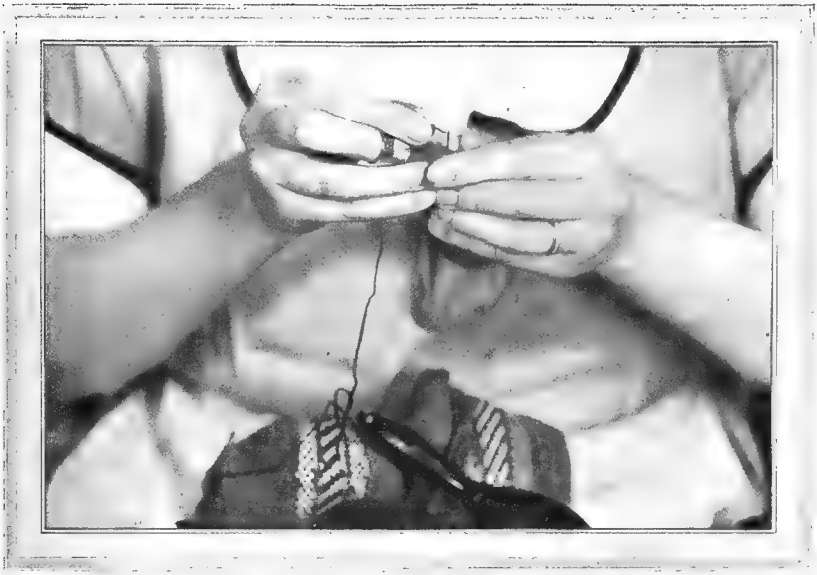

"There is wonderful beauty and meaning in these hands; see what intelligence, patience, earnestness they express! Women are learning this secret:—that housework will not spoil your hands, if you use the right safeguards."

Can a housekeeper ever hope to have beautiful hands?

Work will not spoil your hands if you use the right care; it is neglect that does the damage

THERE was a time when a woman who did her own housework hardly thought of having beautiful hands.

The two things seemed irreconcilable.

Yet today the most beautiful hands in the world are the hands of women who work.

Never were women's hands, as a rule, so lovely and well cared for, as they are today. Women are learning this secret:—that neglect, lack of care, may spoil your hands; housework never will, if you use the right safeguards.

Don't let your hands get worn, rough, neglected looking, so that their real distinction is lost sight of. There is a preparation, especially made for the care of the skin, which will keep them smooth and soft, lovely to touch and look at, no matter how much you use them at household tasks.

This preparation is Jergens Lotion, a product in which benzoin and almond, two of the most healing skin restoratives known, are combined in such a way as to heal almost immediately any roughness, chapping or irritation.

Benzoin has been known to medicine from time immemorial for the effect it has in healing the skin and stimulating skin repair. Almond softens and whitens the skin. In Jergens Lotion, benzoin and almond, together with other healing ingredients, form a clouded, silvery liquid—deliciously fragrant—which cannot be surpassed for its softening, whitening, and healing qualities. Your skin absorbs it instantly—it leaves no disagreeable stickiness.

Use Jergens Lotion *every time you have had your hands in water*—and see what a difference it makes! That rough, chapped, worn look will disappear within a week. You will be proud of your hands instead of ashamed of them when you put on an evening dress.

You can get Jergens Lotion for 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Get two bottles at a time! Keep one on your bathroom shelf to use for your face—keep another above the kitchen sink, so that it will be convenient when you have been using your hands for housework.

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Send the coupon below and get a trial-size bottle—FREE!

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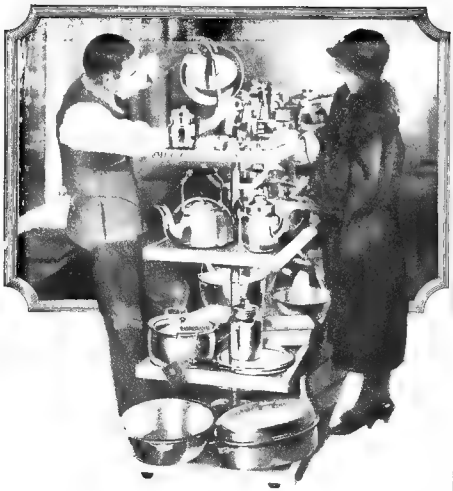

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As more and more women see demonstrated the utility of aluminum for all culinary purposes, they turn to the complete Mirro line for new aids to economy and convenience in the kitchen.

There are years of usefulness in the good, thick metal of which Mirro utensils are made. There is ready cleanliness in their hard, polished surface. And, not least, there is beauty upon which the eye rests with grateful satisfaction.

In many good stores, new and complete displays of Mirro utensils are now being exhibited. Wherever you see the new Mirro Display Stand you will enjoy exceptional facilities for making selections from Mirro's great variety of fine and useful articles.

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Seven Times Seven

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hour five days in a week, but I dreamed about her and for her. I defended her in a day-dream from some undecided crime, speaking eloquently in court as I had heard my father do, and one restless night I killed a huge cream snake which was about to down her. Also, I kept my finger-nails as long and as polished as hers.

The end of the glamour came suddenly and completely, tho I know and love Young Teacher well to this day, thirty-eight years after, and also know and love her children, of which she has had ten. The bubble burst in this wise: I see Young Teacher snapping at Mamie one day because Mamie could not get her fractions straight in a sum at the board I see Mamie smudge the chalk-eraser across her nose and cry two huge tears The glamour snapped. That is all.

In the meantime the four years at C. Y. L. hold other things. Inspired by the thought of my three-year-old clay birds and five-year-old "The tru vine" accomplishments, my mother had me join for two afternoons a week the art class of Cousin Sallie Thomas. Fortunately, she was a born artist, and she chose the good prints of good pictures which she made the girls copy faithfully and technically.

I hated to be indoors, but I worked with a will to please my mother, and suddenly while copying a bunch of grapes the fact of technique seared itself upon my brain, and I have never lost it. By that sense of technique, so acquired, I managed to expose on the line in the place of honor at the Salon des Beaux-Arts in Paris in 1906 after only two years' study, the third miniature I had ever painted, and I made a six months' best seller of the third novel I wrote. I feel that technique once learned in any art holds good for any other art forever and a day. It becomes a sense, like the sense of smell or taste or perhaps balance. I am determined that Goddaughter shall learn it before her tenth year, and I know it must be in dancing.

THROUGH these critical years in C. Y. L. Uncle Joe had kept strict watch over me and brooded his ambition for me. Then about the close of the fourth year at C. Y. L. a Methodist preacher came, reporting to him that a very great and old girls' school was functioning in Kentucky, from behind whose walls girls were sent to college on certificate. We talked it over and decided that the Hill School must be given a chance the very next year to get me in trim for college.

Uncle Joe will have to take the responsibility of that college idea. I am glad that I can acquit myself of it.

We found that the Kentucky Military Institute was at Frankfort, not fifty miles from the Hill School, and it was thought best to send Brother under its iron discipline—Brother having gone a bit wild with a gang in the alley back of the old house. To get him in t.e right form he would have to go to a Summer class at K. M. I., and so hurriedly we departed to incarcerate him—Mother and I to board at the general headquarters with a brilliant Summer colony from Frankfort, Louisville, and Lexington.

While I was not yet fourteen Aunt Susie must have had a forewarning of the sweetheart-to-be I was to have with brass buttons at K. M. I., and she designed and helped make me a very simple and lovely bunch of Summer frocks. She was a real artist in clothes and she builded better than she knew.

Jamy was twenty-three and commandant of the Summer camp when I arrived out at the K. M. I., and it all happened when he came down the long, broad hall of headquarters to command the placing of our trunks in our rooms the night of our arrival. It may have been a couple of hours later when the moonlight shone on the brass buttons of his white-duck dress uniform as we sat on the steps between the tall pillars of perhaps the most magnificent building in Kentucky. I see that Summer to-day as a series of pictures made in an ideal location. Together we read "She Who Must Be Obeyed," together we took photographs from a camera we made ourselves, together we went off and cooked our camp suppers, together we swam with Jamy's hand at the neck of my bathing-suit, because he was afraid to throw me in as he did his cadets. My mother was a wizard, seeing into other people's subcharacter, and she knew that Jamy was brilliant cobalt to his lowest depths, and she trusted him.

I behold myself ambling through a magnificent grove of hickory-trees over to the village post-office behind Jamy on his grandfather's old blind charger, Lance. All I need to balance myself on the strip of carpet put across Lance's broad rump is a fold in the back of Jamy's duck fatigue-coat, clasped between thumb and forefinger. Was it tame going for me, who had always had a thoroughbred to myself when I rode abroad? It was not! The first month of our pillion journeyings Jamy helped me alight with a hand, the next month he swung me down with his hands on my waist, and the last few weeks I seemed to have become so limp that I had to be lifted down in his arms. The last sunset hour we went for the mail he reached up—but why write about it after thirty-six years?

Anyway, the pillows in my chair seem hard. I had better call Housemother Bernice and be put to bed.

WITH riding, dancing, camping, reading, and writing together, I know now that I lived through three months of a particularly perfect companionship, and I am grateful that it came at that time. It set me a standard for all future demands to be made by me or upon me.

Then at last I unreel the night before the early morning when I am to start away to the Hill School to be molded into the bluestocking of Uncle Joe's ambition. Jamy and I are standing beside one of the tall white pillars under which we sat our first evening together, and my mother has come to her window above our heads and regretfully reminded me that it is midnight and I must be up at dawn to catch my train over at the village. For a second we stand startled, then Jamy puts his right arm around my shoulders, swings me around, puts his hand on my forehead, and presses back my face so that the moonlight streams full into my eyes. We exchanged what I still believe to be the most sustained look and the profoundest kiss ever bartered between two of the human race—and I go directly up-stairs to my mother That exchange also set standards for me, and I am dimly afraid they are one of the reasons that I write myself spinster to-day.

I know that after I had gone up-stairs to my mother, Jamy called her down and had a white-faced, stern-lipped scene with her in which he demanded that she let him marry and educate me, in which she acquiesced, only stipulating one year more for me at school. Alas impressions on plastic young hearts do not set rigidly. I am positively humiliated to write down that I find the fact that within six months I was under the thrall of the Hill School village Don Juan and had paid his sister, one of my classmates, fifty cents for a photograph of him taken standing, in a cape overcoat and a crush hat. More of the Don later Jamy is a judge now on a bench of a Supreme Court in a Western State, and I had a long letter from him when I published "The Melting of Molly." A few years ago he was still unmarried.

CHRISTMAS, 1920, has come and gone. I am no better! In at Uncle Joe's home, Little Aunty is ill in bed and gradually growing weaker. I long to see her, but can not go A terrible hand of stiffness still grips and holds me rigid. I have been reading the "Cellini Memoirs." I don't believe he stopped to question their value. Perhaps that is the reason they are valuable. I wish I had my copy of Mary Austin's "Man Jesus." She makes Him a kind of Super Indian Brave, but suffering with His head up. I don't need any "gentle Jesus meek and mild" now.

I FIND that my eyes mist as I begin to cast up the accounts for my Lyric of Seven Times Two. The first years were hard, but I am comforted when I see that I carried them off with a sort of gallant and invincible happiness, which I lay to those glorious prenatal months I spent with my mother in building our nest in the cottage, coupled with the fact that I had been born of practically perfect love between two deeply cultured and very superior people, whose ages lay between thirty and thirty-five, and who were descended from generations of men and women like themselves. I know that I am the immediate output of three specimens of ardent and enduring mate love which my parents and grandparents builded one for another, and I know my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37

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It is not a new dish, a slice of Premium Ham baked with scalloped potatoes; yet one with an appeal that never lessens. For in this tender ham there is a subtle delicacy of flavor which satisfies with every taste—and calls for one taste more

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Ham
Swift's Premium Ham
Swift's Premium Bacon
Swift's Spherical Brand Pure Lard

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Premium Ham with Scalloped Potatoes

Fill a buttered baking dish three-fourths of its depth with sliced potatoes, sprinkle generously with flour, season with salt and pepper and pour in milk to cover. Place a slice of Swift's Premium Ham over the potatoes and bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes.

Swift & Company
U. S. A.

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Especially for Children

Made this way, Instant Postum not only delights the children but affords valuable nourishment:—Place a level teaspoonful of Instant Postum in a cup, add one tablespoonful of hot milk and stir until the Postum is well blended; then fill the cup with hot (not boiled) milk, and add sugar as desired.

Health is their Birthright

THE United States Bureau of Education has confirmed the familiar warning of doctors to parents, that children should not drink coffee or tea.

Yet children, especially these cold days, need a hot drink—to warm them up when they come in numb from the cold, or to fortify them against the crisp winter weather.

Postum has a snappy, appetizing taste that children love. They love its toasted-wheat aroma. Children drink Postum eagerly because it makes them feel good—good, because *wholesome heat is Nature's first life-giving stimulant.*

Grown-ups have long known this "secret"—that Postum is a delicious cup of wholesome cheer. Let your children have Postum—all they want—knowing that this pure cereal beverage can only do them good.

Your grocer sells Postum in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer the flavor brought out by boiling fully 20 minutes.

Postum for Health

"There's a Reason"

Write for free sample to
Dept. 224, Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Seven Times Seven

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

genius for happiness has been a heritage from them.

I am glad that I found young love in complete youngness, and that it is very beautiful to look back upon—is it first love that is etched deepest upon one's solar plexus? I wonder!

In my eleventh year my mind became conscious of the might and power of God. I see myself getting up one morning at daylight and drowsily tagging Aunt Mary Thompson to a sunrise meeting, where we found a packed tent, and Sam Jones, the evangelist, in full action.

My aunt Mary Thompson was the most beautiful and majestic human creature I have ever beheld—and I've seen the beauties, young and old, of six countries besides my own, from Queen Alexandra and Empress Eugénie to successive flocks of Flo Ziegfeld hand-picked beauties. I see myself seated beside her flowing gray-silk skirts and catch a breeze from her huge black-silk fan. Suddenly the fan stops. I look up to a blaze in Aunt Mary's eyes of awesome majesty, and her wonderful voice rises and fills the tent as she says: "That is my Master's truth! Speak on, Brother!"

Aunt Mary was decorously shouting, and I am glad to this day that I was there to see and hear. Aunt Mary was Nashville's great lady of that day and possessed a goodly share of the city's wealth. Her following was enormous. As I looked around at all her friends backing her up in her spiritual quest in the early morning light and at the rest of the great crowd filling the gospel tent in the hour before breakfast, I suppose because of the display of power, my mind became religiously convinced, and at that moment I believed "in God the Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and Jesus Christ, His only Son," but my soul got its God consciousness and fellowship in Christ thirty-seven years later in an hour of bitter trial.

So ends my Lyric of Seven Times Two —no music can ever be sweeter to me.

IT WAS a forlorn youngster my mother left standing at the Hill School yard gate as she drove away to the station, but she waved back to me with one of her inspiring smiles, and I only dimly guessed what she knew it was going to cost us both to be separated for the long years that stretched between little freshman me and the college diploma Uncle Joe coveted for me.

With misting eyes I stumbled back across the court to my room and into the bracing companionship of my new roommate, Minnie Fox, a sister of the author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," then unwritten, and exactly like her illustrious high-bred brother, John, Jr.

The Hill School was and is a curious aggregation of large rooms stacked about a huge brick-paved, covered-in court. Each seems to have been built at a different time, and you step up three or down two or four steps into every one you enter. To get to my humble little freshman cot in the corner of the big room which belonged to the senior roomates Minnie and Etta, I stepped down a step into the court from the yard, ran up about ten perfectly dark steps, along a narrow hall, up three steps to the balcony around the court, up four steps from the end of the balcony into another dark little hall, and down two steps into the room. It is twenty-nine years since I ran that course for the last time, but if I were not chained to this chair I could get up and go over it in perfect safety in the pitch-dark of midnight, as I so often did with Ellice, the daredevil, slipping out for a carousal between Minnie's and Etta's watchful dreaming or studying. Overcrowding had put my cot in the corner of Minnie's and Etta's room, two star seniors, but they accepted its occupant as a sacred charge bestowed upon them by my fascinating mother, whom they had known for an hour, and they hampered me not a little, especially after I found Ellice. Ellice roomed with her sister. Ellice was, in turn, tow to my spark and spark to my tow, and she was Mamie underscored three times. Except for the doctor's watchfulness I am afraid the Hill School would have fared badly at our hands.

So enthused do I become in thinking back to the Hill School that I feel that I could write a "Tom Brown at Rugby," feminine gender, with the school as a background, but I know that in this chronicle I must only touch it in high and vital spots.

The doctor, the principal and owner of the Hill School, and a retired Methodist minister of great reputation and ability, taught me algebra, and after the first week I felt as if my mind had been plowed and harrowed and furrowed and sown down with fertile seed. Or, better, I, that week, found that I had an instrument in my head that I could depend on to function as I directed. He was a dynamic teacher and a genuine humorist as well. He intensely enjoyed leading my voracious mind into a maze of *x* and *y* and watching me flounder out. I see him watch me stand at the blackboard, chalk in hand, making wild sallies, a twinkle in his eye and a jeer on his lips.

"You knew it all the time, but you didn't know you knew it, Sister. You know everything and you just can find out how to put your hand on it." Those words, said over and over to me for four years, molded the confidence in my mind in a way that has made me attempt anything once. And losing, I try again—I know it's there!

THE Hill School reminiscences so crowd upon me that I hardly know how to choose from them. A devout glamour for Etta infolds me. I see myself sitting on the rug before a big coal-fire with my back against her knees, a trigonometry open in her hand and the algebra and tablet upon my lap—she working and I dreaming of rescuing her from poverty and a teaching career by following the races in a ladylike manner. That was the only get-rich-quick scheme I had met at that date.

The nine o'clock bell rings and I jump up, seize both her and my hot-water cans, and join the bath brigade in the hall, which, under the supervision of a junior teacher, winds its way up stairs and down and then across the yard through rain or snow or moonlight or starshine to the kitchen, where the old black cook presides over a huge caldron of boiling water. While teacher is not looking I barter with cook, and for a nickel receive two huge turkey livers sandwiched between flaky biscuits, tuck them in a fold of my kimono, and get both feast and bath back to Etta in good condition. I note that I always seem to dream as largely as my experience allowed for one upon whom my love had descended, and afterward accomplished as well as I could.

I also remember making for her an unmetrical translation of our favorite parts of Schiller's "Hermann and Dorothea" (which Etta had studied a year before me and in which she coached me carefully), sending it to Uncle Joe, who had it typewritten for me, typewriting being then a novelty and the possession of a specimen greatly to be desired, and presenting it to her with shy rapture.

Also, in telling Etta of my mammy Kitty one night I became so inspired by her interest that I got up at daylight and wrote a character sketch of that wonderful old negro for my Friday English exercise, which my English teacher read aloud in the chapel, reading it because I flatly refused to do it—and there were tears in all of the girls' eyes. Most of them had black mammies of their own. That was my first literary venture.

I peer further back into the reels of the years. I see and feel myself dancing endless hours with Ellice on the rough and uneven bricks of the fill in court. Ellice softly playing a mouth-harp as she dances as a substitute for an orchestra. We waltzed to the "Blue Danube" and "Daisy Bell" and did it in season and out, even to and from classes if none of the faculty happened to be in the court. We generally began dancing before dusk and only stopped when it became time for "sing."

I want to choose the tenderest of words to write about "sing." In the center of the court, seventy-five feet long and fifty broad, stood a huge stove at least five feet in diameter. Old lame brown Virgil would come in with two buckets of coal and fill it up at about five-thirty, and the clang of his long iron poker was the unwritten summons for the gathering of the clans for a half-hour's toasting and singing around the stove's red-hot sides. We came up and down steps, in groups and couples and a few hurrying singles, and gathered around in a circle four or five deep, milling in and out so that every girl's back got its baking in turn.

We sang "After the Ball," "Nut-brown Maid," "Seeing Nellie Home," and "Old Kentucky Home," but we loved most a few of the hymns we knew so well from our chapel prayers, and

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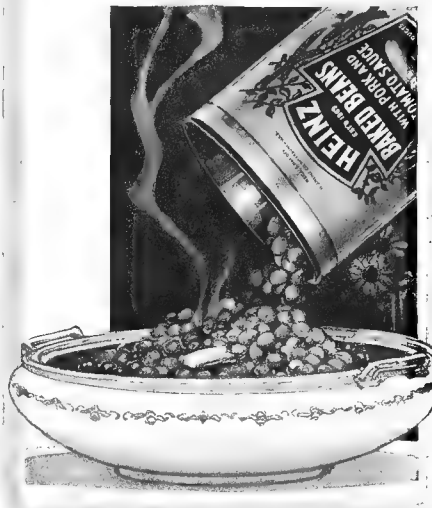
Oven baked
Ready to serve



HEINZ
OVEN-BAKED
BEANS

When you order a can of beans you naturally suppose that you are getting *baked* beans. You know that beans to be at their best must be baked in the old fashioned way with dry heat.

When you specify "Heinz Beans" you are *sure* to get Baked Beans. It says "baked" on the label.

Cooking beans by some other process might be a cheaper and less painstaking way—but slow baking is the Heinz way. It is the baking combined with Heinz Tomato Sauce that makes them so delicious and nourishing

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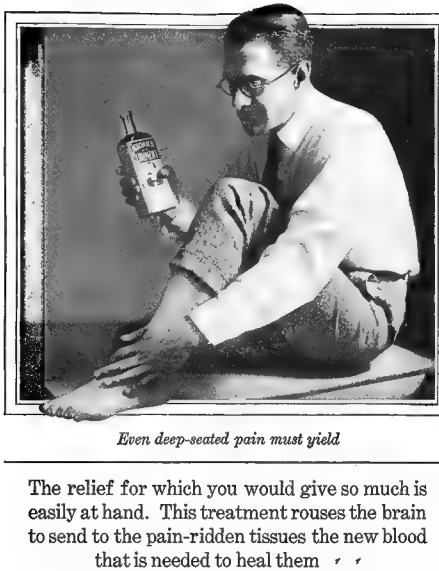

Even deep-seated pain must yield

The relief for which you would give so much is easily at hand. This treatment rouses the brain to send to the pain-ridden tissues the new blood that is needed to heal them

THAT pain that is nagging away at you — there's nothing you wouldn't do to be free of it—whether it be the acute pain of rheumatism, or the dull ache of lame muscles. But nothing seems to do it much good: it's so deep down—so hard to reach.

Yet the relief for which you would give so much is easily at hand. Anyone you ask, almost, can tell you of a remedy that has for years brought such unfailing comfort to sufferers from all kinds of muscular pain that it is now as widely known, as generally used as the telephone.

This remedy is Sloan's Liniment—probably the foremost household remedy in America, used all over the world and recommended by doctors everywhere.

No matter where the pain is, no matter how deep down in joints and muscles, *it can be reached* if the natural curative powers *inside* the body are only roused.

When you use Sloan's, it first stimulates the nerves on the skin. They arouse the brain, which in turn causes the blood vessels to expand throughout the painful area, *under* the place where the liniment has been applied. Rich new blood rushes in.

This new blood coming, freshly purified, from heart and lungs, with all its marvelous germ-destroying, up-building powers brings to sick, pain-ridden tissues just what they need to heal them.

If the pain is rheumatic, it means that disease germs are attacking the aching joints or muscles. In the tide of pure, new blood that is brought straight to the affected spot when you apply Sloan's, are millions and millions of germ-destroyers. So when you send this increased blood supply to the place where the germs are, you also send the very forces that alone have the power to destroy them.*

If the pain is due to over-exertion, to a sprain or a bad bruise—it is because delicate muscle fibres have been stretched or torn to the point of actual injury. The damage must be repaired. The blood supplies the materials out of which the new tissue must be built up—and it washes away the "fatigue poisons" that are produced by over-exercise.

This is the scientifically correct way to relieve pain. It doesn't just deaden the nerves. It gives your own natural bodily defenses the aid they need to drive out the cause of pain.

Don't wait until you are in actual need. Get a bottle of Sloan's this very day, and have it on hand—35c at all druggists.

Just apply it—no rubbing is necessary. Immediately you feel a gentle warmth—then a pleasant tingling of the skin—then, freedom from pain. There is no burning, no blistering—only quick, lasting relief.

(*) If after one attack has been cured, another comes on, it may be that there is in your body some obscure breeding-place of rheumatism germs —possibly a decayed tooth—which the blood cannot reach in sufficient quantities. In this case, see your doctor.

SLOAN'S Liniment—*Kills pain*

Seven Times Seven

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of them all our favorite was "Abide with Me."

"Sing" was always cut short by the dramatic flinging open of the dining-room door by old Virgil and the clang of a dinner-bell almost as large as he. After supper there was a scurrying back and forth for study supplies, for the tap of the seven o'clock bell meant that we must all be in our rooms with doors shut, ready to begin two hours of hard study.

With the closing of the door of my room at seven o'clock for study-hour there awoke in me a terrible and unslakable wander thirst. Out I must get and go. I must and did. And Ellice sympathized with me intensely. We were known by the faculty as the "Wandering Gentiles," and for four long years that august body devised in vain ways and means to keep us in our rooms without locking our doors, a thing Dr. Poynter always forbade because our rooms were lighted with coal-oil lamps and heated by stoves. I became an adept in greasing hinges of doors and pouring oil down the cracks of creaking old boards, and I could spread my soft-slippered feet and walk with a noiseless slide that equaled any Indian glide used by Paumunky or Iroquois when stalking the enemy.

The eight o'clock bell was the signal agreed upon by Ellice and me to rise and wander, and no matter how Etta entreated and Ellice's sister forbade we were up and out.

We took the mouth-harp down to the cottage in the yard, occupied by the infant class and Miss Fetty, and with Ellice playing it under her breath we danced and danced until our hearts had entirely changed our blood-supply, so that we slept soundly. Sometimes we hunted alone, and at other times we were joined by other choice freshman spirits.

On some desperate nights we squatted in the moonlight from the window of the infant cottage, never daring to have a light, and shot craps, using slips of paper for money, which were redeemable with chance finds of food, candy, or wearing-apparel.

On lean and hungry nights we tiptoed across the court, looked under a bench, where we had laid a quarter before the seven o'clock bell, and found that lame negro Virgil had changed the quarter for a loaf of bread, from which the crum had been scooped, and the crust then filled with a dozen fried oysters, steaming hot, and two dill pickles. The whole loaf had been baked to the toasting-point and then wrapped in paper. The oysters burned fingers and mouths as we crouched in the shadow and feasted.

But luckless nights came. On one dark evening we climbed out of a window on a side hall onto the roof of the court and smoked two cigarets which Ellice had purloined from her brother at Christmas vacation. Dragging limp and white-faced Ellice to safety across that steep roof was one of the high lights of my young life.

BUT all carnival has its reaction. Oyster loaves and candy and turkey livers, added to a good first-class daily ration, had their instituted reaction, and Ellice and I became unwilling to bear a fear of surplus flesh. So anxious were we that our daily, almost hourly, conferences on the subject resulted in a dare from me to Ellice to starve absolutely for a week to see what that would do to our rounding hips. She took me up, and at breakfast on Sunday morning we began, and we stuck at it until we weakly dragged ourselves into the dining-room for breakfast just seven long days later.

The whole school was excited over us, and our immediate circle, especially our table-mates, vied with each other in promising us the most choice possible viands with which to break the cruel fast. How we kept it from the faculty I do not know. From that week I have always respected the force of Ellice's will, and I feel that she respects mine, even unto this day.

It was on a breakfast of sausage and corn-meal batter cakes we broke the fast —that is, Ellice did, and ate parts of the other girls' portions offered her as well as her own. I got no further than gulping down a glass of milk. Ellice was quite ill for some days, but I was in correct eating trim in about thirty-six hours.

That was the first of many hand-to-mouth struggles I have had with my too-abundant flesh—I conquer but to fall again.

At the end of my second year at the Hill School Etta left me to go to college, and in the loneliness of her absence the next September I bared my heart and let the charm of the Don sink in. Not that the Don made any gestures with which to win my devotion—he merely tipped his hat off his auburn waves of hair and passed me by. For two years I was content with such glimpses, then I woke up, and for two solid years I suffered steadily the gnawing of unrequited love. And Ellice suffered with me. For hours we sat apart and talked about him—his clothes, his hats, his shoes, and his golden mustache that now you saw and now you didn't.

THEN one Saturday evening when all the girls were dancing and frolicking in the court Ellice took a case of the grouch and retired to her room to study. I danced on serenely, but suddenly I felt that I must rush up and see about her. I tore rudely away from my partner and ran up and down steps until I came to Ellice's room, which opened by a balcony onto the side yard, along which ran the village street less than fifteen feet away. I see myself racing like mad, with my heart beating up in my throat. I fling open the door, and there Ellice stands with a glass lamp in her hand, which is blazing almost to the ceiling. She is dazed and stares trembling at the lamp, saying my name softly over and over. I rush at her, grab the lamp, and hurl it out of the window. It lands upon the pavement, just six feet in front of the Don, who is strolling, escorting the singing-teacher home from village choir practise. The Don heroically scales the balcony, enters the room, and takes charge of the situation, said situation being my burned hand.

Ellice was trembling and so was I. It was my first of a series of telepathic adventures, and I was then too timid and mystified to speak of such a thing to any one. The Don sent me a bunch of roses the next day, but the fact that he failed to send one to the unscarred Ellice kept me from enjoying them to their fullest petal, and they finished the matter of the Don for Ellice for all time—tho it made no difference between her and me.

I wish there were some peculiar and choice type in which to write of the Don. From the night of the fire I saw him often. It was no trouble for him to be with me because he was perhaps the most beloved person in the town, a regular institution, and was given the run of the place because he was much older than any of the girls and, I think, a trustee of the school. To this day I can not see why he wanted to sit on a bench in the front yard for a couple of hours several days in a week and joke and laugh with me.

But the good old Don went further than that. He gave me many happinesses—one notable one. He journeyed sixty miles up the road to Harrodsburg, where my mother was spending the Winter with beloved Grandmother Daviess, and wheedled her into coming down and taking me from school for a half-week to see with him three Shakespearian performances given in Louisville by that immortal trio, an alliance of genius the like of which America has seen but once —Booth, Barrett, and Modjeska. I can close my eyes and see Booth's *Iago* from curtain to curtain. I liked it better than his *Hamlet*. And I enjoyed finding my *Rosalind* of my Beech Winter in beautiful Helena's pale *Ophelia*. I am thanking the jocund Don to this good day for the profound experience of that vacation, which set standards for me even if I did lower them by giving the world a tin-pan musical comedy in Reel Seven Times Seven. I forgive him even the permanent scar in my heart he cut by falling at my feet dead drunk the night before my graduation. I knew of his weakness, but I had never seen him that way before. It was ten years before I saw him again after that night.

The Summer after I was graduated I spent with Grandmother Daviess in Harrodsburg, and I must record that it was one grand fling of a Summer. All the while I was at the Hill School I had been going up to Harrodsburg for vacations with my mother and grandmother, and rediscovered the gay set of youngsters whom I must have known dimly as a small child. During that, my seventeenth Summer, I had thirteen boy cousins, under twenty, for playmates.

I shall never dip my pen in caustic ink to write of the flapper and her flap of this

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

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Yesterday

Today

A Delightful Ten-Day Test

Millions have learned what Pepsodent does by this pleasant ten-day test.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then you will know, beyond all question, what is best for you and yours.

More Smiles Today

More pretty teeth—due to combating film

Have you noted how many people nowadays are showing pretty teeth? And that most pictures now show an open smile?

No one who watches need be told that a new dental era has begun. Millions of people, nearly all the world over, are now fighting film on teeth.

Why teeth are dingy

Up to five years ago, most people's teeth were clouded by a film.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Food stains, etc., will discolor film. Then, unless removed, you will note dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. Old ways of brushing did not effectively combat it. So, despite all care, most people's teeth were coated more or less. And tooth troubles were constantly increasing.

Now this is changed

Dental science has now met this situation. After years of research, two effective film combatants have been found. One acts to curdle film. One acts to remove it in a gentle way, without harming the enamel.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, called Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it. Now dental authorities the world over endorse it. And leading dentists everywhere are advising its daily use.

Two other new effects

Dental research has revealed two other great essentials, and Pepsodent meets both.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for the acids which cause decay.

Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just the opposite effects.

The new way—Pepsodent—with every application, multiplies Nature's great tooth-protecting forces in the mouth.

First eyes—then teeth

A great writer says that the first beauty item is the eyes, the next the teeth. Pepsodent has brought new tooth beauty to millions of men and women.

But it does far more. It is fighting the great teeth enemies as they never were fought before. To careful people the world over it is bringing new tooth protection.

Learn what this method does. Make this ten-day test. Read, in the book we send, the reasons for each new effect. Then you will be convinced that all in your home, every day, should brush teeth in this modern way.

This is too important to forget. Cut out the coupon now.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists the world over. Used by careful people of some fifty nations. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Canadian Offices and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

1030

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 626, 1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.

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The Source of Beauty

In Which Its Corner-Stone Is Discovered—and Its Relation to an Old Adage Is Discussed

By Kathleen Eddy

WOMEN do not grow old so quickly any more. They feel young, act young, dress young, and announce to all the world that the easy chair and knitting-basket are still far in the future so far as they are concerned.

Grandmothers, mothers, and daughters—so they could once be classified—and a glance was all that was necessary to put them in their places. Elderly ladies generally wore black dresses, shawls, and shoes that were built for comfort, even speed, but not for beauty. Quite often the grandchildren could be parked with them for an afternoon while their mothers went shopping or calling. And at an extremely early age it was considered not quite in good taste for a woman with children to give very much attention to her personal appearance. Her full duty had been accomplished when she married and had children. She transferred her hopes and aspirations to her daughters, and accepted, reluctantly or otherwise, middle age and retirement as her lot.

To-day one has to be a shrewd judge of age, possess perfect eyesight, or have an unfailing memory for birthdays to know in which group the average woman belongs. It is not uncommon to see women approaching sixty who are beautiful; and if a woman is not pretty and attractive from forty to fifty it is because she did not become acquainted with herself and her possibilities in time to prevent a number of unpleasant things from happening. Things which can, and ought, by all means, to be prevented.

Adages make people yawn. All but one. And that one must have been said by the first beauty-specialist. No matter what it was about, it refers directly to beauty. "*An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.*"

If the occasional woman has weekly accepted sagging muscles, wrinkles, faded eyes, and thinning hair as the inevitable accompaniment of her years, something has happened to postpone these unpleasant developments generally among American women. For one thing life is not so full of physical hardships as it once was. This is the age of small houses, electrical appliances, conveniences of all kinds, and time is left for interest in something besides housework. Recently an English novelist, revisiting America after an absence of several years, said to me: "It is perfectly amazing! There are no old people in America. Men and women are both so full of life and ambition that they remain young forever."

Women of this generation have leisure to devote to politics, civic affairs generally, club work, various forms of social life, reading, and, best of all for the cause of beauty, sports. Tennis, golf, swimming, rowing, horseback-riding, skating, dancing, walking, all keep the muscles supple, the circulation active, the eyes bright, and build up the body generally. Time spent in this way is not time wasted, as some zealous housewives may think, but is better than money in the bank. Through these activities good health may be retained if one is fortunate enough to have it; or it may be acquired if one is delicate. They prevent worry, which is probably the greatest enemy to good looks that can be mentioned.

It is almost impossible to walk five miles and worry about something all the way. Next time you have something that just must be worried about, go for a long walk—in the country if you can get there. Think about the road, the trees, the fields, the clouds, anything at all; better yet, nothing at all. Bertrand Russell says that in modern industrial life the noise is continuous and has a debilitating, nervous effect, and he believes almost every one has a need for the sights and smells of the country.

A change of surroundings is absolutely essential from time to time if you would escape worry and boredom. The latter is quite as destructive to beauty and happiness as worry. When you get back home see if your worry, indicated above, has not evaporated, or at least lost its heroic proportions. Worry does no good, anyway. One woman I know, who is no longer young, but is surprizingly pretty and an excellent companion, told me that she never worried. Naturally, the recipe was demanded at once. Never worry about anything you are not responsible for. And *why* worry about anything you *are* responsible for? This recipe sounds easier to apply than it really is. But it is worth trying.

Down the ages women have tortured themselves for the sake of vanity, thinking that the most intricate and artificial coiffure, the tightest corsets, the smallest shoes, the longest skirts, would make them beautiful. Then there are women who imagine that, if they could visit beauty-shops regularly, they would shove Helen of Troy right off the map. It isn't so! If you are waiting for an opportunity to be made beautiful you never will be. But if you will roll up your sleeves and square your jaw, spiritually at least, and devote some time to exercising and resting, some serious thought to your physical and mental health, and then try to find out what your particular skin needs, you may make yourself beautiful.

You Have Known This All Your Life

IT IS not necessary to visit beauty-specialists to present an attractive appearance, but to place yourself in the hands of an experienced woman, shut your eyes, and know that she is treating your skin as it should be treated, is a most relaxing, agreeable, and highly instructive thing to do occasionally. The beauty-shop is no longer the place where finishing touches of rouge and final waves with a hair-curling iron are applied. Women who have devoted years to the study of beauty and charm realize that their foundation is health, and more and more they are working on the principle of retaining health or restoring it where it has been allowed to fall below normal.

Beauty preparations may be divided into two groups: constructive and decorative. And all of the latter had better be thrown out of the window (if you live where you are allowed such a liberty) if you do not recognize the importance of the former. The constructive group includes cleanliness, stimulation, and nourishment. The decorative, of course, calls for the use of wholesome, carefully prepared cosmetics, suited to individual types of skins.

A lovely skin is a precious, fragile thing and should be cared for gently. It wrinkles easily, and you may be causing wrinkles by using strong-arm methods in cleansing it. You may be stretching it by careless rubbing with a coarse towel, which will cause it to fall into lines. Each worry and emotion you have may be reflected in your face and each collect its toll from your good looks. Or you may cause wrinkles by squinting when you are out in the sun or wind. Or you may not be careful enough in selecting your soap. A harsh, strong soap should never be used. Sunburn, windburn, a high altitude, the excessive use of impure cosmetics and powders, without nourishing in any way the oil-glands, will contribute toward a wrinkled face. A sedentary life is fatal to good looks, too, because all your muscles, even the facial ones, become soft and without tone if you do not exercise vigorously in the open air.

Facial massage has gone the way of the horse-car and the leg-of-mutton sleeve. Instead of the strenuous kneading and rubbing which were considered essential a few years ago for firm facial muscles, to-day the skin is cleansed of the day's accumulation of dust and powder in the gentlest way imaginable. The softer the cleansing-cream the less the skin will be stretched in applying the cream. A cream that melts at the temperature of the face and that quickly sinks into every pore is desirable. It should be left on for a few minutes and then wiped off with a soft towel more gently than you would wipe your finest china. You may break your china—what of that? China can be replaced, but faces can not. So be gentle with yours. A clean, well-nourished skin presents a smooth, clear appearance.

It is poetic to say that the eyes are the windows of the soul, and if you want brilliant windows for your soul that sparkle in the sunlight, electric light, candle-light, and, yes, even in the moonlight, you must look after your general health, your diet, your exercise, drink quantities of water, and get plenty of sleep. The eye in perfect health is bright; it reflects an instinctive zest for living that is a challenge to all who behold.

In addition to this you may postpone, to a great extent, the formation of wrinkles, which will come as the years pass, by feeding the delicate tissues around the eyes with a cream that nourishes and acts as a gentle astringent. All the aids to health and beauty require thought, energy, and time, some of the time being spent in applying the creams and some in relaxation while the creams are being absorbed. Another essential is determination. You can not allow yourself the luxury of worrying. If you do your friends will forget you have a soul in the contemplation of the many fine lines you have acquired all around your windows. We must all learn to go along with life instead of struggling desperately against the current; accept the universe in part at least, and resolve to take none of it too tragically.

It is comparatively simple for the woman who stays at home to devote an hour two or three times a week to the care of her hair, hands, skin, and eyes. Not that every housekeeper does it! Oh, no, many of them think that the spick-and-span appearance of the living-room is of more importance to the world than their own faces, serene and free from wrinkles. And don't try to make a jar of cleansing-cream last for six months, or even three. Use it generously, and when you begin to approach the bottom get another. For the business and professional woman beauty is a problem. Her beautifying time must come out of her precious evenings or Sundays—but wherever your activity lies, the beauty hour must become part of your routine; otherwise you will discover that it is much more difficult to cure than it would have been to prevent.

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After Thirty—*can a woman still gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"?*

SOME women have a better complexion at thirty or thirty-five than they ever had in their twenties.

The reason is simply that they have learned to take better care of their skin.

At twenty, contrary to popular tradition, a girl's complexion is often at its worst.

Too many sweets — late hours—and, above all, neglect of a few simple rules of skin hygiene, result in a dull, sallow color, disfiguring blemishes, and ugly little blackheads.

By giving your skin the right care you can often gain a lovelier skin at thirty than you ever had before.

Remember that each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Whatever your complexion has been in the past — by beginning, now, to give this new skin the treatment it needs, you can gradually build up a fresh, clear, radiant complexion.

Often the best of life doesn't begin for a woman until she is thirty. Often it is only then that she begins to realize herself and her own possibilities. Don't think of your age, whatever it is, as a limitation—think of it as an opportunity! Use the knowledge you have gained from life to overcome past faults and disadvantages. Make up your mind to be lovelier every year—and you will be!

What is your particular skin problem?

What kind of a skin have you? Is it dry or oily? Fine or large-pored? Pale or full of color?

You will find a special treatment for each different type of skin in the booklet *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Follow the special treatment indicated for *your* skin, and see what a marked improvement even a week or ten days of this regular care will make in your complexion. Faults that have troubled you for years will disappear—the whole tone of your skin will become fresher, clearer, younger.

The cause of blackheads and blemishes

Blackheads are caused by dirt and oil collecting in the pores of your skin. A large-pored skin, or one that is much exposed to dust and soft-coal smoke, is especially susceptible to blackheads. Blemishes are generally the result of infection from bacteria carried by dust into the pores.

Don't neglect defects like blackheads or blemishes. They can easily be overcome by the following two treatments:—

To Free your Skin from Blemishes

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes, then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water. In this way you can guard against a reappearance of the blemishes.

A Special Treatment for Blackheads

Every night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Follow the treatment you need regularly and see how much clearer your skin will become, and what a world of difference it will make in its attractiveness.

* * *

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations—guest size—for 10 cents

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
502 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 502 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. *English Agents:* H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

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Seven Times Seven

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day with their racing-cars and long-distance-from-home parties. We thought nothing of putting on our organdy dancing-frocks, a thin silk or linen dust-coat over them, getting into a rakish red-wheeled, narrow-seated buggy, hitched to a couple of high-stepping horses, at about five o'clock in the afternoon and driving with a chosen masculine companion across into the next county to dance, getting back home to have breakfast with the family. However, I never knew a boy to carry a hip-flask on one of those sorties; but why should he when he knew our host would meet us at the door or gate with a frosting mint julep and a negro boy to rub down and water the horses?

I MUST break step here to record that the New-year, 1921, has been safely delivered to us. I fought not to let my pain dim the good cheer, and I think I succeeded. I am not so well, and they are talking of putting me through the ordeal of rheumatic serum treatment. Before that descends upon me I want to confess my college career. I think it is well for me to approach the marking down of my college records in the atmosphere of intensified peace and good-will of Christmas, for I feel neither peaceful nor good-willed about that lost year. Still I will endeavor to write pacifically about it.

I CALLED my year at college my sunken year, but there are one or two green patches that raise themselves on the surface of the bog. I pause and warn myself to see justice, even temper it with mercy, as I write of the swamp. I'll just state facts without fireworks.

As for the actual student's work I accomplished it was zero. I had not one single instructor whom I do not now pronounce as below par in mentality, judged by the weight of my years and not by any callow lighthead's judgment, always excepting a veteran intelligentia from whom I heard only a few lectures; so I was actually taught nothing. It seems a waste of time to go into the particulars of the faculty stupidities I encountered. Not one single minute was I interested in a single classroom by any single teacher. And that's that.

Of the student body at large as I found them I have almost nothing to write. They made few individual impressions on me, and I grope back and find that as a race group they bored me completely. They had no charm for me, and they gave me no inspiration whatever. I do not remember the face or name of a single girl of my own class. I only remember a few choice juniors and seniors. This is about all I find to offer about the morass.

As to the green patches—giving forty-five minutes of servant's work to the college each day interested me; in it I found much adventure.

First I was put to filling the lamps in my hall. I stuck five days and balked. After a move over that we had about both ways I was put to cleaning up in the biological laboratory and being groom and trained nurse to an incubator and resultant chicken as well as a tank of tadpoles. They tore me from my charges when they found that I wrapped the baby chicks up in a blanket, put the tadpoles in a bucket, and took them down to the village to spend a week-end with beloved Etta. I had to stay with them or take them with me, and they seemed none the worse for the trip; but I was passed along to polish a third of the chapel floor, dust the benches, and distribute the hymn-books.

It was while I was in the discharge of this official duty that I met F. Hopkinson Smith and fell at the feet of Colonel Carter, literally. I had been given a broom, oil-mop, and duster, and due instructions as to how the work should be done, but I thought up a better way for one of my temperament. I laboriously massed all the benches, which were five chairs linked together and not hard to shove, at one end of the chapel, swept off the trash, then put an old wool gym shirt down on the floor, and shuffled it with my feet back and forth until the floor shone like a mirror. As I shuffled I hummed, and thereto cut many a wide pigeon-wing and double-cross, thus making the work into first-rate play.

It was when I was in the very act of going down the middle with an ornate cake-walk step that I ran into Colonel Carter, who had slipped in for an ante-lecture judgment of the chapel acoustics; and I sat right down. I see him throw back his head and give one mighty laugh as I crouched on my heels, humbly gasping my apologies. And right here he and I both paused to make friends—the Colonel's horrified senior escort piercing me with dagger glances. We had mutual friends, the gallant, beautifully mannered Colonel and, I, south of the Mason and Dixon line, and we chatted for perhaps a half-hour—I keeping my seat upon the grimy shirt to conceal it. Mr. Hopkinson Smith had come out to college to lecture with Thomas Nelson Page, and those two old boys certainly made a dent in the polished sides of that cultural institution. After the above half-hour Mr. Page came along to collect Mr. Smith, and I was presented to him, still sitting upon the shirt. I fear I failed to impress him as I did Mr. Smith. Mr. Page had not seen me do that buck and wing.

Since my arrival I had been roaming with a priggy little creature, whose name and face I have completely forgotten, and another girl—a wild young thing. One night the prig came to me and told me that the wild one had been systematically stealing from both of us ever since we had been together and was now beginning her depredations all down the hall.

It was then eight o'clock at night, and I had on my dressing-gown, preparing to go to bed because in my day at that college there was no place else to go at night.

I put on my clothes and ran out into the dark across the campus and knocked on the president's door without asking anybody if I could. It amounted to about the same crime for me to do so as it would be for some perplexed doughboy to get up and tell Jack Pershing his troubles. I knew it, but figured that I was not going to let such a dreadful thing as that get aloose in the hands of a lot of red-tape secretaries. I liked the wild one, and I was going to stand by her when she was thrown down. The president was amazed at my forced intrusion into her privacy, but she huffed me out in about five minutes and then she laid her hand on my own, quivering with distress. I shall never forget the sympathy in her voice as she said:

"You did right to come straight to me, tho it is against the rules, and I promise you that nobody shall know about your roommate except the people who have to handle the matter."

I stayed right there in the room with that wild girl for five days and nights and tried to keep her cheerful until her mother came and got her. She was good company and did not show in any way her mental unbalance. We never mentioned her trouble, but we both cried in the night. I shall never forget a talk I had in the dead of night with that mother when she came, and it put into my heart a dread of motherhood which has in a way biased my whole life.

AFTER my shocking behavior to Colonel Carter had been reported to her the president sent for me and asked me if I would like to move over to her hall and put in my domestic forty-five minutes in helping her. Would I! I would, and I moved immediately over into a little cubby-hole of a room. For the rest of my sunken year I fetched and carried for my president, and I am honored in remembering it. I brought her mail, went back and forth to the college with her guests, and sat at her table to look after any details of her entertaining. She had a great heart.

Taller than the president and Colonel Carter, hearing Bishop Phillips Brooks preach a mission in the village church looms, perhaps, as the tallest peak of them all. I see that gorgeous man in his flowing robes stride from behind his pulpit with the swoop of the Archangel himself and stand down in the aisle with his congregation, mostly composed of college girls, and plead with them to throw off the Egyptian taskmaster of habit and go free. I sat next to him for dinner at the president's table and found him as startling as a man as he was as a priest.

And there was Rob. Now, Rob was the brother of Elinore, my senior chum, just graduated from one of the big colleges and so full of rah-rah that it spilled over. I hated him on sight and he reciprocated enthusiastically, but Elinore had joined us together in the bonds of loyalty and we had to pull together for that commencement week. She was agonizingly busy and had provided me to play with Rob. As that was her day we had to do what pleased her.

In about thirty hours after our first encounter, nearly eighteen of which we

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

For the play of boyhood, or the work of manhood, good food is most essential. A daily dash of Hornby's Oats (H-O) is a step towards steady health through all the years.

Pan-toasted oats make better oatmeal

HORNBY'S OATS (H-O) are the *only* pan-toasted oats. Pan-toasting melts into H-O the essential fats of the whole-oat. This makes H-O more nutritious and more appetizing.

In shining pans, over huge open fires, the whole-oats are actually toasted—in the old-fashioned way. While the live coals glow with an orange hue, you can almost see the rich grains grow better both in flavor and nutrition.

The very aroma tells you that a richer flavor is being born—just as you can scent the creation of flavor when sliced bacon broils over an open fire.

It needs only 10 minutes to cook H-O—the most appetizing oatmeal you have ever eaten.

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The care of the cuticle is the basis of well groomed hands

The way Beauty Experts keep the cuticle smooth

How exquisite her hands look, the nails gleaming like jewels in the softest, smoothest rim of cuticle.

Have you wondered just what beauty experts do to get the soft, smooth nail rim that baffles you? Some of the smartest beauty shops in New York say they use Cutex. They consider the care of the cuticle with Cutex is the basis of their charming grooming of the hands, for without fresh smooth cuticle the whitest hands, the most lustrous nails look neglected. And Cutex is so easy to use and so quick that thousands of women have learned how to give themselves this same lovely manicure.

Cutex makes everything for the manicure. Its polishes are as wonderful for a lovely lustre as Cutex is for the cuticle. The new Powder Polish gives a brilliance almost instantly. For a very high polish use Cutex Liquid Polish. There are also Cake and Paste Polishes. Cutex has complete manicure sets for 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00. Each article separately is 35c. At drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

Experts at the Terminal Salons in the Waldorf Astoria, Pennsylvania Hotel and the Knickerbocker say:

"Cutex is the best thing we know of for giving that rim of smooth unbroken cuticle, essential to well groomed hands. It softens and shapes the cuticle and is the safest way to remove particles of dead skin and bleach the nails."

Miss Dorothy Gray, Fifth Avenue's famous specialist says:

"Cutex is particularly invaluable to me because it is absolutely safe. American hands are the best groomed in the world. To Cutex must be given a large part of the credit. It has been teaching so steadily the loveliness of well kept nails that no one wants to be without them."

The Wilfred Academy, one of the largest manicuring schools in the country, says:

"We train all our students to use Cutex. It is the safest and most satisfactory way of caring for the cuticle. It removes dead cuticle quickly and easily, and gives a rim of soft even skin that is essential to well groomed nails."

Introductory Set—now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream(Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. P-2, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. P-2
114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name _____

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(or P. O. box)

City _____ State _____

Seven Times Seven

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

had spent together, we almost came to physical blows. We stopped under a huge tree, and I felt one of my brainstorms looming, but I scotched it desperately by coming right out in the open and asking him what we were going to do to get rid of each other and still not darken Elinore's big day. By the time we had both said how much we disliked each other and had begun to plan to keep apart as much as we could not to worry her, we suddenly found ourselves tremendously congenial, and we have been great friends all the twenty-five years.

The five days that followed were crammed full of royal fun on the lake, in the village, and in the city, in season and out. Rob plotted a great plot in which Sister Elinore and I and Rob and a friend of his, who was deeply smitten with Sister, might go home by water from Boston to Newport News.

There we were, Bobbie, Chum, Sister, and I, afloat on the bounding blue—according to plan. We had one great time, tho the boat landed us at Newport News in good order and on time. Then the real parting loomed in the offing. Sister left the three of us at luncheon at the hotel. While I felt that it was natural for all of us to be depressed at the idea of separation, I felt that there was something eating still deeper into the vitals of the boys which they were covering with the tunics of Spartan courage. I probed and found that they had their tickets back to Philadelphia, their home, and not one single cent for eats on the way, twenty-four hours long. Chum was unwilling to expose his poverty to Sister, tho I am proud to say of the fact that Rob was willing to tell me. My train was called. I pressed silver into their hands and we parted with a rush.

Last year Rob paid me some several thousand dollars for the scenario rights to one of my books for Marguerite Clark to put on the film, and we laughed over those dimes coming home to roost. Rob's and Sister's delight in my work has been a great pleasure.

I find that this is about all that I have to record of my college life.

I left without regret to go home to Nashville and have it out with Uncle Joe and his ambition for a college sheepskin. I took this matter up with him as soon as I arrived.

"Well, what are you going to do, if you are not going back to college?" he asked after a long and rather painful pause in our argument.

"Play hard until time to take my mother to the mountains for her hay-fever. She doesn't look very fit."

"No, she doesn't look well," he admitted anxiously. "On the whole, I am glad that you will not have to be away from her for long at a time any more." And while he was speaking he left the room for the telephone.

A pang of terror darted in under my shoulders to my vital spot, but just then my mother bustled in, all eagerness to hear the result of the conference. She was so delighted that it was all amicably settled and that I was not to leave her again that she immediately plunged into plans for forthcoming me for a round of visits before we had to go to the mountains; and the pang slowly faded away.

I HAD a great Summer visiting, and then I hurried home to collect my mother before the hay-fever pounced. We fled to the mountains and I fell exhausted in their fastness. I slept the clock around for several days and awoke to find myself entirely bored and all vacant inside. I decided it was because I had not been reading enough, and I started in on a glorious gorge that mixed Ouida and George Eliot and Mallory with Byron, even balancing a taste of the Duchess with *Aurora Leigh*. I only came out of the haze at intervals, just to see if my mother were happy. She was—very.

She had refound Miss Annie, one of her most cherished schoolmates, and they were delighted to be together after a separation of thirty years. All day long they sat sewing together. They would murmur and murmur, and then my mother's rich voice would float out in a laugh that was almost like the girl I had loved in my childhood, before we left the cottage.

Many times I would stretch out on the grass at their feet with my book and listen as they forgot me in the fun of their "do-you-remembers." And many a wild war tale did they extract from each other's depths. They had been war belles in Nashville together for the four long years of America's civil struggle, and my hair stands on end to-day at some of their adventures. They were of the warp and woof of the escapades in which the American flapper ran wild in Europe sixty years later and they had the same heroic snap.

And as I listened to them I think a slight realization came to me of the magnitude of the investment of capital I had made in Mamie and Sallie and Etta and Ellice and others later which was to pay me great dividends. My judgment is that a judicious investment in friends pays about five hundred per cent.; also that when two people have made such an investment in each other it is dastardly of either of them to destroy it.

IN THE red-and-gold splendor of the Kentucky mountains that Fall ended my tale of Seven Times Three, which might have been sung to the tune of "School-days."

When I look back at it and try to sum it up it seems to me that everybody who had instituted influence in my life had been trying to smear education on me and rub it in, while all the time I hungered and thirsted for just raw life and being allowed to wolf it and then settle down to digest it. I wanted to make sallies and raids into society where I could pounce on prey, but I wanted a deep hole of my own into which I could crawl to devour my adventures and sleep and ruminate and sleep again. In other words, I wanted a home. I wanted to have luncheon-parties in which I used my own thin old ancestral silver kept in a bank, my own old mahogany-furnished dining-room, and not keep such hall-marks in storage. I listened when Uncle Joe showed me that a home was impossible because my mother must live more than half the year in Florida and the mountains, but I bled for lack of soil for my roots. I pray homes for the homeless!

As for my food reactions I am maddened when I think of the way I would develop into an epicure with a palate of disgraceful sophistication. And it seemed that the whole world was in league to fill out my exquisitely rounded figure into that of a roly-poly. But why go into my food experiences? I have fictionized them completely in "The Melting of Molly."

My mating reactions? Mary Austin, the novelist, says that the most vital sex experience is to have had none. I find that in the seven years in which the mating instinct is supposed to be most inflammable I had not one single explosion. And in that time I was exposed to the unrestrained companionship of at least four of the most charmingly inflammable and forceful men of my particular time and environment.

From my thirteenth to my twenty-third year I went absolutely unkissed and was perfectly happy. In that time there were not a few men who loomed upon my horizon, but when a certain look came into their eyes I had a slight nausea with a faint odor of daisies in my mind, and I cut them out like I would have cut out a seven-button rattler.

Just exactly why they and the men I have mentioned specifically cared about me enough to want to be as good to me as they were I can not to this day decide. I think that if I had been so situated that my coldness had made a wallflower of me I might have goaded myself into a capturing warmth, but there always seemed to be plenty of men to take me places and do the usual social stunts for me. I offered them loyalty and sympathy in return, with which they seemed more or less satisfied.

During the Seven Times Three years my religious life seemed to be off in a field growing all by itself. I knew it was there, and I would look over the barriers to it and yearn, but I did not seem to be able to mature and garner it. I felt a need of it, but I seemed to still myself with a vague sense that I had not yet a full enough need to warrant forcing it. I rarely went to church, and was bored and resentful if I did. Except for the Sam Jones and Aunt Mary Thompson experience and Bishop Brooks's sermons, no church ceremonials even so much as scratched my surface. I believed; but I did not know God.

Next comes my Sonnet Reel!

The third instalment of "Seven Times Seven" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published February 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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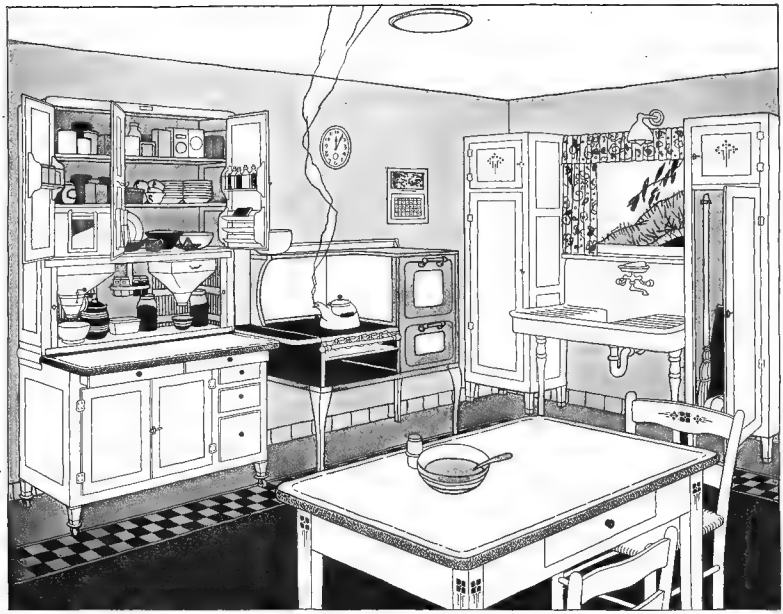


© 1924, The Hoosier Manufacturing Co.

HOW TO EQUIP THE MODERN KITCHEN

—*making it well ordered and attractive at little cost*

By Lois M. Wyse, Director Hoosier Test Kitchens

No longer do women believe that running water and a gas range make a *modern* kitchen. They know that even with these conveniences, it can still be a cheerless drudgery room.

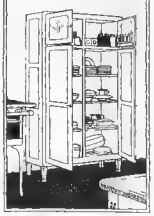
The really modern kitchen must meet two great requirements. First, it must be attractive —an inviting, restful place to work. For *where* we work has so much to do with *how* we work! You know that dismal depression that engulfs you in a cluttered, unsightly kitchen. But in an orderly, cheerful room—how much more happily we work and therefore more easily!

Second, the kitchen must be convenient; *fully, completely furnished!* Of all rooms in the house, the one where you spend the most and hardest working hours, should be *planned* to the last detail. You need adequate equipment to route your work and save much fruitless effort and countless steps.

Now for the new-day kitchen —with Hoosier Kitchen Equipment!

And now you can have such a kitchen—fresh, inviting and efficient —with surprising ease and economy. In the test kitchens of the Hoosier Manufacturing Company at Newcastle, Indiana, domestic science experts have designed equipment that really furnishes your kitchen as completely and attractively as any other room in the house.

The first need to be filled is what no modern kitchen can be without—a working center! To serve this important purpose the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet is designed.



Hoosier Double Cabinet Unit—*Provides extra storage space which every kitchen needs for utensils, dishes and food supplies. Very convenient for a bathroom cupboard. Also furnished as a single unit*

Planned with scientific regard in every exclusive detail, the Hoosier provides a completeness not possible in any other working center that may be devised.

With the Hoosier Cabinet as the central unit, other Hoosier units are designed to complete the equipment. Every kitchen, of course, needs ample cupboard space in addition to that afforded in the cabinet itself. This added space, once supplied by the old inconvenient butler's pantry, Hoosier now provides in modern movable units, single or double size.

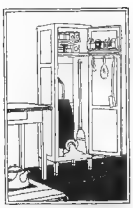
These cabinets may be used in connection with the cabinet on either side or placed in other suitable places in the room. With any arrangement you have a complete kitchen suite, matching in finish and design—as uniform as if made to your own special order.

Another attractive Hoosier convenience is the Breakfast Set of table and chairs. Daintily finished in white enamel and decorated in bright colors, the table has a fine porcelain top and the chairs have cane seats.

To modernize old kitchens; to make the new complete

Perhaps you are worrying along with an old unsightly, inconvenient kitchen. You have refurnished the other rooms—now it is the kitchen's turn! Here Hoosier equipment ideally answers your needs, with no fuss or expense of remodeling. It is simply "out with the old; in with the new"—handsome and efficient!

If you are planning a new house, of course you want your kitchen in keeping with your other rooms. You can make it so, more completely, more easily and inexpensively with Hoosier Kitchen Equipment than with any of your own devising and building. Ask your architect to figure on the Hoosier size and style for your kitchen.



Hoosier Single Cabinet Unit—*Fitted to hold brooms, mops, vacuum, brushes and a score of little cleaning day necessities. May also be had in a double unit—with the cupboard unit*

Free to you!—A new book on modern kitchens

We have just published a new book on modern kitchens giving many plans and ideas which you can apply to your own kitchen. This book is free to every woman who is interested in making a better home for her family. We hope you will send for it and also visit the Hoosier store in your town to see the complete Hoosier equipment. Fill out the coupon and we will mail the booklet at once.

The Hoosier Manufacturing Company
Newcastle, Indiana

The Hoosier Manufacturing Co.,
224 Pleasant Street, Newcastle, Indiana.
British Address: Ideal Furniture Equipment
No. 9 Preston St., Liverpool.
Please send me, free, your new booklet: "Planning the Modern Kitchen."

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THE HOME BUREAU

Conducted by Marie Sellers

Before You Brave the White Sales

This Is the Season to Give an Hour to Your Linen-Closet and Take Account of Stock

By Jenoise Brown Short and Gladys Beckett Jones

ARE you reading the papers these days? Because if you are not, perhaps you are missing some real bargains. January and February are known to the provident housekeeper as the months of white sales—so put them down on your calendar as the time to replenish sheets, pillow-cases, table-linen, and other household fabrics.

Personally, we rather shun the average sale, for too often have we yielded unwisely. And haven't you yards of bargain-cloth never made up, or a waist "that was so cheap that you just couldn't resist it" but never wore, because you had no real use for it? But the white-goods sales advertised by reliable firms are a real advantage in stocking for the next six months or a year. There are offered at these sales slightly soiled goods, broken lines, and odd lots of merchandise which the dealer has been able to secure at a reduced price from wholesalers who have slow-moving stock.

Perhaps it is your table-linen that needs replenishing this year. Doilies, runners, and other table sets have established themselves, especially for breakfast and luncheon, as they are attractive, cut down the laundry bills, and are easier to handle than table-cloths. Merchants tell us that plain linen squares are in demand at present. For breakfast and the home luncheon there are inexpensive table sets of unbleached cotton, Japanese toweling, crash, colored linens, and even ginghams.

Always look carefully to see if the pieces have been "cut true," for if not the laundering is difficult. If you are buying one of the bright cotton sets which are so popular and attractive, remember that they are harder to wash, and especially to remove the stains from, than linen

For the more formal luncheon and dinner (and many people do use them almost entirely for this meal), Madeira, Italian embroidery, and filet sets are among the handsomest. When buying any table set consider the napkins to be used with it, and if you do not own suitable ones buy those that harmonize in texture and finish as well as in the shade of the bleach. Luncheon-size napkins are correct for the breakfast- and the luncheon-table; for dinner a larger napkin is used. At a fine linen-store we were told that the "up-to-date" dinner-napkin is twenty-four inches square.

Rule number one when buying linen is to go to one, or better, more than one reliable house, for such firms will make good on any defective material. Then take off your gloves! First-quality linen should feel leathery, thick, and heavy when you work it between the fingers. A double damask is generally much more satisfactory than a single, because there are usually more filling-threads and the cloth is reversible, having the same pattern on both sides.

Small-Patterned Backgrounds

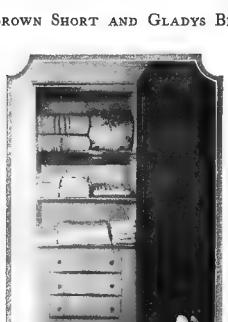
MOST of the double damask is of very good quality. A small-patterned or plain cloth is generally thought more desirable than a large-patterned one, because the former furnishes a more artistic background for silver and china and has better wearing qualities. A large-patterned cloth is showy and may deceive many people as to its quality.

When buying linen which you know to be of the cheaper grade guard against that which fuzzes up when it is washed. This happens because too short fibers were used in the thread; these are glossed over by a starch filling, which sometimes escapes your notice when buying, but it is evident after the first washing.

If luncheon sets are used for two meals a day, it is possible to get along very comfortably with two or three small cloths for daily wear. But if you use a table-cloth for every meal, plan on twice as many, so that no one will be in almost constant use and the wear can be distributed.

Six feet used to be the popular length for table-cloths, but linen-buyers tell us that now more eight by ten foot and eight by twelve foot cloths are purchased because a table-cloth now appears in many households only when a large and formal dinner is given—table sets being used at other times.

There is very little sawing in buying table-linen by the yard. The end pattern is lost; but of course it is possible to obtain a cloth of an exact size. Table-linen usually comes 58, 64, 68, and 72 inches wide.



Herbert W. Taylor

NO HOUSE SHOULD BE WITHOUT A SPECIAL CLOSET FOR LINEN

The disadvantage of buying cotton for the table is that it tends to lint and gray after a few launderings, and the surface soon becomes fuzzy and mussy in appearance. It is distressing to find your dark suit covered with this fuzz.

A heavy pad under the table-cloth protects the table, improves the appearance of the cloth, and increases the length of time it will wear and the number of times it can be used without washing. If possible buy a pad that fits the table. Heavy outing flannel, quilted padding, asbestos pads, and felt can all be purchased for this purpose. The most expensive pads are the asbestos and quilted flannel, but these give the greatest protection to the table.

Towels are always a feature of the white sales. It is a wise plan to replenish your supply of hand-, face-, bath-, and dish-towels and dish-cloths as well as wash-cloths and bath-mats at this time. There is a real saving in buying towels by the dozen or half dozen. Huck or huckaback, linen, soft damask, and plain linen are all desirable for hand- and face-towels. Huck comes in several different grades and varies considerably in price and quality. The coarser grades absorb moisture more easily than the finer. You can find huck toweling in cotton, cotton and linen (known as "union"), and all linen, and the price depends to a large extent on the percentage of linen and the fineness of the thread. Huck comes from sixteen to twenty-seven inches wide. Small towels are becoming increasingly popular, and salesmen tell us that women are buying fewer of the very large-size towels, which require considerable time to launder.

Some of the most beautiful towels are made of linen bird's-eye. These are soft, but do not absorb the moisture nor produce the friction that the huckaback towel does.

Use is the proof of good toweling. When first bought there is often not a great difference in the appearance of a cotton and a linen towel, but in time a cotton towel loses its smooth surface and begins to lint. It is more difficult to wash and keep white, and has not the wearing quality of linen.

If possible, buy linen dish-toweling and thus avoid the lint which clings to china and glass. A dish-towel should be firm and of an even weave, but it is unsatisfactory to buy such a heavy weight that it does not readily absorb moisture. Most housekeepers like two kinds of dish-toweling—the fine weave, barred with red or blue stripes and purchased by the yard or ready-hemmed, to use for glasses and silver; and a coarser crash towel, which usually has a stripe on the edge. The latter comes in a plain weave and is used for all other dishes. It can be purchased by the yard, or the towels can be found ready-hemmed.

Dish-cloths, to be kept clean easily, should be loosely woven, and made of a loosely twisted thread, so that they will absorb water readily. Buy them large enough to do the work well, and have them nicely finished.

The kitchen also needs rather coarse but fairly heavy and firmly woven hand-toweling. We suggest here that these towels be made small enough so that they can be changed frequently.

A Turkish towel for the bath should be of generous size. When the laundry is a problem, and many times when it is not, small Turkish towels are used for the face, because the absorptive quality, the roughness, and the friction produced are appreciated. Turkish towels have the characteristic loops on the surface. When buying them look for a thick, heavy quality and see that the loops do not slip or pull along the warp-thread. In good-quality towels these loops are securely fastened and do not pull out or slip back and forth.

Most of us buy cotton sheets for our beds. There are certain standards that we should require if we expect value. Good-quality cotton for sheets and pillow-cases feels soft but firm, not starchy and harsh. (Rub the fabric between your fingers and see if any particles of starch or other filling fall out.) There should be no difference in the finish of the right and wrong side. The cheapest sheeting is unbleached muslin; it is very satisfactory and does not take long to whiten. The most expensive cotton sheets are percale, which is durable and beautifully white and soft. For ease in laundering, select sheets and pillow-cases which are firm but not too heavy.

There is a demand for linen sheets and pillow-cases, which are very cool and porous, but they are always expensive and a real luxury. However, this is the only material which merits any amount of hand-embroidery.

One of the main points to think of when buying sheets is length. Salesmen tell us that most women buy them much too short. There should be a turnover of at least twelve inches on all edges. This means buying sheets that are from twenty-four to thirty-six inches longer and wider than the bed, thus insuring a much more comfortable bed (as the sheets will not pull out and wrinkle) and protection for the mattress and the quilt or blanket.

Some money is saved by making your sheets and pillow-cases at home. But just as women are buying more ready-to-wear clothing, so they are demanding that their "household linens" be hemmed and ready for use. Unless there is a question of a special quality or an unusual size, it is generally advisable to buy made sheets, as it adds so very little to the cost. By "torn sheeting" is meant that the sheets were torn before hemming, instead of being cut. The torn sheet makes for a better, straighter sheet and easier laundering, as it does not pull crooked when ironed.

Allow as a minimum three or four sheets for each bed. It is real economy to have enough sheets and pillow-cases so that they do not need to be in the wash almost continually.

The standard-size pillow-case is forty-five inches around and thirty-six inches long. If you make your pillow-cases, the easiest way is to buy tubing, which only requires hemming at one end and sewing up at the other; but ready-made cases do not cost much more than the material of the same quality by the yard. Stock with a minimum of three pillow-cases to a pillow.

Protectors for the Mattress

THE mattress needs some sort of protection so that it will remain clean for a long time, as to put it expensive to have the cover removed and washed. A boxed cover of unbleached muslin which snaps, ties, or hooks on is a great help toward keeping the mattress in good condition.

Quilted pads are also a protection to the top of the mattress. The padding can be bought either by the yard, or single pads can be purchased. It means only binding the ends if padding by the yard is used, and there is the advantage of a perfect fit. A light cotton blanket is also satisfactory when used as a mattress-cover.

There are several easily washed counterpanes or spreads of light weight which can be found ready-made. Spreads made of seersucker-like fabric or dimity are excellent when the counterpane is in constant use and must be washed often. Marseilles spreads are expensive and are considered very beautiful. They are heavy to launder, but wear very well. The honeycomb or crocheted spread is a heavier type and is not particularly expensive, but, like Marseilles, is difficult to launder.

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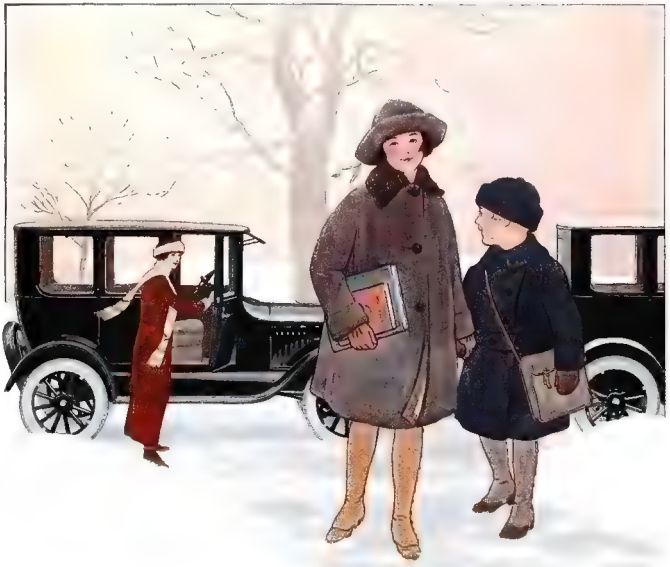

Its ability to contribute to the daily life of her children, as well as to her own, is a feature the modern mother is quick to appreciate in the Ford Four-door Sedan.

It opens to her a precious participation in their busy affairs. With a Ford Closed Car she can share their good times and yet hold to the necessary schedule of her day.

She finds in it the qualities she desires most, and at a price extremely low in comparison with its high value. She enjoys driving it herself; and the children look forward eagerly to their rides with mother at the wheel.

Ford
CLOSED CARS

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Now for his Face!
Let's give him Mama's Complexion Cream

COLD winds injure a delicate, tender complexion, and so does the sudden change from indoors to frosty air. Roughness and chapping usually follow any prolonged exposure unless the skin is protected with a softening and healing emollient like HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM.

Many who love the bracing, cold weather have found by applying Hinds Cream to any sore, irritated surfaces, or to parts of the body that have been chafed or compressed by warm clothing, they can make themselves comfortable at once.

You can use this cream freely at any time, on the face, neck, arms and hands, with absolute assurance of deriving gratifying results. It is economical and agreeable. The treatment is simple.

Hinds Cre-mis Face Powder, surpassing in quality and refinement; distinctive in fragrance and effect. White, flesh, pink, brunette. Boxes, 60c, 15c. Samples, 2c.

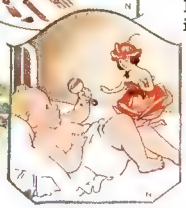
All dealers sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, 50c, $1.00. We will mail a sample for 2c, trial bottle, 6c, traveler size, 10c. Try-out Box of 5 samples, assorted, 10c. Booklet Free.

Write A. S. HINDS CO.
Dept. 42, Portland, Maine, U.S.A.

In the sick room Hinds Cream gives grateful comfort to the patient, also keeps Nurse's hands soft.

Chapped cheeks, hands, knees and ankles quickly relieved with Hinds Cream.

In Southern winter resorts Hinds Cream is depended upon by tourists to keep the complexion attractive.


For baby's skin troubles Hinds Cream soothes and comforts. Dilute the cream one-half with water.

After shaving use Hinds Cream to soothe and relieve irritation from close shave or soap.

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Cows Milk was intended for the calf—

NATURE made cow's milk quite different from human milk. And yet cow's milk is the only practical substitute we have for human needs.

The digestive power of the infant is far more delicate than that of the calf—which gives us the reason why plain cow's milk frequently disagrees with babies and why they do not always get the full benefit of the milk.

"Gelatinized Milk" is Best for Infants

Medical science prescribes various modifications for the purpose of rendering the milk more easily digestible. By far the most valuable discovery in this connection is "gelatinized" milk, which means the addition of one level tablespoonful of Knox Sparkling Gelatine to a quart of milk.

Soak the gelatine in ¼ cup of the cold milk 5 minutes. Place the cup in boiling water, stirring until gelatine is fully dissolved; then add this dissolved gelatine to the quart of cold milk or regular formula. Ask your physician about this.

The effect of this "gelatinizing" is to prevent the excessive curding of the milk in the infant stomach. The value of any food is the amount that can be beneficially absorbed by the body. Plain, granulated gelatine increases the food value of milk not only by insuring its digestibility but by adding an abundance of the natural protein, lysine, necessary to healthy growth and strength in children.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

is valuable also for growing children, and for anyone suffering from any digestive disturbance. In combination with your own fruits and fruit juices, fresh or preserved, and with eggs, vegetables, or other wholesome foods, it adds nutritive value and ease of digestibility.

Free Book on the Health Value of Gelatine

The findings of the scientific investigation, which brought to light the great importance of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in the human diet, have been collected in a booklet, "The Health Value of Gelatine." This we shall be glad to mail you, free, upon receipt of 4 cents for postage and your grocer's name.

Health Dept.,
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
135 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

Favorite Desserts

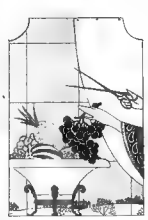
From the Cook-Book of a Famous Family Cook

CAN'T you count on the fingers of one hand the homes you have visited where the arrival of the dessert on the table is the event of dinner? Popular is the cook who has the knack of making her desserts taste just a little bit different and just a little bit better than those of her neighbors. Dishes made from the following tested recipes appear often in one home where they are great favorites.

Poor Knights

12 Rounds Stale Bread
2 Eggs
½ Teaspoonful Cinnamon
2 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
1¼ Cupful Milk
Sugar for Sprinkling
Jelly

TO THE well-beaten eggs add the cinnamon and sugar, previously mixed. Combine with the milk. Pour the mixture over the rounds of stale bread and let them soak until soft. Sauté on both sides in butter until a golden brown. Put a teaspoonful of jelly on the center of each round. Sprinkle with sugar and serve immediately.



Karthauser Balls

WITH a sharp knife remove the crust from stale rolls. Shape the rolls into balls with a vegetable-cutter. Make a mixture of eggs, cinnamon, and sugar as described in the recipe for Poor Knights, and soak the balls in it until soft. Remove, and fry in deep fat, at a temperature of 390 degrees F., until a golden brown. Put on unglazed paper to drain. Prepare cinnamon and sugar as for cinnamon toast and sprinkle over the balls. Serve with fruit sauce or stewed fruit.

Dessert from Stale Cake and Apples

4 Cupfuls Apple Balls
2 Cupfuls Water
4 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice
Grated Rind ½ Lemon
1 Cupful Milk
1 Tablespoonful Melted Butter
6 Oblong Slices Stale Cake
Preserves and Sliced Almonds for Garnishing

COOK the apple balls (which have been cut from peeled apples with a vegetable-cutter) very gently until tender in the water, to which the sugar, lemon-juice, and lemon-rind have been added. Warm the milk and add the melted butter. Put the pieces of cake in this mixture. Drain and toast under the broiler. Heap the toasted slices with the apple balls. Garnish with preserves and sliced almonds. If desired this dessert can be served with plain or whipped cream.

Stale-Cake Pudding

Stale Cake
Soft Custard:
2 Cupfuls Milk
3 Egg Yolks
2 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla or Lemon Flavoring
1 Tablespoonful Butter
Meringue:
3 Egg Whites
3 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Lemon-juice

BREAK the cake in pieces or cut in slices and put in a well-buttered baking-dish. In a double boiler make a soft custard of the milk, egg yolks, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. When the custard is done add the flavoring and the butter, and pour over the cake. Let this stand for one-half hour. Then bake in a slow oven (350 degrees F.) for one-half hour. Make a meringue of the egg whites and the remaining ingredients and spread over the pudding. Bake in a slow oven (350 degrees F.) for about fifteen minutes.

Two Quick Desserts

CUT squares of sponge-cake (may be stale) and cover the tops with any kind of juicy fruit, such as evenly cut peaches or oranges with strawberry jam. Top with whipped cream if desired.

Cut the top from each cup-cake (plain or sponge), remove a little of the inside, and fill the hollow with sweetened fruit. Replace the top, spread any kind of jelly over the cakes, and sprinkle with chopped pistachios. Decorate the top of each cake with whipped cream, using a pastry-bag and -tube.

Apple Charlotte

Plain Pastry or Puff Paste
4 Cupfuls Apples, Cut in Small Pieces
½ Cupful Raisins
½ Cupful Currants
½ Cupful Citron, Cut in Small Pieces
½ Cupful Shredded Almonds
4 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
Butter

BUTTER a deep baking-dish and sprinkle with sugar. Line with pastry. Prepare the fruits and nuts, and mix with the cinnamon and sugar. Put in the dish and dot with butter. Cover with a top crust of the pastry and bake for about forty minutes. Have the oven hot (450 degrees F.) for the first thirty minutes, and then reduce the temperature to 400 degrees F. during the remainder of the time. Turn out on a platter to serve.

Apples à la Crême

6 Apples
2 Cupfuls Water
4 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice
Grated Rind 1 Lemon
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
½ Tablespoonful Granulated Gelatin
¼ Cupful Cold Water
Preserves

Soft Custard:
4 to 6 Egg Yolks
1 Cupful Milk
4 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
Few Grains Salt

PEEL and core the apples. Cook slowly until tender in the water, to which four tablespoonfuls of sugar, the lemon-juice, and the grated lemon-rind have been added. Make a custard in the double boiler, using the milk, egg yolks, sugar, and salt. When done add the flavoring and the gelatin, which has been soaked until soft in the cold water. When the apples are tender fill the cavities with preserves and pour over the custard. Put in the refrigerator until cold and the custard is firm. When ready to serve decorate with ladyfingers.

Chocolate Roll

5 Egg Yolks
5 Tablespoonfuls Powdered Sugar
3 Teaspoonfuls Cocoa
1 Tablespoonful Cornstarch
5 Egg Whites
½ Pint Cream
3 or 4 Tablespoonfuls Powdered Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
Chocolate Icing

BEAT the egg yolks with five tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar until creamy. Combine the cocoa and cornstarch, adding slowly to the mixture. Beat well. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Spread this mixture about one inch thick in a baking-pan which has been buttered and lined with paper. Grease the paper also. Bake in a slow oven (325 to 350 degrees F.) for about one-half hour. Turn out on a wooden board over which has been laid a slightly dampened cheese-cloth. Cool, and spread with the cream, which has been whipped and sweetened with the remaining sugar and flavored. Roll very carefully, cover with a chocolate icing, and decorate with whipped cream.

Mocha Pudding

½ Pound Sweet Butter
6 Egg Yolks
½ Pound (Scant) Powdered Sugar
½ Cupful (About) Very Strong Coffee
Ladyfingers

CREAM the butter and add the sugar slowly. Then add the egg yolks and mix thoroughly. Add the coffee very slowly until the mixture is of the right consistency to spread. Line a smooth pudding-mold with it. Spread ladyfingers with the mixture and lay in the mold. When nearly full spread the whole with a layer of the mocha mixture. Put the cover on the mold. Make this the day before you are planning to use it, and allow the pudding to remain in the refrigerator until ready to serve. Then put the mold in hot water for a moment and turn out on a platter. Decorate with whipped cream.

A Dessert that made a whole town hungry!

MRS. "B" first served it when entertaining her bridge club. It made a sensation, and each of the guests quietly asked for the recipe. Its fame spread so rapidly that within a week the whole town was hungry for this delicious dessert.

Here is the recipe. You must make it to realize just how really wonderful it is in that appetizing daintiness which adds greatly to the delight of any luncheon or dinner.

Chocolate Sponge
(serves 6 people)

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
½ cupful of sugar
½ cupful boiling water
2 eggs
1 teaspoonful vanilla
few grains of salt
2 squares of chocolate or 6 tablespoons cocoa
add chopped nuts or crushed macaroons.

Soak gelatine in cold water until soft, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg-whites until stiff and add well-beaten egg yolks, one at a time, to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

Note: For a more elaborate dessert, line mold with lady fingers or sponge cake.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

Dessert and Salad Recipes—Free

More than a hundred delightful and practical recipes for every occasion are contained in the books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." They give you exact directions for making the most delicious and original dishes. These books will be sent you, free, together with an important report on "The Health Value of Gelatine" upon receipt of 4 cents for postage, and your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
135 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

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Fashion Pereed 1865 after an old Daguerreotype *Drawing by Edward A. Wilson*

When Grandmother was Young

With what loving care our grandmothers selected silk for a gown. Silk was a luxury then and they demanded of it not only beauty to delight the eye but a fine texture that critical fingers could approve.

Back in the sixties, grandmother chose Belding's Silks for the same reason you choose them now—because they possess the rare quality of *enduring beauty.*

Belding's are *pure dyed* silks, preserving all the strength of the original silk filament, and guaranteed to wear long and well without cracking or splitting.

No difference in price can compensate for your disappointment with poor silk—be sure to find the name Belding's in the selvage *before* you buy—whether it be for gowns, linings, or lingerie.

Belding Bros. & Company, 902 Broadway, New York City

Belding's

Fabrics, Embroidery, Spool Silks

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The HOME BUREAU

A Correspondence Course in Babycraft

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in-Hospital, New York City

Some of Baby's Winter Foes, and How to Fight Them

I HAVE a rather delicate baby five months old, a boy two, and two girls going to public school. I dread the Winter for baby, as the older children bring home colds from school and sometimes more serious diseases. How can I best safeguard baby and the little two-year-old during these next cold weeks?—A WORRIED MOTHER.

To safeguard baby against Winter ills look first of all to the ventilation of your rooms. Impure, stale air, hot or cold, is one of baby's worst foes. A current of fresh air must be in all rooms where baby lives. This does not, however, mean that the baby should lie in a draft of cold air; direct drafts must be avoided. One of the best and simplest methods of home ventilation is by means of window-boards. The board should be as long as the window is wide and about five or six inches high. The window should be opened, the board slipped in, and the lower sash closed down on it; this will leave space between the upper and the lower sash for circulation of fresh air.

Window-screens made of heavy muslin are also good for this purpose. In very cold weather the window-board may be used at night as well as in the daytime; on milder nights the window should be lowered a few inches from the top and the board removed. By opening a window from the top the air is slightly warmed before it reaches baby, and stale air in the room will rise to the upper part of the window and escape.

Never allow the temperature of baby's room to go above 68 degrees F. in the daytime; at night it may be 50 degrees F. while baby is very young, or much lower for the little two-year-old. When babies or young children are kept in overheated rooms they feel the slightest draft or change in temperature and become chilled at once, thus taking cold easily when exposed.

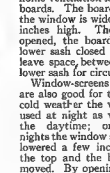
Do not deprive baby of his out-of-door nap just because it is Winter. Wrap him warmly, put a hot-water bag in his baby-carriage, and place him out on a sunny porch for his long morning nap, or wheel him about out-of-doors if you have no place to sit down with him during cold weather. Fresh air and sunshine out-of-doors and indoors are the best means of fighting Winter foes in the shape of colds, coughs, and infectious diseases the other children may bring home to him and to the little two-year-old.

If your house is heated by steam keep a pan of water on the radiator, or on top of a stove if this is the means by which you heat the house. Very dry, hot air from these heating-apparatus is not good for babies.

On days when the thermometer is much below 20 degrees F., or there is a cold, sharp wind, rain, or snow, baby should take his airing and nap in the house, with out-of-door garments on and windows open from the top.

Dress the baby warmly, but not too warmly. Medium-weight silk or cotton-and-wool band, shirt, stockings, and flannel petticoat, with diapers, muslin slip, bootees or moccasins, and a little sweater or sack for extra warmth, should be worn in a room kept at 68 degrees F. At night a fresh band, shirt, and long flannel night-dress made envelop style should be worn. A sleeping-bag is excellent for a baby a little older, as he grows strong enough to kick off the bed-clothes even when they are well pinned by large safety-pins.

Never put a baby to bed with cold hands or feet; warm them in front of a fire before putting on the little stockings. Use wool mittens for the hands if you can not keep them warm otherwise, even in the house. An electric pad is a very useful thing to keep in the baby's crib; if you have no electricity, a carefully covered hot-water bag placed near but not touching the baby is next best. Babies who are kept warm but still have an abundant supply of fresh air *all the time*, are the ones who resist exposure to infection best and have rosy cheeks and good appetites.



ALL FOR A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOP

IF YOU have a baby under six months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, receiving monthly help until the baby is two years old. Send in the baby's name and age with your self-addressed, stamped envelop, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of twelve, the self-addressed, stamped envelop will bring you a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class. Always state the child's age and ask for what you want, and never forget the self-addressed, stamped envelop if you wish a reply. No medicines will be prescribed, or diseases treated or diagnosed by mail. These classes are to help you keep the baby or child well.

Address all letters to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Few mothers appreciate the great value of *prompt* home quarantine. When one of a family of children begins to have the first symptom of a cold, or sore throat, with or without fever, if the mother would put this child to bed in a room by himself and keep all other children out until the nature of the illness could be determined, it would usually limit the disease or cold to one member in place of having all the children contract it. By the time a doctor arrives the harm has usually been done. The mother has not quarantined or isolated the sick child, but has let him mingle with the well ones, so that it is then too late to prevent colds and other infections from spreading through the entire family. The quiet rest in bed is good for any child, and if he is not developing a serious illness the isolation has done him no harm, while if he is coming down with some contagious disease, think of what the mother and the other children may have been spared!

I realize that in small apartments this prompt quarantine of a sick child is sometimes impossible. In many cases, however, it can be accomplished. A large screen made of a clothes-horse, with sheets hung over it, may be used to encircle a sick child's cr b, and if he has only a cold or mild infection of some sort, this may help to protect the other children.

If there is only an alcove-room without a door, hang a very large sheet in front of the opening and keep the sick child in the alcove until the doctor can see him.

We have a valuable leaflet on "First Aid Treatment for Colds, Coughs, and Croup," which will be mailed to any mother who accompanies her request by a self-addressed, stamped envelop.

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for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Fits the Finest Homes or Most Modest Incomes

Consider the evident high quality of this all-year family car, and its remarkable price — then you can understand why it has been necessary for us to double our production facilities this year.

Many families already owning the highest priced cars, also own a Chevrolet Sedan or Coupé. They find it not only consistent in style and general quality with their social position, but also astonishingly economical to operate.

Those of more limited means take justifiable pride in the ownership of this distinguished car, which is nevertheless so easy to buy and maintain.

Thousands of pleased owners will tell you a Chevrolet offers the best dollar value of any car made.

Your own requirements for economical transportation will determine your choice of models.

Any Chevrolet dealer will explain their many points of superiority.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Superior Roadster	$490
Superior Touring	495
Superior Utility Coupe	640
Superior Sedan	795
Commercial Cars	
Superior Commercial Chassis	395
Superior Light Delivery	495
Utility Express Truck Chassis	550

Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

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Polly, put the kettle on
But don't make tea.
A cup of Steero, piping hot,
It's just the drink for me!

ALWAYS ready—always delicious—hot STEERO bouillon is made in a minute. Just drop a STEERO bouillon cube into a cup and add boiling water. Its spicy goodness makes STEERO a treat at any time—at tea, at dinner, or just before bedtime. Add a STEERO bouillon cube to warmed-over dishes, gravy, hash or soup, for a tempting flavor that an expert chef might envy.

Send 10 cents for STEERO bouillon cube samples and sixty-four-page cook book

Schieffelin & Co., 272 William Street, New York
Distributors for
American Kitchen Products Co., New York

STEERO BOUILLON CUBES
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Oct. 31, 1916

The Final Economy of the Face Brick House

THE final economy of the Face Brick house can be explained in a few words. It costs a little more to build, but it effects big savings every year of its long life. A significant fact for every home-builder! And responsible for the large increase in the number of Face Brick houses built in the last few years. Before you build, read "The Story of Brick." For your copy, address American Face Brick Association, 1726 Peoples Life Building, Chicago, Illinois.

Booklets you ought to have:

"The Story of Brick," a most artistic, illustrated book with indispensable information for anyone thinking of building. So interesting that it is used as a reader in a number of schools. Sent free. Invaluable to home-builders. Information well worth $5.00," says one of hundreds of enthusiastic readers.

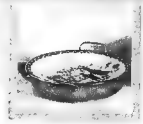
"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" embrace 96 designs of Face Brick bungalows and small houses. They are issued in four booklets, 3 to 4-room houses, 5-room houses, 6-room houses, and 7 to 8-room houses. The entire set for one dollar; any one of the books, 25 cents. Please send stamps or money order. "I would not part with them for a hundred times their cost. They are simply invaluable to me."

"The House of Beauty" contains 50 designs of Face Brick houses, mostly two stories, selected from 350 designs submitted by architects in a nation-wide competition. Sent for 50 cents. "The Home of Beauty' is far ahead of any book of house plans I have ever seen."

"The Home Fires" is a new book containing 20 attractive original fireplace designs, 25 pictures of fireplaces designed by well-known architects, and an article on proper fireplace construction. Sent for 25 cents. "We are truly delighted with this piece of literature."

Tools for Women

More Practical Helps for Up-to-Date Housekeepers



FRENCH dressing is easily made if you have one of these bottles, which is marked to show the right proportion of vinegar and oil. When the ingredients have been put in shake vigorously and you have a perfectly blended dressing in a bottle attractive enough to use on the table, but one that can be put in the refrigerator between salads. This means that no dressing is lost by changing it from dish to dish.

THIS hot plate is especially planned for serving children's meals and to use on the invalid's tray. Hot water in the metal container underneath the china plate insures warm food during the leisurely meal which children and invalids enjoy. One mother uses it for her small boy on picnics. She prepares the child's dinner as usual, putting it on the plate which has boiling water underneath and covering with another plate. Then she wraps this well in paper and the dinner keeps hot several hours.

TOAST is always popular, but when the supply gets ahead of the demand it is well to have a place to keep the surplus hot, so as soon as made and while the toast is waiting to be passed it can be held in this rack, which will rest securely on top of almost any of the electric toasters. The toast is then ready to serve as needed. The rack holds four slices and has a convenient little knob for a handle by which to pass it. Hot toasted sandwiches make a tempting innovation for a light supper at home.

HAVE you a favorite baking-dish which is not attractive enough to send to the table? One of these paper collars, which stretch to almost any size, will transform your dish. These are also intended to use around planks, deep-dish pies, and scalloped dishes. Paper accessories of many kinds are becoming more and more popular as their variety increases for cooking and table purposes. They are fresh-looking, clean, and cheap enough to be bought by the quantity. A paper collar can, with care, be used several times

A SPECIAL closet for household cleaning-supplies built into the wall above the kitchen sink is a great convenience. Here may be kept together your soaps, cleaning-powders, silver-cleaner, brass-polish, ammonia, and small brushes and cloths. If you do not have a built-in cabinet of this kind, why not buy a ready-made one to hang on the wall?

POACHING an egg without a boundary of some kind is a difficult, painstaking, and time-consuming task. An egg-poacher like the one shown in the picture assures perfectly poached eggs with no loss of the white, which ordinarily has a tendency to dissociate itself. These devices are made for one, two, three, four, and six eggs.

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You wouldn't wash your hands with kitchen soap

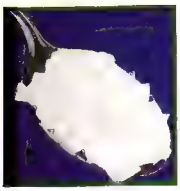
Yet for an hour and a half every day they are exposed to kitchen soap in the dishpan

Wash your hands day after day with kitchen soap? Of course you wouldn't think of it.

Yet when you use harsh soap for your dishes your hands are exposed to the ravages of kitchen soap much longer than you spend actually washing them.

Every day it takes at least an hour and a half to do the dishes—an hour and a half your hands are in harsh soap suds!

Don't let your hands suffer any longer. Just toss Lux in your dishpan—Lux is as easy on your hands as on the fine fabrics you always use it for. Even toilet soap is no more soothing to your skin than pure Lux flakes.



Just one teaspoonful to a dishpan gives a good rich suds

Won't chap hands

Harsh soap in your dishpan dries all the beautifying oils of your hands—oils that an all-wise nature carefully secreted just underneath the chiffon-thin outer skin. They keep your hands from getting rough and scratchy. When they are burned out by kitchen soap your hands chap and redden.

Lux helps to keep the supply of these beautifying oils constant. Even if your hands are especially sensitive, these gentle flakes won't roughen or redden them. Lux rids your hands for good of that in-the-dishpan look.

One teaspoonful for quick, rich suds

All you need to a dishpan is one teaspoonful of Lux. One teaspoonful for the breakfast or lunch dishes; for the dinner dishes, perhaps you will need two teaspoonfuls. It seems incredible that a single teaspoonful will go so far—but just try it.

Keep a package of Lux handy on your kitchen shelf. There's a big new package now as well as the regular size. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

"Does not injure hands or fingernails"

"I am glad to let others know how wonderful Lux is for washing dishes. You have only to use such a small amount that it is cheaper and better than other soaps or powders, and does not injure the hands and fingernails. Give me Lux for washing dishes!"

Mrs. L. W. B., Buffalo, N. Y.

Hands freed from roughness

"I am sixty-four years old and have washed dishes ever since I was ten. Every winter my hands have gotten rough, no matter what soap I used.

"I read your advertisement suggesting Lux and have tried it to my great satisfaction. I had used it for washing and cleaning enameled woodwork, but it had not occurred to me to put it in the dishpan. This is the first winter that I can remember that my hands have not chapped."

Mrs. W. C. Q., Boise, Idaho.

IMPORTANT USES FOR LUX

All fine laundering	**Paint**
Babies' clothes	**Porcelain**
Dishes	**Rugs**
Linoleums	**Automobiles**
Shampoo	

RID YOUR HANDS OF THAT IN-THE-DISHPAN LOOK

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"I have no hesitation in recommending these rich looking rugs for the finest homes."
—Dorothy Walsh.
Rugs you can be proud of
Closely woven. Unusually durable.

Luxurious New Rugs From Old Material

Do you know that the material in your threadbare, faded, or out-of-date rugs, carpets and clothing can be reclaimed and woven into brand new, up-to-date rugs with the close, deep nap of fine Wiltons and Chenilles? Dorothy Walsh shows how to transform a room at trifling cost and tells Pictorial Review readers where they can get, free for the asking, a beautifully illustrated book on Home Arrangement that everyone should have.

By *Dorothy Ethel Walsh*

Authority on Home Decorations

As one whose mission it is to make homes beautiful, I am going to tell you of an economical plan I use in providing harmonious new rugs at a cost that fits the smallest purse. You will be amazed when you learn what truly remarkable effects can be secured in your home for *little money* wisely spent.

What woman hasn't pictured the kind of rugs she wants?—closely woven, deep-nap rugs in the harmonious, up-to-date, one- and two-toned effects recommended by all leading interior decorators.

By a wonderful patented process, one of the largest and oldest rug manufacturers in this country will take all kinds of old rugs, carpets, and clothing, and *reclaim* the material in them so it is as good as new. This is done by a process of shredding, washing, sterilizing, carding and combing. The reclaimed material is then *dyed* any color you wish and *woven* on large power looms into extremely good looking rugs in the up-to-date one- or two-toned effects.

Reclaimed Material Cannot Be Detected

I was more than surprised upon receiving my first rug to find that in every respect it was brand new. The reclaimed material was not evident to the most practiced eye. This had worried me before its arrival because my old material was a hodge podge of all kinds and colors. I know now, however, that doesn't make the slightest difference

After seeing these rich-looking rugs I have no hesitation in recommending them for the finest homes.

Your Choice of Colors

You are not limited in your choice of colors or patterns. Your new rug may be made in any of the charming new shades—Brown, Moss, Mahogany, Taupe, Mole, Blue, Tete-de-Negre, or Mulberry, in any of 26 rich new colors and combinations.

Closely Woven and Luxurious

Like expensive Wiltons and Chenilles, these rugs are firmly woven with a soft, deep nap or surface that stands "straight up." They will go well with the finest furniture and most expensive furnishings.

I have noticed time and again that people who could well afford more expens.ve rugs have selected these because of their subdued and harmonious tones.

Woven Any Size or Shape

You will be delighted to find that these rugs are woven *seamless* and *reversible*, a feature which is so hard to find in store rugs. Of course this means longer wear—a fact that is sure to be appreciated. No wonder they are in over a million homes.

Here is another very important thing. These rugs can be made to your order in any shape or size within an amazingly short time—less than a week.

Your business is managing your home, and like every other woman you want to be just as successful in your business as your husband is in his. Here is an economy that you can well be proud of.

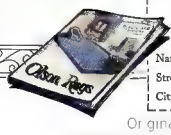
They Let You Try Rugs Free

The manufacturer will reclaim your old material and weave it into new rugs and send them to you for a week's free trial in your home. To quote from their guarantee: "Subject them to the hardest kind of everyday wear; compare them with new store rugs costing twice as much, then if you are not delighted, send them back at our expense and we will pay you liberally for your old material."

A mighty strong guarantee, and one that you can be absolutely sure will be lived up to religiously. The manufacturer pays Express, Parcel Post or Freight charges on your material.

You Should Write for This Unusual Rug Book —It's Free

Every home lover will welcome this splendid book, beautifully illustrated in colors. It contains an authoritative showing of all the new and up-to-date colors and designs. It also gives many helpful suggestions by leading decorators on the furnishing of your home. And these valuable suggestions don't cost you a penny. As an interior decorator myself, I promise you that this book is well worth sending for. I am attaching a coupon for the convenience of Pictorial Review readers. Address the coupon to Olson Rug Company, Dept. G1, 27-41 Laflin Street, Chicago, Illinois.



OLSON RUG CO., Dept. G1, Laflin St., Chicago

Gentlemen: At Dorothy Walsh's suggestion I should like to receive a complimentary copy of "Beauty and Harmony in the Home," illustrated in actual colors. This is free and places me under no obligation.

Name.....

Street (R. F. D.).....

City..... State.....

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The HOME BUREAU

Nutrition for Everybody

A National Challenge to the Mothers of America

By Margaret Sawyer

National Director, Nutrition Service, The American Red Cross

BECAUSE her first baby had left her in spite of everything which she could do, Jimmy's mother spent her days contriving things for Jimmy and Harriet to eat and her nights worrying because they refused to eat them. To maintain discipline was hard for her, because Jimmy for one knew that he had only to play sick to send his mother into a twitter of anxiety. Then one day out of a clear sky Jimmy himself demanded the glass of milk and the buttered carrots which she had long since despaired of ever getting him to eat. To her questions he responded that the Nutrition Lady at school had told him to drink milk and eat vegetables.

One day Jimmy prevailed on his mother to visit school. When she entered the schoolroom she found two of her neighbors already there. They bowed to her and smiled as if a schoolroom were quite the natural place for them to meet. Then came Jimmy towing toward her a young woman in crisp white, with a cap on her smooth hair. On the cap was a small red cross. The Nutrition Lady spoke to her about Jimmy and she felt her antagonism melt away. She permitted herself to be shown a seat beside the other visitors.

Around a table strewn with food charts sat the teacher, the children, and the Nutrition Lady. Jimmy's mother was familiar enough with the sight of food charts, but not with the vision of an enraptured Jimmy following on them the points emphasized by the Nutrition Lady in a short talk on nutrition. Then followed questions, and in amazement Jimmy's mother heard Jimmy announce that he wished to eat spinach because it would help make him grow up to be a big man.

After the questions came a game. Near the table was a set of scales and across the blackboard behind them raced a string of paper automobiles toward a white line marked "Normal Weight." A child rose, stepped on the scales, and was weighed by the Nutrition Lady, who called his weight to the teacher for entry in the child's weight-card. Then the child approached the blackboard and moved one of the automobiles forward, to the accompaniment of handclapping from the other children. Gradually as one child after another was weighed the meaning of the game dawned on Jimmy's mother. If the child had gained in weight during the week, he was privileged to move his automobile up toward "Safety Hill" and the white line. If he had lost weight, back must go his entry deeper into "Danger Valley." If he had stood still, so also must his automobile.

A CHILD-FEEDING POSTER USED BY THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

"That's my William's automobile in front," whispered a neighbor. "He's going to win to-day, I think, and graduate."

"Graduate? It's only October."

"That's what the children call it when they bring their weight to normal," explained the neighbor. "There's William now."

William mounted the scales and the Nutrition Lady weighed him, then whispered something in his ear. Pigeon-toed with pride, he walked to the blackboard and moved his automobile across the white line marked "Normal Weight." Enthusiastic handclapping from the other children greeted him, and as he turned about, the children rose and began to sing the air of "Yankee Doodle," but with strange words:

William Adams, keep it up;
William, you're a dandy.
Don't forget the milk and fruit,
And leave alone the candy.

On went the gay chorus through eight verses, one about fresh air, another about sleep, another about the unwise habit of eating between meals. While she listened Jimmy's mother did some straight thinking. Here in the desire for the approval of his schoolmates was the cause for Jimmy's newly awakened interest in drinking milk, for his heroic struggles to tease no longer for coffee. That cool young Nutrition Lady had hit on a powerful factor of childhood and was using it to make these children, her Jimmy included, want to eat the things which were good for them to eat.

Some time later the Nutrition Lady came to call at Jimmy's house.

"Your son's gained over two pounds this week," she announced, "and I came to congratulate you both."

While they talked, the mother was turning over in her mind a question which had been worrying her for some time. Finally she spoke.

"I wonder if you can tell me," she began, "what's the matter with Harriet? You've done so much for Jimmy it occurred to me you might know what's wrong with her."

The Nutrition Lady asked a few questions. Harriet, it seemed, hated to get up in the morning and consequently never had time to eat the right breakfast. As high school did not close until two o'clock, she ate her lunch at school.

"I know she never eats what she should at the school cafeteria, where she can choose what she likes," explained her mother, "because she won't eat certain dishes here at home which are good for her. She will take strenuous exercise all afternoon; in the Summer it's tennis and in the Winter basket-ball. The first real meal she gets all day long is her dinner. Of course she's losing weight."

The Nutrition Lady explained briefly some of the dangerous results which may develop if growing boys and girls remain inadequately nourished during the crucial years of adolescence.

"Some time when you see that Harriet is in the right mood," suggested the Nutrition Lady, "why don't you have a talk with her? Most girls of her age really know so little about their own bodies that they simply do not realize what they are doing by their carelessness. Then when the time comes for them to marry they often develop into poorly poised, neurotic wives. If Harriet could be convinced that all this strenuous sport and this utter disregard for her meals may be endangering her health and her chances for a happy

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

FOR EVERY OCCASION

An informal dance at home, an afternoon tea, an evening of bridge—whatever the occasion, you will find "Uneeda Bakers" delicacies which exactly fit that occasion.

Take NABISCO, that aristocrat of dessert wafers, with its two crisp wafers enclosing a delicious creamy filling. Then there's HARLEQUIN, with its three layers of delectable wafers and its tasty filling. And FESTINO—a sugar wafer of exceptional charm which looks and tastes like an almond.

Ask your grocer for these favorite sugar wafers today—and ask him to tell you about the many other delicious varieties made by "Uneeda Bakers."

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"Uneeda Bakers"

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In Fair or Stormy Weather

Your Watkins Dealer is always out serving his customers—bringing to their homes the Supreme Watkins Products. On many occasions his calls are most timely—some one is sick and the famous Watkins Liniment, Cough Balsam, LaGrippe Tablets, Aspirin and other medicines are just the thing needed. It pays to be prepared for an emergency. Sickness comes unawares. Lay in a liberal supply of the old reliable Watkins medicines.

Watkins Supreme Products have been the standard of perfection for more than half a century. Today it requires more than seven thousand dealers in city and country to supply the needs of the many millions of Watkins users.

Implicit confidence in the Supreme Quality of Watkins Home Remedies and other Products is the reason why these millions of homes eagerly welcome the Watkins Dealer when he calls. Unlike other businesses the Watkins Dealer brings his store to you. Here in the cozy comfort of your own home you may select with the utmost confidence just the items you need.

Here are some of the Supreme Watkins Products that should be in every home. Liniment, Aspirin, Cough Balsam, Digestive Tablets, Laxative, Cold and Grippe Tablets, Menthol Camphor Ointment, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Soaps, Extracts, Spices, Drinks and Auto Supplies.

Look up your Watkins Dealer, or if it is easier, write us for his name.

Buy from your Watkins Dealer

It Pays!

The J. R. Watkins Company

"From Ocean to Ocean"

New York, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Boston, Mass., Columbus, Ohio, Winona, Minn., Kansas City, Mo., Memphis, Tenn., San Francisco, Cal

IN CANADA
Montreal, P. Q., Hamilton, Ont., Winnipeg, Man., Vancouver, B. C.
Sold in Every State and in Every Province

A Selling Opportunity
If you are interested in selling Watkins Products, write for our proposition. Particulars and samples are free – state whether city or country territory is desired. Address Dept 40-L (nearest office).

Free Catalog
We illustrate Below a few of the Watkins Products Know and use them all. Complete descriptive catalog free from your Watkins Dealer or write the J. R. Watkins Co., 279 Liberty Street, Winona, Minn.

Necessary Midwinter Medicines

THE HOME BUREAU

Nutrition for Everybody

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

married life and sturdy children, I think she'd see the importance of paying attention to her body."

The Nutrition Lady hesitated a minute, and her expression grew thoughtful.

"Here's the crux of the whole matter," she went on thoughtfully. "A few years ago this present generation of thin, high-strung girls and boys now in their teens were children of Jimmy's age in school. Just as they haven't time now to bother about taking care of themselves, then they probably preferred to eat rich pastries and highly flavored foods rather than the less interesting vegetables and milk. But the trouble often goes further back than that. Before they ever got into the grades their food habits were probably not watched and as young children they were poorly nourished and thus started out with a serious handicap to growth and health. Often you find, however, that the child suffered its first bad handicap before birth, because the mother did not appreciate that the right nourishment and development of her baby depended largely on the food that she ate during pregnancy."

"But the subject is so broad," protested the mother, "that I don't see where we should begin. What should we do first?"

"Study foods and the food requirements of each member of your family at different stages of growth and health," answered the Nutrition Lady. "When women realize that within their own families often exist five or six distinct food needs, then they are in a position to attack their entire food problem intelligently. Take the average family, for example. There are the husband's food needs, depending largely on what type of work he does. Then there are those of a girl or boy in high school, of another child in grammar-school, and of a third who has not yet started to school. In addition there are the needs of one member of the family who may be sick and may require a special diet."

IN THOUSANDS of communities in this country there are thousands of Jimmies and Harriets and also thousands of mothers like theirs who appreciate that the prime responsibility for the health of their families rests on their own shoulders. Realizing the magnitude of their problem, these women have sought counsel of each other and have often joined hands through local organizations and study groups, because they find as much encouragement and help through working together toward a common goal as did Jimmy in his nutrition class at school.

In practically every community these local groups are giving their attention to the ways in which they may raise the standards of individual and community life and thus improve public health. They are working toward this goal through local branches of national patriotic, religious, and altruistic societies; or through branches of national health organizations which focus their attention particularly on children or girls and women; or through study groups enrolled in university extension courses; or through the departments of home economics which have been organized in connection with women's clubs.

Every day and in constantly increasing numbers physicians, home economics experts, newspaper and magazine editors, and lecturers are calling the attention of the women in these groups to the close relationship between sound nutrition and improved public health. Thus comes the challenge for an awakened interest in the principles of sound nutrition.

When you and your club or whatever organization you belong to come to decide on subjects for your programs, will you not give a place to the study of foods and the food requirements of the infant, or of the child of preschool age, or of the grade pupil, or of the adolescent boy and girl, or of the adult?

When you and the organization of which you are a member come to adopt a group activity for the betterment of community health, will you not give consideration to the initiation of nutrition instruction to children or of a hot lunch into your local school system?

When you and your organization adopt such activities as these and allied projects in the field of nutrition, you are hastening the day when American children will grow up straight of limb and clear of mind; when American babies will no longer die because their mothers did not know how to nourish and preserve their lives.

Leonard
CLEANABLE Refrigerator

"Like a Clear China Dish"

Simplified Housekeeping

More Leisure for Women

Woman, in her complex work, has now the aid of many willing servants—kitchen appliances that conserve time, lessen labor and add more hours of leisure. A real service-giver is the Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator. As a protector of food and preventer of waste the Leonard has won the confidence of American housewives. One out of every six refrigerators sold is made by Leonard.

Call at the Leonard dealer's and see the famous one-piece food chamber, triple porcelain lined. Feel the round corners. Note the patent trap, non-leaking device and removable copper drain pipe. Learn how the ten insulating walls keep the cold *in* and heat and dust *out;* how the Leonard gives most refrigeration with least ice. Economy plus efficiency!

The Leonard can also be had with French gray porcelain lining. Ask to see it. Furnished with outside icing doors and water cooler, if desired.

There is a Leonard dealer near you; if you cannot locate him, write us. We will see that you are supplied.

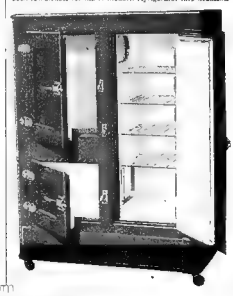
Just Say "Send Catalog"

Send for catalog of 75 refrigerator sizes and styles, actual sample of porcelain and Mr. Leonard's booklet—"Selection and Care of Refrigerators." There is a Leonard size and style to suit every purse

Grand Rapids Refrigerator Company
502 Clyde Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Be sure the refrigerator you buy is made in Grand Rapids, the fine furniture center of the world

C. H. LEONARD, pioneer of home refrigeration, who has been responsible for many modern refrigerator improvements



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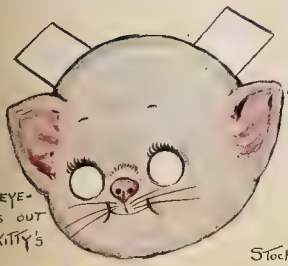
Dolly Dingle's Pretty Little Friend Teedie

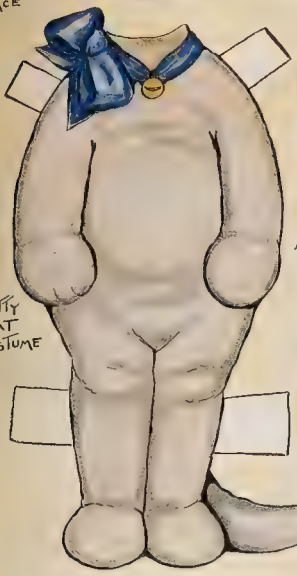
Drawings by
GRACE G. DRAYTON



CUT EYE-HOLES OUT IN KITTY'S FACE

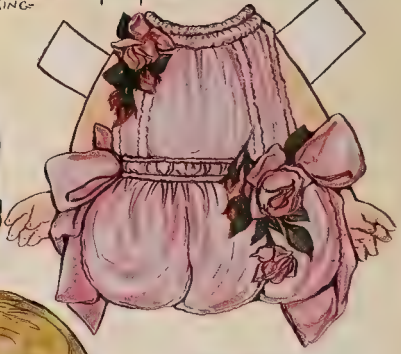
STOCKINGS FOR WALKING-COSTUME

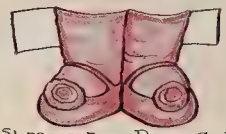
COSTUME IN WHICH TEEDIE LOOKS MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE



KITTY KAT COSTUME

MOUSE FOR KITTY KAT

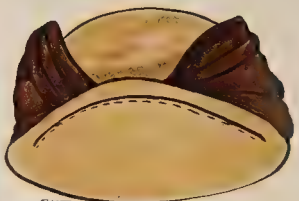




SLIPPERS FOR ROSE COSTUME

DAYTIME DRESS FOR TEEDIE -

TEEDIE



CUT ON DOTTED LINE

WALKING-COSTUME

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Some of the Lovely "Fixed" Stars in Broadway's Constellation

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MAYBON

HELEN GAHAGAN—*that rare combination of the charms of Venus and the brilliance of Minerva, now shining brightly in "Chains."*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NED VAN BORKH

DORIS KENYON—*one of Dame Fortune's favorite daughters—a gifted poet, a talented screen star, a clever actress, to say nothing of being a beauty! Now on the stage illuminating "The Gift."*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHITE STUDIO

FLORENCE ELDRIDGE—*in whom the true afflatus surely burns, is now doing splendid work in "The Dancers," with Richard Bennett.*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY EDWARD THAYER MONROE

VIOLET HEMING—*who, with her English beauty and genuine talent, brings a radiant light into her newest play, "Spring Cleaning."*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STRAUSS-PEYTON

DOROTHY STONE—*the newest twinkling star of all, daughter of Fred Stone and now his co-star in "Stepping Stones," in which she scored an overwhelming hit on the opening night.*

IRENE BORDONI—*the vivacious Gallic star, once more looks out on success from her lovely eyes in "Little Miss Bluebeard." (Right.)*

CATHERINE OWEN—*aiding Grant Mitchell, and doing it with laughable ease, too, in that whirlwind farce "The Whole Town's Talking." (Left.)*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FAGIN BROS

Google

Proud of his Wife

FROM across the room you see them. She, poised—confident; warm cheeks and slim shoulders; the woman clever enough to stay young with her husband. He, with pride of possession in every unconscious action; the husband who is proud of his wife.

Yet how few women realize this simple subtlety of life! Too many of us believe the need of beauty caution ceases at the altar.

Youth! Enchantment! The radiance of schoolgirl days. We need no longer lose them.

The means are simple, as millions will tell you—just soap and water; the balmy lather of palm and olive oils as embodied in Palmolive.

The correct method

Use powder and rouge if you wish. *But never leave them on* over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. *Then repeat both* washing and rinsing. Apply a touch of cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and Youth Prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be the problem as the years advance.

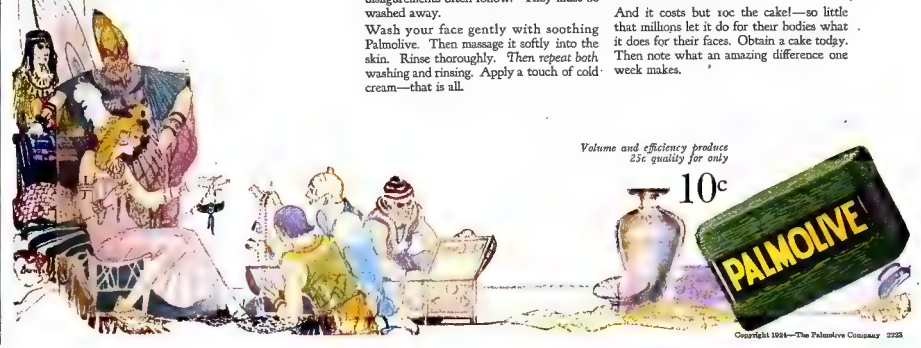
Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.



Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c

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IN TEN MINUTES · · !

Hot biscuits for your Sunday supper

Ask any man if he'd like hot biscuits for his Sunday supper · · !

EVERYBODY loves hot biscuits for Sunday supper! — but a great many women hesitate to make them because they have an idea it takes a lot of time and trouble.

Making biscuits for Sunday supper is really one of the easiest and simplest things you can do — when you make them this new way. In only *ten minutes* you can have biscuits that are as light as a feather and perfectly delicious!

How to make hot biscuits — the day before

When you are in the kitchen Saturday morning take a few minutes to mix and cut a pan of Royal biscuits. Slip them into the ice box or set them aside in a cool place. Sunday when supper time comes pop them into the oven and they are ready by the time the table is set!

Make your biscuits Southern style, New England style, or any other way your family likes best—you can depend on Royal Baking Powder to give you beautifully raised, delicious biscuits every time!

Because two leavening agents are combined in Royal your biscuits begin to rise as soon as the dough is mixed. Then a second rising takes place when the biscuits are put in the oven. This double-acting quality makes it possible for you to bake Royal biscuits immediately or to keep the biscuit dough ready mixed for several days.

When you see how little trouble and time it takes to have hot biscuits for supper, you will want to have them *every* Sunday night!

Contains no alum
Leaves no bitter taste

Send for new Royal booklet on biscuit making · · FREE

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY, 112 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK

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The Temperate Zone

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

great city nothing it could give him was comparable, at that particular hour, to the rapture of his complete withdrawal from it into the temple of his own thoughts. The very next day he was to see Horace Fingall's widow, and perhaps to put his finger on the clue to his problem: that mysterious tormenting question of the relation between the creative artist's personal experience and its ideal expression. He was to try to guess how much of Mrs. Fingall, besides her features, had passed into her husband's painting; and merely to ponder on that was to plunge into the heart of his subject.

Fingall's art had at last received recognition, genuine from the few, but mainly, no doubt, inspired by the motives to which Jolyesse had sneeringly alluded; and intolerable as it was to French to think that snobbishness and cupidity were the chief elements in the general acclamation of his idol, he could not forget that he owed to these baser ingredients the chance to utter his own word. It was because the ignorant herd wanted to know what to say when it heard Fingall mentioned that Willis French was to be allowed to tell it; such was the base rubble the Temple of Fame was built of! Yes; but future generations would enrich its face with lasting marbles; and it was to be French's privilege to put the first slab in place.

The young man, thus brooding, lost himself in the perplexing alternatives of his plan. The particular way of dealing with a man's art depended so much on its relation to his private life, and on the chance of a real insight into that. Fingall's life had been obdurately closed and aloof: would it be his widow's wish to keep it so? Or would she understand that any serious attempt to analyze so complex an art must be preceded by a reverent scrutiny of the artist's personality? Would she, above all, understand how reverent French's scrutiny would be, and consent, for the sake of her husband's glory, to guide and enlighten it?

Her attitude, as he was nervously aware, would greatly depend on his own; on his finding the right words and the convincing tone. He could almost have prayed for guidance, for some supernatural light on what to say to her! How would he best broach the subject, and how was she likely to meet his first advance? It was late that night when, turning from his open window above the throbbing city, he murmured to himself: "I wonder what on earth we shall begin by saying to each other?"

HER sitting-room at the Nouveau Luxe was empty when he was shown into it the next day, tho a friendly note had assured him that she would be in by five. But he was not sorry that she was late, for the room had its secrets to reveal. The most conspicuous of these was a large photograph of a handsome young man in a frame which French instantly recognized as the most fit one he had noticed on Mrs. Morland's writing-table. Well—it was natural, and rather charming, that the happy couple should choose the same frame for each other's portraits, and there was nothing offensive to Fingall's memory in the fact of Donald Paul's picture being the most prominent object in his wife's drawing-room.

Only—if this were indeed Donald Paul, where had French seen him already? He was still questioning the lines of the pleasant oft-repeated face when his answer entered the room in the shape of a splendidly draped and feathered lady.

"I'm so sorry! The dressmakers are *such* beasts—they've been sticking pins in me ever since two o'clock." She held out her hand, with a click of bracelets slipping down to the slim wrists. "Donald! Do come—it's Mr. French," she called back over her shoulder; and the gentleman of the photograph followed her.

The three stood looking at each other for an interval deeply momentous to French, obviously less stirring to his hosts; then Donald Paul said, in a fresh voice a good deal younger than his ingenuous middle-aged face: "We've met somewhere before, surely. Wasn't it the other day at Brighton—at the Métropole?"

His wife looked at him and smiled, wrinkling her perfect brows a little in the effort to help his memory. "We go to so many hotels! *I* think it was at the Regina at Harrogate." She appealed to their visitor.

"Wasn't it simply yesterday, on the Channel?" French suggested, the words buzzing a little in his own ears; and Mrs. Paul instantly remembered.

"Of course! How stupid of me!" Her random sweetness grew more concentrated. "You were talking to a dark man with a beard—André Jolyesse, wasn't it? *I told* my husband it was Jolyesse. How awfully interesting that you should know him! Do sit down and let me give you some tea while you tell us all about him."

French, as he took the cup from her hand, remembered that, a few hours earlier, he had been wondering what he and she would first say to each other.

IT WAS dark when he walked away from the blazing front of the Nouveau Luxe. Mrs. Donald Paul had given him two good hours, and had filled them with talk of her first husband; yet as French left her he had the feeling that what he brought away with him had hardly added a grain to his previous knowledge. It was perhaps because he was still too blankly bewildered—or because he had not yet found the link between what had been and what was—that he had been able to sift only so infinitesimal a residue out of Mrs. Paul's abundance. And his first duty, plainly, if he were ever to thread a way through the tangle, was to readjust himself and try to see things from a different point of view.

His only definite impression was that Mrs. Paul was pleased that he should have come to Paris to see her, and acutely, tho artlessly, aware of the importance of his mission. Artlessness seemed her salient quality: there looked out of her great sphinx-eyes a soul as cloudless as a child's. But one thing he speedily discovered: she was keenly alive to her first husband's greatness. On that point French saw that he needed no enlightenment. He was even surprized, sitting there in the blatancy of hotel mirrors and gilding, to catch on her lips the echoes of so different a setting.

But gradually he perceived that the words she used had no meaning for her save, as it were, a symbolic one: they were like the mysterious price-marks with which dealers label their treasures. She knew that her husband had been proud and isolated, that he had "painted only for himself" and had "simply despised popularity"; but she rejoiced that he was now at last receiving "the kind of recognition even *he* would have cared for"; and when French, at this point, interposed, with an impulse of self-vindication: "I didn't know that, as yet, much had been written about him that he would have liked," she opened her fathomless eyes a little wider, and answered: "Oh, but the dealers are simply fighting for his things!"

The shock was severe; but presently French rallied enough to understand that she was not moved by a spirit of cupidity, but was simply applying the only measure of greatness she knew. In Fingall's lifetime she had learned her lesson, and no doubt repeated it correctly—her conscientious desire for correctness was disarming—but now that he was gone his teaching had got mixed with other formulas, and she was genuinely persuaded that, in any art, the proof and corollary of greatness were to become a best seller. "Of course he was his own worst enemy," she sighed. "Even when people came to buy he managed to send them away discouraged. Whereas now——!"

In the first chill of his disillusionment French thought for a moment of flight. Mrs. Paul had promised him all the documentation he required; she had met him more than half-way in her lavish fixing of hours and offering of material. But everything in him shrank from repeating the experience. What was the use of seeing her again, even tho her plans included a visit to Fingall's former studio? She had told him nothing whatever about Fingall, and only too much about herself: to do that she had not even to open her beautiful lips.

On his way to her hotel he had stopped in at the Luxembourg, and filled his eyes again with her famous image. Everything she was said to have done for Fingall's genius seemed to burn in the depths of that quiet face. It was like an inexhaustible reservoir of beauty, a still pool into which the imagination could perpetually dip and draw up treasure. And now, as he spoke with the painter's vision of her, hung French's own: the vision of the too-smiling beauty set in glasses and glitter, preoccupied with dressmakers and theater-stalls, and af-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

The secret is out!

Noted Parisian perfumer finally discloses the reason why his most popular odeur has for years been the favorite of so many women—

NOW, at last, after fifteen years of international curiosity — the secret is out.

Just fifteen years ago Parfumerie Rigaud first introduced to America that everfascinating and most popular *Parfum Mary Garden.*

During all these years *Parfum Mary Garden* and the various other toilet accessories bearing this delightful odeur have had a persistent vogue. So continuous has been their popularity that they have caused the perfume world much wonderment and perplexity.

Other perfumes have come and gone

In the past, perfumes have come and gone; they have enjoyed a vogue for a season or for a few years—then to be supplanted in popularity by some newer scent. But *Rigaud's Parfum Mary Garden,* like the never-waning popularity of the famous opera artiste whose name it bears, has lived on and on like an ever-fragrant flower.

Why has Parfum Mary Garden survived?

Finally this year one of our representatives gained the confidence of Rigaud's master perfumer and secured from him the *real* reason why this one subtle scent has survived so long:

"The secret is a simple one," said the aged creator of Rigaud odeurs. "In formulating Parfum Mary Garden, we did not approach our problems as we did with previous perfumes.

"We deliberately set for ourselves the task of achieving an odeur that would do *just one thing—an odeur so seductive, so fascinating, so bewitching that it would be utterly irresistible to men.*

"To create this kind of a perfume, we did not trust our own judgment entirely; we investigated most carefully; we distilled nearly 100 new odeurs and secured dozens of women to give them actual tests in their social contacts with men.

The women of many lands helped decide

"We did not rely upon the opinions alone of the beautiful women of our own country. We carried our tests into Spain, into Italy, into England, into Russia, and to America.

"And at last after eighteen months we reduced our researches and conclusions to just one odeur which we then perfected. And this became Rigaud's Parfum Mary Garden—a perfume with so distinctive, so individual and so seductive a personality that men simply could not resist it!"

A fragrance that never dies

And so this seductive odeur will live on and on when many others that do not have this subtle fascination for men have faded away—Parfum Mary Garden, the odeur that like some everlasting fragrance, will never die.

PARFUMERIE RIGAUD, 16 Rue de la Paix, Paris—Geo. Borgfeldt & Co., 16th and Irving Place, N. Y.—Sole Distributors, U. S. A. and Canada.

You will find at the better shops a complete line of toilet accessories, fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden. Ask to see them.

Parfumerie Rigaud

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To be safe, you must buy canned foods on the reputation of their makers.

Sixty years of experience, coupled with an ideal to can only the very finest fruits and vegetables grown, have established a quality reputation for DEL MONTE products that makes them the sure choice of particular people in every part of the civilized globe.

This one label is your symbol of sunny orchards—tree-ripened fruit—packing at the moment of perfection—and all the vigilance, skill and care that years of experience have developed for the protection of your table.

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Please send me free a copy of "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor," containing hundreds of suggestions for the year-round service of DEL MONTE Foods.

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The Temperate Zone

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

firming her late husband's genius in terms of the auction-room and the stock-exchange.

"Oh, hang it!—what can she give me? I'll go straight back to New York," the young man suddenly resolved. The resolve even carried him as far as his hotel; but on its threshold another thought arrested him. Horace Fingall had not been the only object of his pilgrimage; he had come abroad to learn what he could of Emily Morland too. That purpose he had naturally not avowed at the Nouveau Luxe; it was hardly the moment to confess his double quest. But the friendliness of Donald Paul convinced him that there would be no difficulty in obtaining whatever enlightenment it was in the young man's power to give. Donald Paul, at first sight, seemed hardly more expressive than his wife; but tho his last avatar was one so remote from literature, at least he had once touched its borders and even worn its livery. His great romance had originated in the accident of his having written an article about its heroine; and transient and unproductive as that phase of his experience had probably been, it must have given him another sense of values than Mrs. Paul's.

FRENCH'S luck continued to favor him; for the next morning as he went down the stairs of his hotel he met the gentleman in question coming up.

Donald Paul, fresh and handsome as his photograph, and dressed in exactly the right clothes for the hour and the occasion, held out an eager hand.

"I'm so glad—I hoped I'd catch you," he smiled up at the descending French; and then, as if to cast down what might seem an excess of warmth, or at least make it appear the mere overflow of his natural spirits, he added: "My wife rushed me off to the country she is that she can't take you to the studio this morning. She'd quite forgotten an appointment with her dressmaker—*one* of her dressmakers!" he stressed it with a frank laugh; his desire, evidently, was to forestall French's surprize. "You see," he explained, perhaps guessing that a sense of values was expected of him, "it's rather more of a business for her than for —well, the average woman. Those people—the big ones—are really artists themselves nowadays, aren't they? And they all regard her as a sort of inspiration; she really tries out the coming fashions for them—lots of things succeed or fail as they happen to look on *her*." Here he seemed to think another laugh necessary. "She's always been an Inspiration: it's come to be a sort of obligation to her. You see, I'm sure?"

French protested that he saw—and that any other day was as convenient.

"Ah, but that's the deuce of it! You see, we're off for Biarritz the day after to-morrow: and St. Moritz later. We sha'n't be back here, I suppose, till the early Spring. And of course you have your plans; ah, going back to America next week? Jove, that *is* bad." He frowned over it with a boyish anxiety. "And to-morrow—well, you know what a woman's last day in Paris is likely to be, when she's had only three of them! Should you mind most awfully—think it awfully inadequate, I mean—if I offered to take you to the studio instead?" He reddened a little, evidently not so much at the limits of his own person into the setting of his predecessor's life as at his conscious inability to talk about Horace Fingall in any way that could possibly interest Willis French.

"Of course," he went on, "I shall be a wretched substitute. I know so little—so little in any sense. I never met him," he avowed, as if excusing an unaccountable negligence. "You know how savagely he kept to himself. Poor Bessy—*she* could tell you something about that!" But he pulled up at this involuntary lapse into the personal, and let his vivid smile say the rest for him.

"Go with you? But I shall be delighted," French responded; and a light of relief shone in Mr. Paul's transparent eyes.

"That's very kind; and, you see, she can tell you all the details later. She told me to say that if you didn't mind turning up again this afternoon, she'd answer any questions. Naturally, she's used to that, too!"

French shivered slightly at this hint of glib replies insensibly shaped by repeated questionings. He knew that after Fingall's death there had been an outpouring of articles on him in the journals and the art reviews of every country: to correct their mistakes and fill up their omissions was the particular purpose of his book. But it took the bloom—another layer of bloom—from his enthusiasm to feel that, meager as it was, Mrs. Paul's information had already been robbed of its spontaneity, that she had only been reciting to him what previous questioners had been capable of suggesting, and had themselves expected to hear.

Perhaps Mr. Paul read the disappointment in his looks, and misinterpreted it, for he added: "You can't think how I feel the absurdity of my trying to talk to *you* about Fingall!"

His modesty was disarming. French answered with sincerity: "I assure you I shall like nothing better than going there with you," and his companion, who was evidently in the habit of assuming that other people were as frank as himself, at once brightened into recovered boyishness.

"That's jolly. Taxi!" he cried, and they were off.

Almost as soon as they entered, French had again to hail the reappearance of his "luck." Better, a thousand times better, to stand in this place with Donald Paul than with Fingall's widow!

Donald Paul, slipping the key in the rusty lock, had opened the door and drawn back to let the visitor pass. The studio was cold and empty—how empty and how cold! No one had lived in the flat since Fingall's death: during the first months following it the widow had used the studio to store his pictures, and only now that the last were sold, or distributed for sale among the dealers, had the place been put to the hands of the agents—like Mrs. Morland's house in Kensington.

In the wintry overhead light the dust lay thick on the rough paint-stained floor, on the few canvases leaning against the walls, and the painter's inconceivably meager "properties." French had known that Fingall's studio would not be an upholstered setting for afternoon teas, but he had not dared to expect such a scornful bareness. He looked about him reverently.

Donald Paul remained silent; then he gave one of his shy laughs. "Not much in the way of cozy corners, eh? Looks as if it had been cleared for a prize-fight."

French turned to him. "Well, it *was*. When he wrestled with the angel till dawn."

Mr. Paul's open gaze was shadowed by a faint perplexity, and for half a second French wondered if his metaphor had been taken as referring to the former Mrs. Fingall. But in another moment his companion's eyes cleared. "Of course —I see! Like what's his name: in the Bible, wasn't he?" He stopped, and began again impulsively: "I like the idea; he did wrestle with his work! Bessy says he used to paint a thing over twenty times—or thirty if necessary. It drove his sitters nearly mad. That's why he had to wait so long for success, I suppose." His glance seemed to appeal to French to corroborate this rather adventurous view.

"One of the reasons," French assented.

HIS eyes were traveling slowly and greedily about the vast cold room. He had instantly noted that, in Lady Brankhurst's description of the place, nothing was exact but the blackness of the stairs that led there. The rest she must have got up from muddled memories of other studios—that of Joyesse, no doubt, among the number. French could see Joyesse, in a setting of *bibelots*, dispensing Turkish coffee to fashionable sitters. But the austere nakedness of Fingall's studio had assuredly never been touched; as they beheld it now, so it must have been when the great man lived and painted there—save, indeed, for the pictures once so closely covering the walls (as French saw from the number of empty nails) that to enter it must have been like walking into the heart of a sunset.

None were left. Paul had moved away and stood looking out of the window, and timidly, tentatively, French turned around the canvases against the wall. All were as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. He already prepared for future splendors by the hand from which the brush had dropped so abruptly. On one only a few charcoal strokes hinted at a head—unless indeed it were a landscape. The more French looked the less intelligible it became—the mere first stammer of an unuttered

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

If Coffee

Is barred to you, omit the poison

Ordinary coffee is barred to millions. Children cannot drink it. Countless older people can drink little or none. Many are driven to substitutes, many are denied it at night.

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It is pure coffee of the finest sort —a rare, exquisite blend. You will never find a flavor more delightful. All we remove is the poisonous caffeine—the source of coffee's harm. And no one misses that.

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NEXT year or next month—we are forever telling ourselves—we are going to make more of our appearance, have more becoming clothes, arrange our hair to fit our face, take better care of our tell-tale skin.

Meanwhile we put it off and the days, the months, the years go by.

Then some day we wake up to find that the best part of life has passed while we have been waiting to develop our beauty. We have lived less fully and less happily than we might. And then it is too late!

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The Temperate Zone

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

message. The young man put it back with a sigh. He would have liked beyond almost everything, here under Fingall's roof, to discover just one of his pictures.

"If you'd care to see the other rooms? You know he and Bessy lived here," he heard his companion gently suggest

"Oh, immensely!"

Donald Paul opened a door, struck a match in a dark passage, and preceded him. "Nothing's changed," he said.

The rooms, which were few and small, were still furnished; and this gave French the measure of their humbleness —for they were almost as devoid of comfort as the studio. Fingall must have lived so intensely and constantly in his own inner vision that nothing external mattered. He must have been almost as detached from his own work as a great musician; at least till one sat him down before a face or a landscape—and then what he looked at became the whole visible world to him.

"Rather doleful diggings for a young woman," Donald Paul commented with a half-apologetic smile, as if to say: "Can you wonder that she likes the Nouveau Luxe?"

French acquiesced. "I suppose, like the very greatest of them, he was indifferent to lots of things we think important."

"Yes—and then—" Paul hesitated. "Then they were so frightfully poor. He didn't know how to manage—how to get on with people, either sitters or dealers. For years he sold nothing, literally nothing. It *was* hard on her. She saw so well what he ought to have done; but he wouldn't listen to her!"

"Oh—" French stammered; and saw the other faintly redden.

"I don't mean, of course, that an artist, a great creative artist, isn't always different—on the contrary—" Paul hesitated again. "I understand all that. I've experienced it." His handsome face softened, and French, mollified, murmured to himself: "He was awfully kind to Emily Morland—I'm sure he was."

"Only," Mrs. Paul's husband continued with a deepening earnestness, as if he were trying to explain to French something not quite clear to himself, "only, if you're not a great creative artist you're not a great sitting by and looking on, and feeling that if you were just allowed to say a word— Of course," he added abruptly, "he was very good to her in other ways; she was his inspiration."

"It's something to have been that," French said; and at the words his companion's color deepened to a flush which took in his neck and ears and spread up to his white forehead.

"It's everything," he agreed, almost solemnly.

FRENCH had wandered up to a bookshelf in what had apparently been Fingall's dressing-room. He had seen no other books about and was curious to learn what these had to tell him. They were chiefly old Tauchnitz novels—mild mid-Victorian fiction rubbing elbows with a few odd volumes of Dumas, Maupassant, and Zola. But under a loose pile the critic, with beating heart, singled out a shabby sketch-book. His hand shook as he opened it; but its pages were blank, and he reflected ironically that had they not been the dealers would never have left it there.

"They've been over the place with a fine-tooth comb," he muttered to himself.

"What have you got hold of?" Donald Paul asked, coming up.

French continued mechanically to flutter the blank pages; then his hand paused at one which was scribbled over with dots and diagrams and marginal notes in Fingall's small, cramped writing.

"Tea-party," it was cryptically entitled, with a date beneath; and on the next page, under the heading "For Tea-party," a single figure stood out—the figure of a dowdily dressed woman seated in a low chair, a cup in her hand, and looking up as if to speak to some one who was not yet sketched in. The drawing, in three chalks on a gray ground, was rapidly but carefully executed: one of those light and perfect things which used to fall from Fingall like stray petals from a great tree in blossom. The woman's attitude was full of an ardent interest; from the forward thrust of her clumsily shod foot to the tilt of her head and the high light on her eye-glasses, everything about her seemed electrified by some eager shock of ideas. "Who was talking to her—and what could he have been saying?" was the first thought the little drawing suggested. But it merely flashed through French's mind, for he had almost instantly recognized the portrait—just touched with caricature, yet living, human, even tender—of the woman he least expected to see there.

"Then she *did* know him!" he triumphed, forgetting who was at his elbow. He flushed up at his blunder and put the book in his companion's hand.

Donald Paul stared at the page.

"She—who?"

French stood confounded. There she sat—Emily Morland—aquiver in every line with life and sound and color: he could hear her very voice running up and down its happy scales! And beside him stood her lover, and did not know her.

"Oh—" Paul stammered at length. "It's—you mean?" He looked again. "You think he meant it for Mrs. Morland?" Without waiting for an answer he fixed French with his large boyish gaze, and exclaimed abruptly: "Then you knew her?"

"Oh, I saw her only once—just once." French couldn't resist laying a little stress on it.

But Donald Paul took the answer unresentfully. "I suppose you're more used than I am to Fingall's way of drawing. Do you think he was ever very good at likenesses? I *do* see now, of course—but, come, I call it a caricature, don't you?"

"Oh, what does that matter?"

"You mean, you think it's so good?"

"I think it's magnificent!" said French with emotion.

THE other still looked at him ingenuously, but with a dawning light of eagerness. It recalled to French the suppressed, the exaggerated warmth of his greeting on the hotel stairs. "What is it he wants of me? For he wants something."

"I never knew either," Paul continued, "that she and Fingall had met. Some one must have brought her here, I suppose. It's curious." He pondered, still holding the book. "And I didn't know *you* knew her," he concluded.

"Oh, how should you? She was probably unconscious of the fact herself. I spent a day with her once in the country, years ago. Naturally, I've never forgotten it."

Donald Paul's eyes continued obscurely to entreat him. "That's wonderful!"

"What—that one should never forget having once met Emily Morland?" French rejoined with a smile he could not repress.

"No," said Emily Morland's lover with simplicity. "But the coincidence. You see, I'd made up my mind to ask you—" He broke off, and looked down at the sketch, as if seeking guidance where doubtless he had so often found it. "The fact is," he began again, "I'm going to write her life. She left me all her papers—I dare say you know. It's a trust—a sacred trust, but it's also a tremendous undertaking! And yesterday, after hearing what you were planning about Fingall, I realized how little I'd really thought the book out, how unprepared I was—what a lot more there was in that sort of thing than I'd at first imagined. I used to write—a little, just short reviews, and that kind of thing. But my hand's out nowadays; and, besides, this is so different. And then, my time's not quite my own any longer. So I made up my mind that I'd consult you, ask you if you'd help me—oh, as much as ever you're willing to—" His smile was irresistible. "I asked Bessy. And she thought you'd understand."

"Understand?" gasped French. "Understand?"

"You see," Paul hurried on, "there are heaps and heaps of letters—her beautiful letters; I don't mean—" his voice trembled slightly—"only the ones to me; tho some of those—well, I'll leave it to you to judge. But lots of others, too, that people have sent me. Apparently everybody kept her letters. And I'm simply swamped in it," he ended helplessly, "unless you will—"

French's voice was as unsteady as his. "Unless I will? There's nothing on earth I'd have asked—if I could have imagined it—"

"Oh, really?" Paul's voice dropped back with relief to its every-day tone. He was clearly unprepared for exaltation. "It's amazingly kind of you—so kind that I don't in the least know how to thank you."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

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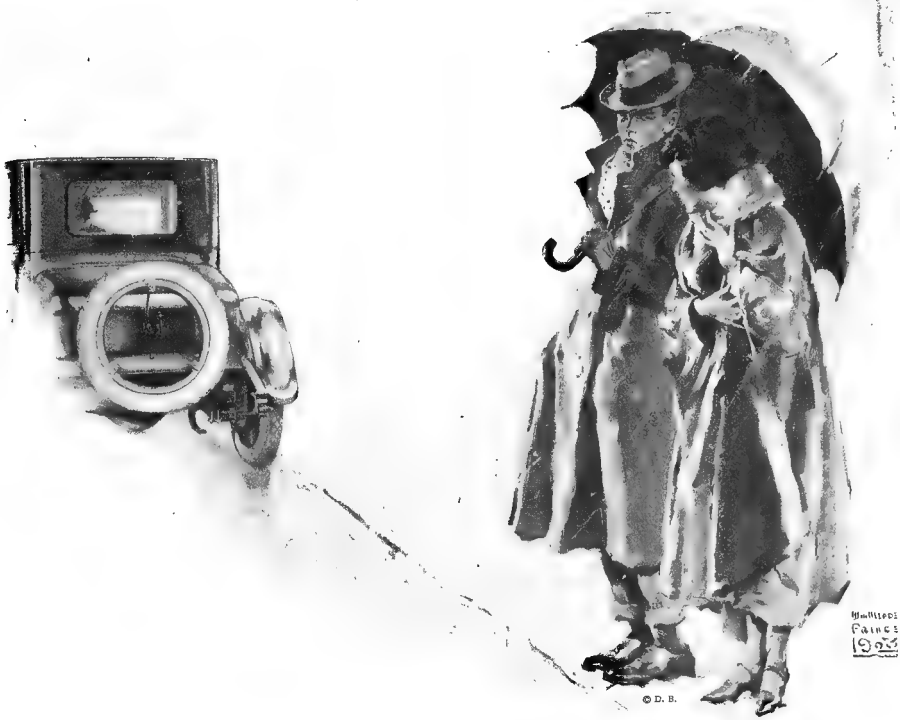

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In Puffed Wheat you have whole wheat made digestible and enticing. Crisp and toasty grains, steam exploded to 8 times their normal size, with every food cell broken for quick assimilation. The flavor is like nut meats—vigor food with the lure of a confection.

Served with milk or cream, it makes the ideal dish. The wheat supplies the minerals and the bran; the milk all three vitamines.

Give it to the children every day. Serve as many ways as you can.

Mix with melted butter as a pick-up between meals. Serve with fresh or cooked fruits—and as a garnishment with ice cream.

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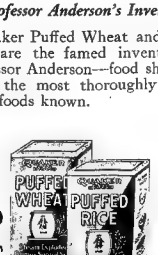

QUAKER PUFFED RICE

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The Temperate Zone

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

He paused, his hand still between the pages of the sketch-book. Suddenly he opened it and glanced down again at the drawing, and then at French.

"Meanwhile—if you really like this thing; you *do*?" He smiled a little incredulously and bent his handsome head to give the leaf a closer look. "Yes, there are his initials; well, that makes it all the more—" He tore out the page and handed it to French. "Do take it," he said. "I wish I had something better of her to give you—but there's literally nothing else; nothing except the beautiful enlarged photograph she had done for me the year we met; and that, of course——"

MRS. PAUL, as French had foreseen she would be, was late at their second appointment; later even than at the first. But what did French care? He could have waited cheerfully for a week in that blatant drawing-room, with such hopes in his bosom and such a treasure already locked up in his portmanteau. And when at last she came she was just as cordial, as voluble, and as unhelpful as ever.

The great difficulty, of course, was that she and her husband were leaving Paris so soon, and that French, for his part, was under orders to return at once to America. "The things I could tell you if we only had the time!" she sighed regretfully. But this left French almost unmoved, for he knew by now how little she had to tell. Still, he had a good many more questions to ask, a good many more dates and facts to get at, than could be crowded into their confused hour over a laden tea-table, with belated parcels perpetually arriving, the telephone ringing, and the maid putting in her head to ask if the orange-and-silver brocade was to go to Biarritz or to be sent straight on with the furs and sports clothes to St. Moritz.

Finally, in the hurried parentheses between these weightier matters, he extracted from her the promise to meet him in Paris in March—March at the latest—and give him a week, a whole week. "It will be so much easier then, of course," she agreed. "It's the deadest season of the year in Paris. There'll be nobody to bother us, and we can really settle down to work—" her lovely eyes almost kindled at the thought—"and I can give you all the papers you need, and tell you everything you want to know."

With that, after all, he had to be content, and could afford to be—now. He rose and prepared to take leave; but suddenly she rose also, a new eagerness waking in her eyes. She moved toward the door with him, but her look detained him there.

"And Donald too; you can get to work with Donald at the same time, can't you?" She smiled on him confidentially. "He's told me that you've promised to help him out with his book—it's so angelically good of you! I do assure you he appreciates it. Perhaps he's a little too modest about his own ability; but still it *is* a terrible burden to have had imposed on him, isn't it? It's been a nightmare to him all these months. Reading all those letters and manuscripts, and deciding— Why don't authors do those things for themselves?" She paused, her smile deepening. "But after all," she concluded, "I understand that you should be willing to take the trouble in return for what he's given you."

French's heart gave a frightened thump: the smile in her eyes had suddenly become too significant.

"What he's given me?" he echoed stupidly.

She laughed. "Do you mean to say you've forgotten already? The portrait of Mrs. Morland—the *only* one, apparently! A signed drawing of Horace's: it's something of a prize, you'll admit. It seems that you and Donald made the discovery together. I can't for the life of me imagine how it ever escaped the dealers. You can fancy how they went through everything—like detectives after finger-prints, I used to say! Poor me—they used to have me out of bed at daylight!" She paused and laughed again, leaning in the doorway in one of her long Artemis attitudes.

French felt his head spinning. He dared not meet her eyes, for fear of discovering in them the unmasked cupidity he fancied he had once before detected there. He felt too sick for any thought but flight; but every nerve in him cried out: "Whatever she says or does, she shall never have back that drawing!"

She said and did nothing; which was even more difficult. It gave him the feeling that if he moved she would move too—with a spring, as if she herself were a detective, and suspected him of having the treasure in his pocket ("Thank God I haven't!" he thought). And she had him so entirely at her mercy, with all the Fingall dates and documents still in her hold; there was nothing he could do but go—pick up the portmanteau with the drawing in it, and fly by the next train if need be!

The idea traversed him in a flash, and then gave way again to the desolating sense of who she was, and what it was that they were maneuvering and watching each other about. That was the worst of all—worse even than giving up the drawing or renouncing the book on Fingall. He felt that he must get away at any cost, rather than prolong their silent duel; and he reached out to the door-knob.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, her hand coming down sharply on his wrist.

"No?"

She shook her head, her eyes still on his. "You're not going like that." Tho she held him playfully her long, fine fingers seemed as strong as steel. "After all, business is business, isn't it? We ordinary mortals who don't live in the clouds among the gods can't afford to give nothing for nothing. *You* don't—so why should I?"

He had never seen her so close before, and as her face hovered over him, so warm, persuasive, confident, he noted in it, with a kind of savage satisfaction, the first faint lines of age.

"So why should I?" she repeated gaily. He stood silent, imprisoned; and she went on, throwing her head back a little, and letting her gaze drop down on him through lowered lashes: "But I know you'll agree with me that it's only fair. After all, Donald has set you the example. He's given you something awfully good in return for the favor you're going to do him—the immense favor. Poor darling—there never was anybody as generous as Donald! Don't be alarmed; I'm not going to ask you for a present on *that* scale." She drew herself up and lifted her lids, as if challenging him. "You'd have difficulty in finding one—anybody would!"

FRENCH was still speechless, bewildered, not daring to think ahead, and all the while resentfully aware that his misery was feeding some obscure springs of mirth in her.

"In return for the equally immense favor I am going to do you—coming back to Paris in March, and giving you a whole week—what are you going to give *me*?" she flung out at him, and then, before he could answer. "Oh, don't look so miserable—don't rack your brains over it! I told you I wasn't grasping—I'm not going to ask anything unattainable. Only, you see—" she paused, her face grown suddenly tender and young again—"you see, Donald wants dreadfully to have a portrait of me, one for his very own, by a painter he really admires; a *thematic*, simply, you see—and what I want is to beg and implore you to ask Jolyesse if he'll do me. I can't ask him *myself*; Horace despised his things, and was always ridiculing him, and he knew it. It's all very well—but, as I used to tell Horace, success means something after all, doesn't it? And no one is more run after than Jolyesse—I hear his prices have doubled. Well, that's a proof, in a way—only it makes it more difficult for poor me, who can't afford him, even if I dared to ask!"

She wrinkled her perfect brows in mock distress. "But if *you* would—an old friend like you—if you'd ask it as a personal favor, and make him see that for the widow of a colleague he ought to make a difference—really a *big* difference!—I'm sure he'd do it. After all, it's not my fault if my husband didn't like his pictures. And I should be so endlessly grateful to you, and so would Donald."

She dropped French's arm and held out both her shining hands to him. "You *will*—you really will? Oh, you dear good man, you!" He had slipped his hands out of hers, but she caught him again, this time not menacingly but exuberantly.

"If you could arrange it for when I'm here in March that would be simply perfect, wouldn't it? You can, you think? Oh, bless you! And mind, he's got to make it a full-length!" she called to him joyfully across the threshold.

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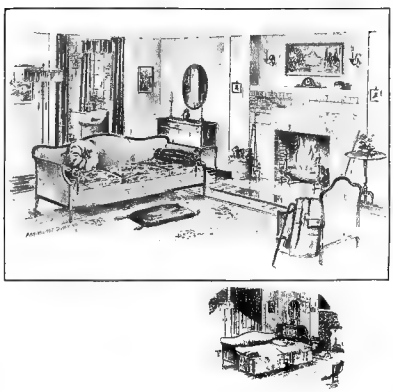

VELVET silence—somewhere a clock ticking a measured cadence. The phone rings—ring-ring—ring-ring-ring!

A voice in the hall: "Yes, this is Holton four one hundred. Who? . . . Frances! Why, Fran, you darling, whenever did you get to town? . . . You say you're at the Ambassador and Jack's with you? . . . Every hotel in town is full? . . . Well, you old goose, why did you even *consider* a hotel? You knew we didn't have a guest room? You're quite right, but we have the loveliest Davenport Bed you ever saw with a real bed in it and -what's that? Room for both of you? Don't be silly, it's a real bed, I tell you, and you'll be just as comfortable as can be. Jump in a taxi and hurry on out, we're dying to see you both!"

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The Man Who Knew Women

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

he responded coldly, and left the room, clearly victor. Still an uncomfortable. There it was, your family again. He rolled bitter thoughts about the impossibility of privacy in family life in his mind.

Almost an entire week passed. On Friday Putty went to the telephone. With difficulty he mastered a slight twitching of the muscles in his hands. He called the well-known number and then barely overcame the impulse to hang up the receiver. He prayed that the line would be busy; that no one would answer; that Mary would be out. Anything to put off the moment of test.

"Hello." Putty's voice seemed to escape in gasps into the mouthpiece. "Hello, Mary. I have to-morrow night off. I'll be around." Agonized lest his voice should rise into a question on the last remark, he was unnecessarily gruff, even stern. It was a very feminine voice which answered:

"All—all right, Putty."

Putty executed several dance-steps and an imaginary cake-walk before he set down the telephone. The first step had succeeded. She was evidently in a docile, a receptive mood. He had proved to her that she was not essential to his happiness—that he could actually struggle along for nearly two weeks without seeing her. Let Hubby play the lap-dog. He would make himself rare and appreciated. But still remained to be done. He must make himself admired as well. While Hubby could win by constant attentiveness, the bestowing of appreciated favors, Putty must stand out as a figure of masculine strength and virility, a man before whom feminine creatures bowed their heads in worship. Putty stood for so long immersed in thought that three impatient motorists lined up in front of his station, and it was not until a fourth arrived, and all four were unified in one concerted honking, that he became suddenly alive.

ONCE more tweed-suited and talcum-powdered, Putty drove up to the Morton door in Little Nell on Saturday evening late in August. The Summer was almost over—in two weeks he would be going back to school. Only two weeks more to see her. The thought pursued him down the long walk, with the fat August moon peering through the apple-trees in the side yard, casting shadows across the plushy grass and up onto the porch, where a dim white form rose to greet him.

"Hello, Mary; how's every little thing?" He must not show his gladness at being here again. She was all in white, sort of a creamy white, soft, woolly sweater, or something, and a white skirt, and around her neck a vivid coral, silky scarf; above it her neck rose slim and straight, and her face looked like a white flower against the darkness of her hair. Even her little feet were in white, sort of sandals, like the barefoot sandals he used to wear when he was a kid. Putty stood on the steps, turning his hat around in his hands.

"Wants go to the country club dance?"

"Oh, Putty, I think that would be lovely! I haven't danced with you for so long. You know what I always said about your dancing."

If he only knew whether this sweetness were especially for him, or whether it was just because she was always so. Was she always sweet to her father and mother like that? Could they her father and mother were, anyway? He thought of her running and getting slippers and his pipe for her father, and his laying his hand on her head and saying, "You are the light of my life, Mary." Some way, old, bald, pudgy Mr. Morton didn't fit into the picture. Horrors! Maybe her family didn't appreciate her.

"I'll have to stop and get some gas on the way." He wondered if she scented his duplicity. He felt rather hot. Before they left he permitted himself just one moment's idiocy.

"Stand still for a minute, Mary. Don't move." His voice became lower. "I want to remember you just like that, with the moonlight shining on your hair. Your hair's so dark and the moonlight's so bright."

THEN he blushed. Heavens, how silly he had been! He hoped she didn't think he was soft. But she didn't seem to mind. Maybe she was used to having fellows getting soft and mushy around her. At the thought of Hubby he grew stern. "All right; let's make it snappy," he commanded. Catching her arm, he rushed her down the steps, along the walk, and, breathless, into the car.

Once at the filling-station all retreat was impossible. Mike, short, stocky, red-haired Mike, Putty's friend and confidant, leaned over the door of the car, transferred a wad of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, eyed Mary appreciatively, and remarked:

"Well, I guess you'll have to give up your jauntin' for the night. My wife's sick and I've got to go home. Been callin' you for a half-hour. That low-down, worthless fellow from the plant that's supposed to be here every Saturday night ain't showed up." From behind Mary's turned head he favored Putty with a horrible wink. "You might initiate the lady here into the mysteries of a filling-station. You'll have a busy night. Saturday—and a moon."

Putty turned to Mary. "Are you game? Will you stay?" At her ready assent his conscience smote him. "It'll be hard work and dirty. All right; hop out."

"Here, put on Mike's rain-coat," Mary was ordered once they were inside the station. "It looks terrible, but I guess it's clean inside. It'll cover up all those white things." The coat was too large for her slim shoulders and almost reached the ground. With it buttoned up to her small chin, her eyes shining, a wisp of dark hair against her cheek, she looked almost like an excited and adorable small boy. She sure was pretty—but there was no time for compliments—he'd been foolish enough for one night. "Here, take off that scarf thing. It'll only get in your way," he ordered huskily.

Putty took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and stepped into his cover-alls, giving directions the while. He explained the intricacies of the cash-drawer and the system of making change.

"I'll say, '$2.15 out of $5,' and go to the next car. You run in, get the bird his change, and give it to him with a sweet smile, so's he'll come back, see? Pretty soon I'll show you about the gas. You ought to be a good help—you've driven everything from Little Nell—to a limousine!" The slight touch of bitterness crept into his voice against his will. He recovered himself, was once more masterful, "All ready? Come on."

In the few minutes they had been talking, cars had lined up in a double row in the driveway outside. Putty removed the gas-cap from the first car.

"How many, sir? Any oil? Pay the lady, please." To Mary, in curtest of tones, "Two-ninety out of ten. Make it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71

A $13,500 Prize for New Authors

TO STIMULATE interest among the younger generation of writers, Pictorial Review has organized jointly with Dodd, Mead & Company, book publishers, and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation a contest for a first novel. The winning novel will be published first as a serial in Pictorial Review and will later appear on the screen and in a book that will be published on a royalty basis by Dodd, Mead & Company. The competition will be open only to writers living in America who have never had a novel published in book form.

Write to the Editor of Pictorial Review for Details

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How More Than a Million Women Have Made Their Hair Beautiful

Why You, Too, Can Have Beautiful Hair, Soft, Silky, Wavy—Full of Life and Lustre

YOU see beautiful hair everywhere to-day. Hair that is softer, silkier, brighter, more charming and more attractive.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it. If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers

The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly — always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly, and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

* * * * * *

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children Fine for men.

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

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418 Pajamas $2.50
371 24" Center 65c
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372 36" Center to match $1.15
366 Infants' Short $1.15
397 4 Yr. $1.15 6 and 8 Yr. $1.25
406 2 and 4 Yr. $1.85
430 35c
419 Gown $2.50
420 Combination to match $1.75
399 4 Yr. $1.75 6 and 8 Yr. $2.00
431 $1.65
392 5 Piece Set $1.25
394 2 to 3 Yr. $1.25
378 Pillow $1.00
377 Scarf to match $1.35
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404 2 to 3 Yr. $1.65

The Grey Package of Quality

The articles in the new Spring line of Royal Society Embroidery Package Outfits are beautiful—so beautiful they will instantly command attention and delight every woman. Behind this visible charm and beauty are faultless workmanship and *quality*—that dependable, value giving quality that always distinguishes Royal Society Needlework Materials from all other similar brands.

It would be impossible to illustrate all the new creations on this page, but the better stores are now showing the full Spring line. Go to your usual dealer and ask to see this exquisite variety of designs

Smart styles, new materials, fashionable colors in beautiful undergarments, alluring negligees, dainty baby clothes, children's dresses and rompers, handsome table runners, lounging cushions, centerpieces, towels, luncheon sets, buffet pieces, boudoir scarfs, etc.

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The Man Who Knew Women

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

snappy." He watched her to be sure it was done correctly. The white-sandaled feet tripped in and out again in an instant. She gave the driver one of her radiant, dark smiles, and the car moved on. Another took its place and another. Putty raced from gasoline-cap to pump, from one side of the driveway to the other, with Mary his constant shadow, until the first rush was over. He heard a driver remonstrate:

"You've cheated yourself, lady." He was down on her in an instant, sternly. "No mistakes, Mary. Check back the change when you give it to him like this —two-ninety and ten is three, and seven is ten. See?" Her brow puckered in concentration.

"I'm awfully sorry I'm so stupid," she said meltingly. At her adorable docility he wanted to stop, to seize her hand, to tell her that she was a peach; but he resisted. He must be supreme—be captain of the ship. No time for fooling.

THE August moon shone on, rising higher in the sky, shedding its white, soft beams on country roads and city streets, and car after car turned into the station for gas, for oil, for water or air. The "fellow from the plant" failed to show up. In an instant's breathing-space Putty showed Mary how to set the gage on the gasoline-pump. "Make 'em take off their own gas-caps," he commanded. "And don't forget this, sell 'em some oil if you can. That's where the money comes from, see? The more oil we sell the bigger hit we make with the boss, see?"

From that time on Putty and Mary worked independently, each on one side of the driveway. Mary had learned rapidly. She handled cars almost as fast as he. What a little pal she was! But he mustn't tell her so. Instead—

"Did you sell that guy any oil? Why not?" There was no softness in his tone. He was the boss, she his assistant.

He lost sight of her for a few minutes, busy with several cars. When he crossed over to her side he found her kneeling in the roadway, her head low, testing a tire for air. In the front seat of the large car a fat, aged woman (he was sure she was at least seventy, altho to a more mature gaze she would have presented the appearance of the late forties) was leaning out, saying:

"Be sure you put in exactly eighty pounds, no more, no less, girlie."

"Here, let me do that, Mary"—he was shocked. The idea of Mary, his Mary, obeying the orders of an old harridan like that and putting air in her tires—"Your clothes—" Then he recovered his loftiness. After all it was part of the job. "You probably don't know how. I'll do it."

"It's just done," she said sweetly, "and it doesn't matter about my clothes. Everything I have on will wash." And after the fat woman had driven off:

"Shouldn't I have done that, Putty? She asked me to," she asked with exquisite softness, her eyes raised trustingly to his. She was almost too demure. He looked at her closely. Could it be that under that demureness she suspected. No, surely not! That was just her natural sweetness. He became condescending again.

"You're doing remarkably well, Mary. Of course you d dn't have to put air in her tires; she had no right to ask you to. But it's just as well to please the customers wherever possible."

Then the telephone rang. Putty answered it, and in a moment was out again.

"Gee whiz, Mary, I'll have to leave you alone for a little. The fellow up at the branch station is having a big night too, and he's out of oil. I'll have to get the truck and take him a couple of barrels. Wouldn't do to lose all the evening's sales. It'll be sort of quiet now, till the late movie and dance rush about eleven. Mind?"

HASTILY he loaded up several barrels of oil and drove away. Just before he turned the corner he looked back. The station was deserted for the moment, and Mary, wrapped in the big rain-coat, looked absurdly small in the doorway. Gee, he hadn't counted on having to leave the station. He oughtn't to leave her alone like this. But, oh, what a good sport she was! He wondered if he were being stern, masculine enough to be properly impressive. The lumbering truck could not be hurried beyond a speed of ten miles an hour. The boy bent over the wheel as tho to urge it to more speed. At last the oil was unloaded, and the return trip made, almost at snail's pace, it seemed to Putty.

When he came in sight of the station again, white in the moonlight, there was one car in front of it. Good. At least she had not been alone. He stopped the truck and jumped down. In the dilapidated touring-car sat a stolid woman, surrounded by sacks of sugar, brooms, a rake, a baby-carriage, packages of all sorts and sizes. Why wasn't Mary waiting on her? She must be inside. But she wasn't. He looked foolishly up at the loft, around the station, behind the door.

"Mary," he called, and again, his voice rising in fear, "Mary."

"Where's Mary?" he demanded indignantly of the woman in front, as tho she were hiding the girl behind one of the brooms in her car. To his amazement she pointed to the ground. And as he looked, a little white foot, scarcely white at all now, but covered with dust and grime, poked its way out from under the automobile. It was followed by a small expanse of white—or formerly white—stocking. Mary—that was Mary—underneath the car.

"Putty," said a smothered voice somewhere near his feet, "is that you?" She says she 'ban' going to meet her husband at Miller's feed-barns, and this 'ban' the first time she ever drove it, and it won't work on the running-board like it should."

The foot disappeared slowly, and then Mary emerged on the other side of the car. Her hair-net was torn over her right ear and a whole section of dark locks had emerged, while the other half remained smooth and neatly netted. She had put on Mike's cotton gloves, found in the pocket of the rain-coat, and in her hand she held a wrench. "I tried to fix it. I thought you'd want me to. It's blocking up the driveway the way it is," she told him sweetly. "And that wouldn't do, because it might interfere with business. Nothing must interfere with business!"

"My husband, he tell me to come to Miller's feed-barns. If I don't get there, he come here for me," remarked the woman casually, and settled herself once more to wait.

"She won't let me call a mechanic because 'he charge something.' Her man come and he know how to fix it," Mary reported.

Putty groaned. "The thing's a perfect tomato-can. It's only about twelve years old. Wonder it didn't fall to pieces on your head. Did you try to crank it?"

"It won't crank," responded Mary. "She actually tried, the little peach," thought Putty. But he only said, "Give me the wrench," and disappeared under the car. Mary went to give gas to a driver who had drawn up on the other side of the driveway. Then she returned. "Can I help?"

"Yes," crisply, "go in and get my search-light out of the right-hand drawer of the desk. Then get down and hold it for me."

MARY complied. She knelt in the dust at his side, turning the light here and there as he ordered, meekly waiting, quick to hand him what he wanted. He was doing his job, and she was helping him. What a thought that was! She was his companion, his helper, his pal. She was so near, and so sweet, and so docile! Once she said, very softly, "You know a lot about machinery, don't you, Putty?"

"Oh, a fellow has to," he responded complacently. "Just hand me those pliers, will you, Mary? No, I said the pliers. There, don't you see 'em? Now get down and hold this search-light just like this." At last Putty crawled out.

"You get in and I'll crank it. As soon as I get a spark, give it some gas, crack, and choke it. There! Choke it! Don't you know what the choker is? Choke it!" They were rewarded by a terrific roar; the woman took her place at the wheel and sailed majestically off. Putty and Mary looked at each other. Some grease had fallen on her hand, and she had smeared it on her face. One side of her hair was almost entirely down.

"How would you like to remember me like this?" she said unexpectedly. Heavens, she was recalling his idiocy of earlier in the evening.

"I haven't time to do any remembering at all, now," he responded loftily.

One more ordeal remained for Mary. Putty felt that he had not tried her far enough. This time he must exact obedi-

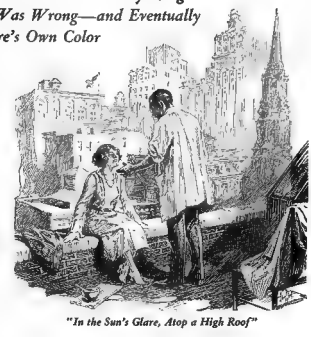
CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

How the One Natural Color for Cheeks Was Found

Day and Night Tests That Told Why Rouge's Familiar Shade Was Wrong—and Eventually Duplicated Nature's Own Color

MOST women now have heard of and ask for the new natural Princess Pat tint which is fast replacing the unsatisfactory, old-fashioned purplish-red rouges. But how many are aware of the peculiarly interesting story of its discovery?

How many know that it is one of the few things that cannot be successfully imitated. A secret ingredient causes Princess Pat to *actually change* color, whereas other's only approximate a "blend."



"In the Sun's Glare, Atop a High Roof"

We are apt to take the most marvelous discoveries of this age as a matter of fact—even one of such importance to the realm of beauty as a tint that's a perfect match for Nature's own artistry! Suddenly science gives the world of women a tint which tinges the cheeks in such a true tone as the very strongest sun's rays, or the weirdest effects of night lighting cannot separate from the underlying flesh tone—and we accept it without thought of how it came to be. Yet behind the simple, single tint which gives any and all complexions a divine and perfectly natural mantle of color is the story of man's indomitable perseverance, two years' ceaseless experiment—over two hundred failures and eventual success.

The search for the perfect tint led a dignified scientist to a cellar's depths —and to the roof of a city's tall sky-scraper. Tint after tint—tone upon tone—were tried in every conceivable light. In the sun's glare, atop a high roof. In the streets below, where the sun's rays filtered through fog and smoke. And in the artificial lights of night —trying lights in which old-fashioned rouges all became the same ghastly, or unlovely purplish red.

"Beneath Trying Artificial Light"

On a patient assistant's cheeks shade after shade was tried. Some of the shades required ingredients from far countries—many were days in the blending. Then, suddenly it happened.

The Tint That Was Tried in Desperation

One morning the scientist used in his mortar one of the rarest ingredients in the laboratory —scarcely one to be thought of in connection with rouge. But he idly applied the unknown hue—a strange orange—on his assistant's cheeks, *and instantly a startling change took place.*

The peculiar orange tint altered subtly to the true tone of the skin beneath! Still doubtful that he had found the one key tint to any complexion—under all conditions—in every light—they hurried to the roof and put the new tint to the severe test of direct sunlight.

The same beautifully diffused, natural color! Down to a darkened room—where neither glaring incandescent lamps nor variously shaded rays of electric light revealed anything but a coloring that appeared Nature's own!

The same day preparations were started to supply the demand that such a discovery was certain to create. Now, this new Princess Pat Tint is an article of standard use.

It enhances the color of countless women who had steadfastly declined to use any of the old-fashioned rouges which are so obvious in even the kindest light.

And there is nothing else even approaching it in results.

Princess Pat Tint is Waterproof

Where the new natural tint is made, further improvements have transpired; a less costly use of the chief ingredient has brought its price within the reach of all; *an* entirely new process *has rendered it absolutely waterproof!*

Even a morning in the surf will not streak it! Princess Pat Tint is not affected by perspiration, so it is worn without concern the day long, or evening through! Yet it vanishes instantly with a touch of cream or use of soap.

On any complexion, remember there is need for only *one shade.* There is no uncertainty of matching; for the one tint is instantaneously transformed to suit any type, blonde, medium or brunette; and this tint may be applied as lightly or as full and deep as you choose with the same perfection of result.

FREE!

Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat Tint to meet all calls for it, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a week's supply —without charge. At no cost to you and without any obligation, your prompt use of coupon below will bring to you Princess Pat new, natural tint.

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The New Natural Tint — *Always Ask for It by Name*

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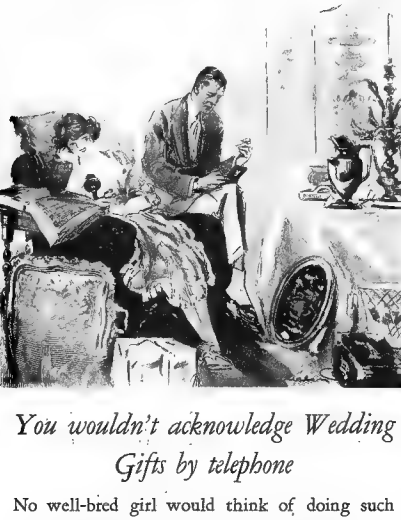


You wouldn't acknowledge Wedding Gifts by telephone

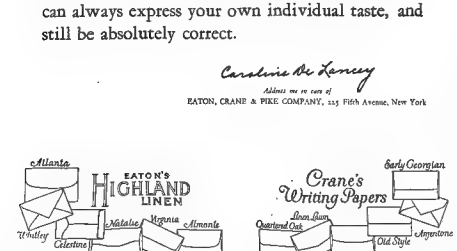
No well-bred girl would think of doing such an outrageous thing. It would be like writing your invitations on a typewriter or sending your maid to make a call. But are you quite sure you are not doing other things that detract from the smart correctness you so strongly desire? *Are you using stationery, for instance, that has no social standing?*

The letters you write are all part of your social life. If they do not show that you know what is correct, they handicap your other efforts. The effect of the smart new gown you wear to a reception may be spoiled by a dowdy letter of acceptance. The impression you make at a house party or dinner may be seriously marred by the "bread-and-butter" letter you write on "the only paper you could find."

A correct, smart, well turned out letter is the mark of good breeding. The right paper for every social usage is easily obtained. At any stationery department you can get Crane's Writing Papers or Eaton's Highland Linen, any of which are beyond criticism. And there is a wide variety of choice in shapes, shades and finishes, so that you can always express your own individual taste, and still be absolutely correct.

Caroline De Lancey

Address me in care of
EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY, 125 Fifth Avenue, New York



Style is a greater social asset than Beauty

The Man Who Knew Women

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

ence. That would show that he was really master.

"Mary, we're completely out of change. We've got a lot of twenties and tens and practically no silver. I won't leave you alone again. You'll have to go down to Myer's drug-store on Main Street and get some change. Take Little Nell."

Mary gasped. Obviously this was a test, indeed.

"But, Putty, I can't go anywhere looking like this—and to Myer's!"

Myer's was the only drug-store of the town which stayed open after eleven o'clock. And it was there that the youth and chivalry of the town gathered nightly. To walk into Myer's with a "date" was the crowning event of an evening. Around the soda-fountain were gathered the dateless youth, the stags. Couples and foursomes were grouped at the tables. Visits were paid, banter was exchanged, wit sparkled.

Unpopular girls dreamed of walking into Myer's with some new and handsome young man. Popular girls retailed the happenings there to their envious friends. To go into Myer's without a date was unthinkable. To go into Myer's with one's hair disheveled, one's nose shiny, was a catastrophe. And for Mary Morton to do both of these things was as cataclysmic as the ruin of Pompeii. Those facts Putty knew well. But——

"Fix up your hair a bit and wash your face, and you'll be all right. See, you're almost clean when you take off your rain-coat."

"Putty, you're perfectly horrid. I won't go!"

He held his ground and eyed her sternly, altho within his heart there were quakings.

"Mary, you said you'd help me. I can't leave you alone here, with the rush beginning. It's—it's part of the job, Mary."

She hesitated. And then, almost to his surprise, she agreed. "I'll go. Give me the bills."

LONG will be remembered among the youth of the town the night when Mary Morton, looking "pretty as a witch" and "mad as hornet," walked into Myer's at eleven o'clock in the evening. Her white shoes were dirty, her stockings as well. Her hair was disheveled and her nose shiny. A long streak of some dark substance adorned the side of her skirt. With her eyes straight to the front and her head held high she marched to the cashier's desk. "Give me twenty in ones and ten in silver," she was heard to say. And then, with her head still high, without a greeting exchanged, she walked out.

Putty was almost alarmed by the quietness with which she handed the change. But the last mad rush was upon them and they worked furiously until closing time. Putty switched off the lights over the driveway, locked the cash-drawer, and put things in order for the night.

"Gee, Mary, we've made a record tonight with our oil sales. I guess that'll look pretty good when the inspectors come around next week. And you were a pretty good little helper," he added condescendingly.

She looked at him silently for a moment, and then turned her face away, leaning against the wall. Heavens, she must be crying. He had been too stern, too severe. He went over and touched her shoulder awkwardly. He had succeeded; he had properly impressed her; now he must comfort her. All of his understanding of women must come to his aid. He could afford to lay aside his mantle of lordliness and be kind to her.

AT HIS touch she looked up; and Putty's world crashed, for she was laughing. He could hardly believe that he heard correctly the words which poured forth.

"Oh, Putty, you've been so funny. So pompous and so lordly." She broke into another uncontrollable peal of mirth. "At first I was angry. And then I didn't mean to say anything about it—but—I couldn't help it. For two weeks you've been so funny—and to-night, with your 'Do this' and 'Do that.'" And then unexpectedly her hand reached out and found his. "But I didn't care—because I'm tired of Hubby McGrew—he's a perfect cake-eater—and anyhow," almost inaudibly, "I always did like you best."

Putty felt somehow as tho he were drowning. But there was that little hand stretched out to him. That he should not offer, but must accept, the olive-branch was incomprehensible; bitter-sweet tho it was, he clutched at it, however. Not as a lord of creation, but as a humble supplicant, he found himself saying, even pleading, in his abasement:

"Mary, promise me that you won't date any more with Hubby this Summer, please; won't you, Mary? Promise me that you'll date only with me."

And at her low-voiced assent he found courage to say, but still more stumblingly:

"And, Mary, will you come down to school for the home-coming game? Because, Mary, I've only got my pledge-pin now, but I'll have my fraternity-pin then—Mary"

Somehow she must have agreed. For later, when they were on their way home in Little Nell, he saw on the side of her face a streak of oil, which could only have come when her head rested against his shoulder, regardless of his grease-stained cover-alls. And after he had lingeringly left her at her door, he permitted himself the reflection, for one instant, that perhaps he didn't understand women entirely, but after all what did it matter, if things came out the same in the end?

By dinner-time the next night, however, Putty was quite himself again.

He pushed back his plate (after his second serving of peach shortcake) and drawled to his family, "Well, friends and assembled relatives, Mary has broken all her dates with Hubby McGrew for the rest of the Summer and isn't going to have dates with any one but me. And she's coming down to school for the home-coming game." Flattered and pleased by the impressed silence of his family, he added:

"I tried my system on her and it worked. You see it's easy. You just have to know women"

Children in the Market-Place

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

northern Europe. Those who were present at the hearings of the Senate committee will hold in vivid remembrance the earnest, able, handsome young woman who spoke for the School-room Teachers' Association and who brought to the committee's notice the coincidence of child labor, illiteracy, and a high death-rate. It is in precisely those States which have done nothing, or which have done the least to protect the children, that illiteracy is most prevalent and the death-rate is highest.

And it is not only the children who suffer; nor is it alone the States refusing them protection which suffer. The whole Union suffers. In a democracy like ours the strong suffer by reason of the weak and the literate by reason of the ignorant. For in proportion as some little citizens are denied the opportunity to qualify themselves for citizenship, and to bear their share of the burden of citizenship, so is the burden of the others heavier. Obviously, a child robbed of its play, and denied its schooling, is refused the physical and mental development necessary to guarantee to it the free pursuit of happiness and the untrammeled enjoyment of life and liberty. If it be denied the full privileges of an American citizen, so likewise is it handicapped in its assumption of the obligations of a citizen.

Child labor is inconsistent with a system of education free, universal, and compulsory. It is at once the cause and the result of ignorance and of poverty. With the help of the women of this land we purpose to make an end to it. There are none—not even the children—to whom the exploitation of childhood can be so abhorrent and can appear as it is, so terribly destructive of the future happiness of the country, as to its women. This is a summons to the women to help us in this struggle to save the children. When we have done our work it will no longer be possible to buy or sell the birthright of any child in this land.

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THE INVISIBLE BEDROOM

ONLY a blustery snowstorm when your dinner guests arrived. But now, with midnight coming near, a hasty glance through the window reveals a swirling blizzard outside, a street bare of traffic, a city snowed in. Not a taxi to be had. Nothing to do but stay the night.

How fortunate it is that you have provided, in your limited space, for just such an emergency as this! True, you have no guest room. But here, in this soft-lighted, exquisitely appointed living room is hidden a wonderfully comfortable bed.

Your guests never dreamed, as they voiced their approval of your charming furnishings, that the Kroehler Davenport, which gave such a subtle air of distinction to the room, served another purpose. They saw in it only a beautiful piece of living room furniture—lovely of line, subdued of coloring, richly upholstered. Its low, wide seat, its deep, soft cushions inviting to quiet ease.

Yet, with a single, easy motion it opens, revealing a roomy, welcoming bed—deep-springed, thick-mattressed. Covers, hidden all day beneath the davenport seat, are all smoothly in place.

Could you find a more graceful solution for the problem of living in limited quarters than the Kroehler Davenport Bed? Could you, in any other way, keep intact the beauty of your living room and obtain the convenience of an extra bedroom, without its cost and care?

There are overstuffed and period designs, with matching armchairs; upholstered in silk damask, tapestry, mohair, Chase Velmo or Baker Cut Pattern Velour, in leather or in Chase Leatherwove.

Prices meet any requirement. Leading furniture dealers everywhere sell them for cash or on easy payments. Be sure the Kroehler name plate is on the back. Mail the coupon below for our booklet and the nearest dealer's name.

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SEND NO MONEY

Send your foot measure and the coupon below. Test it without risk

PAINS IN THE ANKLE, CALF AND SHIN
PAINS IN HEEL
PAINS AND CRAMPING IN REAR OF TOES
PAINFUL CRAMPING OF TOES
PAINS AND TENDERNESS UNDER INSTEP
SPREADING HERE CAUSES BUNION
PAINFUL CALLOUSES ON BALL OF FOOT
"HERE'S THE PAY-OFF"

Study this chart. It shows where foot and leg troubles that to weak arches are felt. If you have foot or leg pains, tired, burning sensations of the feet, make this test without risk or obligation.

Foot and Leg Pains Go In Ten Minutes

This New Scientific Way—We Guarantee Quick Relief

More than ninety per cent of women have foot trouble. Practically all of them suffer needlessly. We guarantee to stop those foot and leg pains due to weak arches in ten minutes. If our method fails it costs you nothing. So it were folly not to make the test.

What we say to you we have worked over 5 years gaining the right to say. Over a million foot sufferers have gained this delightful relief. Now they can walk, run, dance, jump, enjoy outdoor sports, without a foot pain or ache.

So if walking or standing is painful, if your feet tire and ache, or burn, don't hesitate to make this test.

New Scientific Principles

Arch troubles are responsible for practically all foot troubles. Weak arches—science has found — are due to overstrain to a set of muscles in the front of the foot.

So science has found a method of relieving this trouble, so simply and easily that it is almost incredible.

A light, super-elastic band is worn around the instep. It slips on or off as easily as a garter. Its function is to take the strain off the weakened muscles. Ten minutes after you have put it on the pain vanishes—like magic. Toes, instep, arch, heel, ankle, feel the joy of complete relief. Your step becomes springy, strong, youthful.

Don't Suffer Any Longer

Why suffer when it is so easy to be freed of those agonizing pains? And think! No stiff metal plates, no rigid arch props, no ungainly pads. But a thin band that you wear without consciousness of its presence. Light, cool, porous.

This is the Jung Arch Brace that has taught hundreds of thousands the joys of renewed foot vigor and happiness. Its success has been phenomenal. It acts naturally—just a little outside help to nature in restoring weakened arches to normal. You notice the result instantly, and soon you can discard the braces entirely. Physicians know this and recommend Jung Arch Braces. If in doubt ask your doctor.

Test Them Without Risk

To test them, go today to any chiropodist, shoe dealer or druggist and be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Wear them a few days. If not relieved return them and your money will be cheerfully refunded—so you assume no risk. If your dealer can't supply them write to us.

Send Coupon and Measurement

Measure around the smallest part of the instep, with strip of paper ½ inch wide, just back of the toes where forward end of brace is shown in the chart. Mail us measurement with coupon properly filled out. We will send you a pair of Jung Arch Braces ("Wonder" style) to fit you. You pay postman $1 and postage. Or send $1 and we will prepay postage. If not delighted return the braces and we will return your money. No risk. No obligation.

(Miracle style) extra wide for long or heavy feet and severe cases, $1.50 per pair.

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☐ Wonder style $1.00 per pair ☐ Miracle style $1.50 per pair.

On receipt of package, I will pay postman the above price and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. Please send free book on "Cause and Correction of Foot Troubles."

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I wear size ..... Shoe ..... Width or last
My dealer is .....

The Sword and the Sunburst

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

impotence of fate too powerful for him to master.

"Princess, I can not risk the General's anger if we disobey his orders. There is truce to-day. It is the Jewish Sabbath. The Emperor is for mercy and letting famine force surrender. We have the city hemmed on every side. They must surrender, or starve. But the army will not hear of another day's delay! It will hurt our Emperor's prestige! If the Jews surrender not to-night, neither old nor young, nor man nor woman, shall escape the sword; and when the sword is dulled of slaughter all others will be sold as slaves. The General and his young lieutenant, Trajan, are in the turrets of Antonia's tower next to the Temple. Till victory perches on his eagle, Titus does not know that woman exists; and if he did he'd bid his soldiers knock her on the head!"

"Bah," she laughed. "You know not woman's power on man."

"But this is no man—Titus is iron, my sister—I occupy his tent alone! Not one night for seven months has he slept in his bed, or known rest, or taken off his armor. He is soldier now, and not lover dangling on a woman's whim. Last night we mined from Antonia's tower under the Holy of Holies, and if the Jews do not surrender this eventide, we break through. The orders are to slay and slay. The Jews suspect. They must have heard our pickaxes below the Temple. Their soldiers crowd all the upper galleries to pour down boiling pitch and set fire if we enter.

"Our spies tell us even now these swine Zealots lie in stupor drunk with the holy wine mixed with Roman blood all over the sacred floor. One, son of Lazarus of Bethany, escaped from the walls by rope last night, and told us the rotting dead pile the streets, and the living pace pale shadows faint from famine."

Sister and brother paused and gazed desperately into each other's eyes.

"There is no hope but to trust the Roman Emperor's mercy," repeated King Agrippa.

"Rome's mercy!" Princess Bernice laughed, and her voice was hard as sword striking metal. "Sheep for hungry wolves! Would Herod Great have hesitated and whined to the wolves, my brother?"

"Herod Great dealt not with Titus. He dealt with a cringing Senate. This Titus is a man."

"Then, if he is man, I—am—woman. Know you what that means? Take me to Titus, tho we wade in blood! Be not less than man, yourself! Do you think I'll fail with him because he is a man? I have had two weak Kings for husbands! Now I aim at an Emperor."

"Bernice—are you mad? Do you know the price you'll have to pay?"

"Price? Fool!" she scouted. "Do I know the price I've paid to man since I was a little child? This time I'll be paid for what I barter if I have to cut his throat in sleep."

"Woman—" he threw his hand across her lips. "You risk both our lives with your mad talk."

SHE drew his hand from her lips and kissed it as she flung back.

"Who go in as spies, Brother?" she pressed.

"You would not have the royal line of the Herods creep into their kingdom, spies!" he wavered; and in his wavering she saw the triumph of her old power and laughed.

"I would have the royal Herod line creep through the fires of Hades to grasp a real kingdom instead of this shadow of Rome's leavings," she answered. "Go to the towers of Antonia and get Titus's permission! Tell him you have found a woman of the High Priest caste to act as spy. Tell him she will take refuge in Mariamne's Palace of the Herod towers—tell him to give her pass to the remnant of the Roman garrison there! Tell him she will throw over the walls each day from the dove-cots of the Queen's tower news of all that passes within." She clapped her hands. The old Idumean came stiffly in.

"Julius, follow King Agrippa up to Antonia's tower! Take your station where the Roman sappers have mined the wall. Bide there till I send you word by page lad! Sharp your short sword as you wait and get a helmet that will meet your breastplate at the neck! Be sure to protect your neck—you've only one! When the lad comes ask no questions! Leap through into the Temple and lift the pavement of the floor before the altar into the aqueduct. Drop the lad through below! Then escape for your life. If you succeed, you shall have free farm and pension all your life. If you fail, your tongue shall be torn out!"

She smiled joyously as the old Idumean went out; and then she bade King Agrippa get her the garments of his page boy.

TOWARD the tenth hour of the stone dial in front of the Imperial tent a page lad walked out, following King Agrippa. He wore a cloak, and his turban cap came down over his ears.

All the terraced gardens below the outer walls had been cut to the roots. Palm and cactus and hedge and olive-trees had gone to build the huge hurdles on which the idle battering-rams stood suspended. Just once the page paused and swayed. That was where the Romans had torn down the first and second walls of the Holy City. On the angle of a projecting bastion on the inner third wall, where those on the parapet above could see, swung the rotting skeletons of five hundred Jews, hanging by their spiked hands. Their loose garments blew to the wind and the ravens still circled above the features, blackening skulls.

But for the croaking of these birds the silence was of an awfulness that was stabbed by very footfall. Once or twice the page saw gaunt figures on the wall top appear like fantoms and toss naked dead over to the burning moats below. A quick catch of breath broke from the lad. King Agrippa looked sharply back, but did not pause. Javelins, darts, broken arrows, bent spears, crumpled shields littered the dust where gardens had once terraced the hills. The ground was hot beneath the page's sandals as tho seethed in flame.

They vaulted the clutter of crumbled stones in the lowest story of Antonia's tower where its east wall joined the Temple. Where the broken wall was plugged by plank and bag the Roman guards stood silent. The King raised his right hand. The old Idumean came forward so swathed in sheet of mail and leggings of chain greaves he could scarce be recognized. In his right hand he carried a long sword, in his left the short, circular dirk. Not a word was uttered.

The old soldier, disguised as a Zealot, moved forward and pulled some bagging from the hole in the wall. Head first, then right leg, he stepped through the breach. With frantic look of appeal the page glanced back at the pale face of King Agrippa. Then he followed the old guard through the break, and the Romans stuffed the bagging and plank back in place.

They were inside the sanctuary of the Holy Place.

The silence was of a tomb. Gone was the golden altar. Gone were golden cherubim and seraphim. Gone were the golden candlesticks in mystic sevens. Gone were the great golden basins and the brass brazier in which the priests had burned sacrifices for the people's sins from the days of Solomon. Gone were the cunningly wrought tapestries of Damascus and Babylon in woven gold and blue and purple and scarlet. Ax and sword had hacked the sheathing of gold and silver from the pillars. And where were the mystic treasure-boxes in which the Jews had hoarded the offerings of the faithful through the fateful centuries? The Romans had melted these treasures long centuries ago; but they had left the treasure-chests. So had Antiochus of the north; but even he could not destroy those great iron boxes, tho he had offered swine upon that vanished altar.

Again the page swayed as faint; for sprawled on the pavement floor lay drunken ruffians in the dead sleep of debauch. With sword in one hand and the golden cups of the altar service in the other they slept on a floor thickening with human blood. A slight tremor ran through the Temple. The pavement seemed to heave and sink. The great golden gate to the east—ninety feet it was in height—swung open as of unseen hands flooding the horror with a burst of sunlight. The page covered his face. Was this the crumbling kingdom of reality for which one grasped?

Julius, the old Idumean, with one eye gleaming through his vizor on the swinish forms asleep and his long sword in his right hand, was prying with the dirk in his left to hoist the stone that gave secret

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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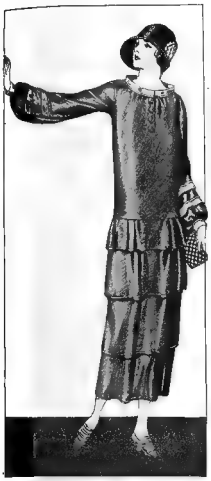
A New Style Book! Brimming with the very Styles that New York Shops are showing!



One of the loveliest modes of the new season. A distinctive "National" adaptation of a Paris Motif that is very charming in the slender lines the new bellless model gives it. Notice the new Bishop sleeves, the modish Chinese neckband and the three-tiered skirt. Made of all-silk Canton Crepe.

If you had all the New York newspapers coming to your home every morning and watched all the daily style offerings of New York's fine stores, it is doubtful if you'd see more of the styles New York's fashionable women are wearing than you'll find in the pages of the "National" Style Book for Spring.

This wonderful book is just ready for your eyes. And it is brimming over with the very styles that New York shops are showing. Since the day our style correspondence from London and Paris gave us the earliest hints of what the new styles were to be, "National" Style Experts have been watching every new tendency.

All the New Styles!

We have been style specialists for 35 years, all of that time right here in New York, so you can imagine how easy it is for us to see the new style ideas far in advance. And we have seen *all* that are worthy—inspected hundreds of styles—and brought together in the new "National" Money-Saving Style Book for Spring and Summer what we believe you will say is the finest revue of New York's *good* styles you have ever seen.

Write for your copy *now*!

Your "NATIONAL" BOOK of the New SPRING STYLES is READY! One copy is YOURS—Free!

We think it is the most complete showing of New York styles we have issued in all of our 35 years of business! 324 pages—profusely illustrated—many in colors, parade Fifth Avenue styles before your very eyes. Yet it is packed so full of wonderful values that every time you open it, you'll SAVE money!

Remember, of course, that however much or little you wish to pay, there's a "National" price that will satisfy you. Women's Coats, for instance, range from $5.98 to $35. Women's Silk Dresses, $7.98 to $25. Girls' Coats, $3.98 to $9.98. Men's All-wool Suits, $13.98 to $26.98. Shoes, $1.00 to $6.98. Boys' Wash and Woolen Suits, 69c to $14.50. Girls' Dresses, $1.00 to $6.98. Millinery, 79c to $6.98. Think how much you can save on this Spring's wardrobe at "National" prices!

And you can shop so quickly, so satisfactorily, too, at the "National." Our reputation for *Service* is just as great as our reputation for style.

We have established two Homes of Service!—two *great* stores: one in New York City and one in Kansas City—so that no matter where you live in the United States, you can reach us very quickly by mail. Both "National" Stores have exactly the same Style Book, exactly the same New York styles at exactly the same Money-Saving prices.

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Know the New York styles at the opening of the season. Simply say you want Style Book 71 and it will come, without charge.

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Shopping in the "National" Money-Saving Style Book is made vastly more delightful by the fact that you can buy your whole family's wearing apparel from its pages. Everything for the children, whatever age they are. Everything for men. And all are stylish, all are wonderful VALUES, such as only "National's" long experience in buying and tremendous volume can make possible.

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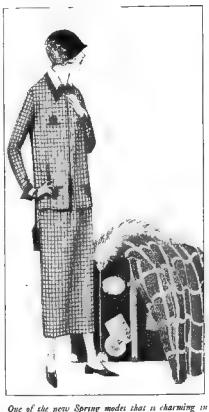

One of the new Spring modes that is charming in its straight-lined simplicity is this new All-wool Novelty Check Suit, which will be the vogue this Spring for sport wear.

Women who order this handsome suit will quickly realize when they see its unmistakable style, and feel its durable, long-wearing materials, why the "National" makes your dollars bigger! "National" VALUES are famous.

National Cloak & Suit Co.,

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Or decaying food between the teeth.

Or affected teeth or gums

Or a stomach disorder. Or certain foods or drinks.

Consider what a spring-like breath adds to all other charms. And how a bad breath destroys them.

Don't use a mere perfume to hide one odor with another. That suggests concealment.

May Breath combats the odor, whether from the mouth or stomach. It is an antiseptic mouth wash made into tablet form.

It both purifies and deodorizes. It brings to the breath the odor of purity, and at once. In the stomach it also acts as an aid to digestion.

Dainty people everywhere now carry May Breath with them. They eat a tablet whenever needed, and in every contact they are safe.

You will always do this when you know. Let us buy a box to show you what it means. Cut out the coupon and present it at your store.

Start now to end this grave offense.

May Breath is candy tablets, designed to deodorize both the mouth and stomach. Not a mere perfume, but an antiseptic purifier. Carry it with you.

One tablet
Before dancing kills the odor of cigars.

When you talk
Let a May Breath Tablet guard against offense.

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Be as careful of breath odors as you are with friends.

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GOOD FOR A 10c BOX

Present this coupon to any druggist or drug department for a 10c box of May Breath free. He will charge to us.

All leading druggists now have May Breath. If your druggist fails you, send coupon to us. Only one box to a family.

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MAY BREATH COMPANY
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The Sword and the Sunburst

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

drop to the dry aqueduct below. The stone lifted as on hinges. The old Idumean laid down his right-hand sword, grasped the page by the neck, and had signaled him to catch the edge of the black hole for the drop, when either the tremor of the earthquake or the flood of sunburst from the golden gate disturbed the sleepers.

"Down, you tricky vixen of hell," the old Idumean hissed, "and hang there by your hands till Rome doth rot!"

But the Princess had thrust up one arm and had caught the descending trap-door with her palm while she hung suspended by her right hand from the edge. The noise had roused the sleepers. They were on the old Idumean with a fiendish howl. She saw him snatch at his long sword, miss it, leap back and strike out with his short dirk. The iron-shod boot slipped on the bloody floor. He fell with a crash of armor on stone. They sprang on his outstretched arms, his mail-clad legs, his metal breastplate, hacking at the chain thighs with their weapons.

He shoved his chin down to meet the breastplate and save his neck from their spears. Then a great sword crashed down. His metal head-piece went bounding over the floor with a gush of livid blood. Her hand-hold gave from the edge of the trap-door. The stone slipped back to its place, and she dropped to the dark bottom of the aqueduct.

IT WAS black as night. She paused to think which way was west. Which way lay the Herod Palace? Had she turned as she swung on the edge of the trap-door—and dropped?

By the feel of her feet the stone footing beneath was descending. That, she knew must be wrong; for the dry aqueduct was used to flush water from the altar and wash the wools at the palace west. She turned. The aqueduct ascended. That must be right, for waters do not flow up; and she fled through the dark like a demon. Was this the price she must pay for a kingdom of which not one stone would be left upon another by sunrise if the Jews did not surrender that very day to Rome? Fool! Judea was lost. It was at Rome she aimed.

Her foot tripped. 'Twas but the plundered gold of the Temple chests, she knew by the rattle of coin on stone; and she sped on through the dark. Then an odor—like no other odor on earth—struck her in the face. It was the odor of those long dead in damp. She swayed faint against the circular arch of the aqueduct, and like a flash in the night came memory of the tales of long ago—these were the High Priests that Herodias's lord had spurred to crucify the Christus of the Nazarenes.

Her breath came in gasps. Was she to perish here haunted forever by that Christian cross, which the line of Herods had risked all to destroy in order to perpetuate a crumbling kingdom? Her sandal touched a soft and naked thing. She leaped over it, a tangled mass of unseen putrid flesh and ran till her forward right hand touched the bronze gate beneath the towers of Herod's Palace.

Three raps she gave, and then four, in the mystic number of the Hebrew seven. It was the Roman pass to deceive the Jews in their own mystic number. No answering sound came back.

SHE rapped again, three—then four—louder and yet louder, and could hear her own muffled heart-beats in the dark.

Had the old Idumean, whom she had tricked, perished, trapping her in revenge? Her pulses throbbed till she thought her temples would burst; and she saw as in colored fires the bloody head of the Hermit John, who had haunted Herodias to madness; the ghostly wraith of Mariamne, Herod's murdered wife; the face of the Nazarene, James, whom her own Herod husband had ordered stoned to death—then circles of fire went whirling before her eyes and in the circles a fiery cross with the crucified figure of that Son of Man. She screamed and beat on the bronze door with her hands

It seemed a century before seven faint raps sounded back from the other side.

She rapped again frantically, beating with her clenched fist and screaming, "'Tis I—Princess Bernice—open—open—open—the doors! For the love of God, open the doors!"

Then she sank to her knees, with the fiery circles whirling in her dying consciousness. The bronze door creaked, and rasped, and swung open. A Roman soldier was with hunger stood in the dim light. He fell back as if from ghost and would have clashed the bronze door shut; but she thrust the pass from Titus into his hand and fainted on the threshold at his feet.

MUST a woman ever pass through the portals of hell to gain her end?

She risked her mother's life in gaining birth. She risked her own in giving birth. Why was woman thus accursed? Was there no redemptive power in all the long chain of circumstance to free her from the penalty of grasping at the tree of life? What was life? 'Twas life she had snatched at, and lo—a flaming sword of fire—circles of fire, and in the center ever the cross of a crucified love. Then in her delirium, Onesimus, her lover, was bending over her in the Garden of Ardath, the Paradise of Flowers; and every flower was a child's soul; and through her veins ran a flame that did not burn but was of the very essence of light; and at her feet lay no Dead Sea of tears, but the laughing, glad voice of many waters, the rivers of life. And all vesture was of the light of the very sun.

The flame was no longer a fiery sword—it was golden light; and her lover was trying to tell her that light was love, golden as the dawn over the swimming mountains of Moab—over which they, two, seemed mounting in chariots of fire—when an unseen hand, white as fuller's earth, snatched them from her—and she was falling—falling—falling—sinking with the dead weight of her humanity straight to that Dead Sea of tears. The laughter now was not the glad voice of many waters—it was the shrieking mockery of the Roman world She was marching with ball on feet and gyves on wrists under the Triumphal Arch of Rome; and all Rome was pointing fingers of scorn at the naked captive daughter of the Herod Kings; and the rabble dogs were snapping at the captive lines. She awakened with a piercing scream.

WAS she living or dead?. She was past caring. Let fate do its worst. She looked up. Slowly she recognized one of the Palace chambers of Mariamne's tower where she had played as a child and plotted as a woman. She had drunk of the wine of life in that very tower; and were these the lees of the wine, that at last would sting as a serpent? She sat up on her couch. Beside her stood the pale Roman soldier of the garrison and an aged Jewess. A midlife man stood in the chamber door. An aged and venerable figure looked over his shoulder. One who seemed physician was pressing a brew to her lips.

"Who are these people?" she whispered faintly.

"Fear not, Daughter," gently answered the aged woman. "We are Nazarenes, followers of the Christ. It is no poison that Luke, the physician, would give you! He, too, is a follower of the Nazarene, tho he is a Greek. I am the mother of Mark, who has ever dwelt in Jerusalem. The aged Apostle is Matthew, who used to gather taxes for the Romans."

Strange, she felt no fear if they were Nazarenes. She drank and sank back. The potion cleared her brain; and the air blowing through the open windows of the turret cleared her breath of the awful odor of death and blood.

"Why do you call me daughter?" she whispered back.

And then she felt her hair, which had fallen about her neck as she fled through the aqueduct.

"Because Matthew here recognized you as King Agrippa's sister. What word of the Roman army? Will they win the last wall to-day? When we let down the baskets for food last night, the Zealots threw pitch-bags and burned the ropes. We dare no longer venture out on the Palace parapet. They shoot fire-arrows. And not one of us will leave the others. Whether we live, or whether we die, it is nothing, Daughter! The Zealots may slay the body. They can not slay the soul. But what tempted you to come through the aqueduct, child? Is to-day the end?"

For answer she tilted her trumpets blew from turret and tower, from hill and plain, from cavern and grotto. The group rushed from the chamber for the turret window.

"Bear my cot to the window," Bernice

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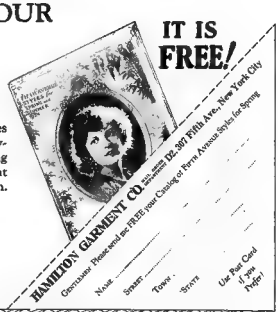
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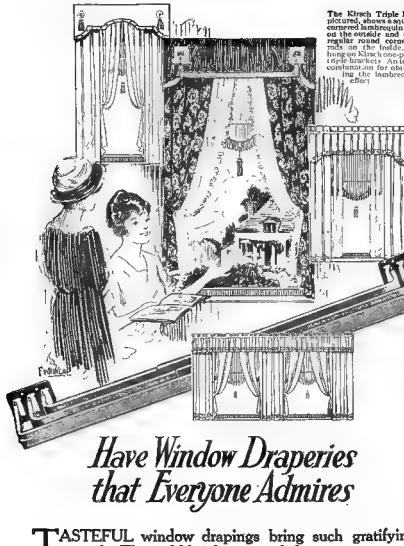
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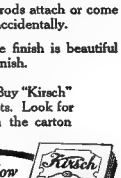

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The Sword and the Sunburst

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

commanded, the old imperiousness of a Princess surging back into her consciousness.

Down seventy feet from the turret window to the plain where the Roman legions had mustered they gazed and saw first Titus, the Emperor's son, on a black stallion; then Trajan, his young officer, on a white horse; then her brother, King Agrippa, on a low Arab fawn-colored steed, all in trappings of brass, with silver shields ashant the horses' shoulders, then the standard bearers with the Roman eagle in gold; then the pikemen, clad all in mail, with their long lances like fields of wheat; then the horsemen in darker mail, with lances aslant like knives moving in rank; then the great engines of war, that moved on wheels like erect walls, then the Macedonian mercenaries on foot—six- and seven-rank deep they wheeled and marched and countermarched, while one Josephus rode on a white charger up to the walls shouting out, "Why would they die and not surrender to the clemency of Rome?"

The cowed populace answered never a word, but the Zealots and swordsmen swarmed to the broad tops of the walls with hoots of derision. Stones rained down on the enemy for peace. They hissed his words with shameless insults and threw a naked putrid body in his face.

The wild warrior blood of her Herod Arab ancestors surged through Bernice's veins. She knew then the urge that had driven her through the aqueduct. She could have leaped from the walls to join the Romans down there fighting in carnival of blood had she been man. She knew she was a rebel against fate; but had not Herod the Great been a rebel, too, till he mastered fate and made himself the King? She tore her purple girdle from her waist and waved it at the conquerors from the turret window.

THE Roman trumpets faded in fainter echo. The marchers and countermarchers encircled the city in a ring of swords. Bernice from the tower saw that the hired Macedonian mercenaries had been thrust forward first. She knew what that meant—there would be no mercy. Those not slain would be sold as slaves, the men for the mines, the women for what? Was this the kingdom for which she grasped? A silence fell for a moment on the terrific confused clamor within the city. A melancholy wail of woe came up from the central valley between Temple and Palace, and some madman's maniacal scream resounded from the parapets to the tower: "Woe—woe—woe is Jerusalem! How is that great Babylon drunk with the blood of the prophets fallen! Jerusalem shall fall this day! There shall not be left one stone upon another."

"Were not those the very words of our Lord when you admired the beauty of the Temple?" asked Mark. "Peter bade me to put that in his gospel of our Lord's life."

"So every disciple has related to me and so I have written in His life for the Greek churches of Asia," answered the physician, Luke.

"And we thought He had come to set up an earthly kingdom in this Temple," said the venerable Matthew. "And now we know it is a kingdom not made with hands and that this earthly kingdom shall vanish quite away for a new heaven and a new earth. This is the passing of the old. These are the birth-pangs to the new. Let us read what the scrolls of the prophets have said."

And the three Apostles withdrew to a circular brass table in the middle of the tower. On the brass table were carved the signs of the zodiac and the time of day pointed by an arrow as the outer sun swung round, but the Princess Bernice had no thought for what the scrolls of the prophets might say. An ancient urge was in her blood, old as those stars from which the astrologers had cast the horoscope of fate in the signs of the zodiac. How could she serve the Emperor and gain a foothold to an earthly throne? She had said she would wade through the blood of the living or trample the putrid dead; and she had so acted.

A lull fell like the silence between the crash of two monster ocean billows. It was almost eventide, the end of the Jewish Sabbath; and the mountains were being folded in purple mantles like royal Kings at rest, when the voices of those in the other room caught her ear. Luke was speaking and pointing to the signs of the zodiac.

"You thought He spoke of time when He spoke of eternity. Here is the zodiac of Egypt and Chaldea. Here is their prophecy, when the star brought the Persian magi to the Bethlehem manger."

Bethlehem? She hated the very name of Bethlehem. Had not her aunt Herodias often told her the evil destiny of the Herods dated from the massacre of infants there? Then she remembered that the door from the hideous horrors of the aqueduct had only opened when she called out to them in the Love of God. What was this new thing coming in the war of worlds for power? But the reading of the ancient scrolls went on.

"Here is Taurus, the Bull, worshiped by Egypt and Chaldea, which Abraham fled. Here are the Sun-worshipers, when Israel burnt her sons upon the walls. Here is the Virgin, Mother of a Child in flesh to reveal God in form to man. Here is Pisces, the Fisher, and when our Christians fled from Nero's sword in Rome they used the Fisher sign to know one another. Christ said, 'I make you fishers of men'; and we knew not what He meant. The fall of Jerusalem is the fulfilment of our age. After our age when the sword shall give place to sunburst comes the age of air and water and freedom with much going to and fro beyond the isles of the sea to nations not yet born."

"READ from our own prophets and not from the astrologers of Chaldea and Egypt," requested the aged Matthew. "Why have these evils fallen on the City of Zion?"

Mark, the youngest of the three, took up a cylinder of brass. From it he drew a parchment scroll written in Hebrew and rolled round a rod. "Here, Luke, you are a doctor of learning. You read the Hebrew—the tongue we Hebrews have not spoken since captive days in Babylon."

Luke took the scroll and read in the dimming light.

"Thus saith Jeremy," he said, slowly translating in a patois of Aramaic and tradesman Greek. "Behold—our reproach—our inheritance is turned to strangers—our house to aliens. We are orphans and fatherless. . . . Servants have ruled over us . . . there is none that doth deliver out of their hand . . . we got our bread by the peril of our lives because of the sword . . . our skin is black because of the famine . . . they ravish the women of Zion and the maids in the cities . . . princes are hanged by their hands . . . the Mountain of Zion is desolate. . . .

"That is for this age," broke in Matthew. "We shall see the fulfilment of that to-night, but what of the ages when the time of the sword has passed? What says Ezekiel of the nations of the north beyond the isles of the sea? What says he of the age of freedom? What says he of the age of the air? When the sword has given place to sunburst? What meant our Lord when He said greater miracles than He worked should the world see before the end of time? What signs will foreshadow a new heaven and a new earth?"

LUKE turned the spool of the scroll and ran his finger from right to left. Then he read.

"A whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire unfolding itself, and a brightness . . . and out of the midst of the fire the color of amber . . . and this was the likeness . . . a man . . . every one had four wings . . . their feet were straight and sparkled like burnished brass . . . the hands of men were under the wings on the four sides . . . they had faces and wings . . . the wings were joined one to another and turned not when they traveled . . . they went straight forward with unmoving wings . . . the signs of the nations, a lion, an ox, and an eagle . . . two wings they had joined each to other on each side . . . straight forward they went whither the spirit wished to go . . . with burning coals of fires and lamps in front . . . up and down in the air . . . up and down in the air . . . and their fire went forth as lightning . . . but upon the earth they used wheels . . . there were whirling rings in front . . . dreadful to see . . . but when the wings were lifted the wheels were lifted . . . and in the firmament their likeness was a terrible crystal . . . and the noise of the wings was the rush of many waters . . . when they stood, they let down their wings. . ."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

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Break the egg in a bowl, add about a tablespoon of Wesson Oil and beat vigorously with an egg beater or a fork—until the oil and egg are thoroughly mixed. How long will that take? About a minute—or, maybe, while you count fifty, not as fast as you can count but as fast as you can beat. Add another tablespoon of oil and beat again—vigorously.

Two tablespoons and beat again.

Two or three more and beat again.

Your mayonnaise will begin to thicken a little.

Then add Wesson Oil four or five tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition—until your mayonnaise is as thick and stiff as you want it. (Never add more than a quarter-cupful of oil at one time.) The more oil you beat into it the thicker your mayonnaise will be. After your mayonnaise is made, season it. For a cupful of mayonnaise you will find that a quarter teaspoon of salt, a half teaspoon of sugar, a half teaspoon of mustard, a pinch each of paprika and red pepper and a half tablespoon of lemon juice or vinegar is a popular seasoning.

Mix the salt, sugar and spices in a cup, add the vinegar or lemon juice, stir until the salt and sugar are dissolved and pour into the mayonnaise—beating the seasoning in well.

This makes a *very mild* mayonnaise.

If you do not like a sweet salad dressing leave out the sugar. If you happen to prefer a very sweet dressing add more sugar and leave out the mustard. Or if your family is fond of very spicy things, add any amount and any kind of seasoning and spices you like. Suit yourself.

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The Sword and the Sunburst

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

A terrific crash drowned out the words. The siege of the last wall had begun.

The palace rocked and vibrated with blows of the battering-rams. Huge stone blocks from the engines of war smashed down into the Eternal City; and a fearful cry of throngs, crushed as they ran, rent the air. A great light flooded the darkening room of the Herod tower.

All dashed to the turret window. The Temple was on fire. The Romans were inside the last wall. Fiery swords went tossing in mid-air as the Zealots on the roof plunged in the flames. Jerusalem rained fire from the defenders on the parapet. The roar of the seething torrents drove all the city into the street, and over the prostrate bodies rode the horsemen, slashing with spear and sword, sparing no one. The Palace rocked again. Bernice leaned far out from the turret window. Just as the afterglow of the mystic sunset colored the heights of the Holy City, a mirage of chariots and troops struck the flaming clouds in shadow. The Princess hid her face in her hands. Jerusalem had fallen.

The kingdom of the Herod line, for which she had risked her life and sacrificed her love, was crumbling to dust and ashes under her eyes.

The old had passed away for the new; and fate had rejected her pawn.

CAME the iron-shod trample of soldiers running up the stone stairs of the Herod tower, and King Agrippa broke into the room, followed by Titus, the Emperor's son, and Trajan, the youthful lieutenant, their faces blackened with the smoke of battle.

"You are safe here, my sister," cried the last ruler of the Herod line. "The fire can not touch these towers. All else will be laid flat as plain by morning."

"And where," demanded Titus, "is the page, who risked her life running through the aqueduct this morning to do Rome service?"

Bernice looked away, for Titus was no such figure as her dreams of power had painted. He was a plain, short, thick-set soldier, with keener eye for spear than woman's guiles.

Then she stood erect and proud. The daughter of High Priest and King, she would meet face to face.

"Small chance I had to do Rome service, my lord," she said. "Your brave legions captured the prize before I could add my woman help."

"But when my soldiers guessed that she who had broken through their ranks in the morning was the first to enter into the Temple court, they swore they would take the city to-night, or perish to a man. Think you my Romans would be less men than a weak woman?"

That word "weak" with its commiseration of male strength smote her hopes like an iron gauntlet. She had played an ancient game with an ancient pawn—and lost, and now she knew what brought defeat to woman; and she knew how she could have turned defeat to victory and wielded greater power with unseen hands. Man could slay, but only woman could give life.

"You were the wire to my men's flagging courage, my little Princess," he said. "What reward do you claim?"

"My lord," she said, "when the chariots enter the Triumphal Arch at Rome, the last of the Herod line would not pace behind in captive chains. They would ride with the conqueror."

THE conqueror did not answer at once. He was turning over that request in his shrewd soldier mind. He smiled slowly.

"And it was for that you risked your life, child?" he laughed; and then his face saddened. "It is not mine to grant your request. Rome glories not in the blood of any race. My father did not covet the Imperial throne, nor do I. I covet only peace and rest. We have chosen seven hundred of the fairest Jews to grace the triumph, and they shall not walk in chains. They fought too well. They shall all ride in the chariots of the pageants; but my father, the Emperor, and I shall walk humbly on foot, divested of all war harness, and, make thank-offering to the gods of peace. Such humble rôle would ill you, my little Princess; but Rome never forgets a will to service. I'll appoint your brother and sister Drusilla a royal villa with dower by the sea at Naples; and there if the gods favor me, and my young officers do not carry you off, I shall see you sometimes."

He strode quickly away.

The Princess and her brother stood by the turret window.

Was it for this she had risked her life? She had reached Titus and grasped the prize, and found it turn in her hands to apples of Sodom. She had thrown love to the discard only to be told to play wanton with the underlings, whom her Herod pride had scorned. She, the daughter of High Priests back to Aaron, was to eat the crums from Rome's table. And for this she had rejected the children of love in the garden called Paradise; the wine of life drawn from a lover's lips; the laughing, glad voice of many waters from the river of life. Her spirit fell as it had fallen in her delirious sleep; and she broke in a storm of weeping in the arms of her weak brother, no longer King.

Less than ten years saw Titus ascend that Imperial throne for which he cared naught; but the very year he ascended the throne came another flood of flame in a fiery river down Vesuvius mountain, burying the fair villas of Naples Bay; and beneath that flood of death perished the Princess Bernice and the last of the Herod line.

The fourth of the series of five stories on the romance of early Christianity will appear in the next issue.

To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

up, and her cheeks flushed darker than her sister's. "You wouldn't have married a man like Savarac."

"Wouldn't I? Better women than I have been glad to do much more for Savarac. You don't know what you're talking about, Peg. He could have made me almost a queen. And Bunny wouldn't—what an aggravating little animal he could make of himself! And I told him I didn't want a cent of his dirty Spanish money—I'd spit on his old coat of arms—"

Margaret's look checked her excitement, but it brought out the irritated taunt—"Don't come the old maid on me, Peg. I have my pride."

"I suppose that's it," said Margaret thoughtfully, and she took up her sewing again.

"I'm sorry, Peg." Her look was wild. "But wasn't this a great day for Bunny's letter to come and make the joy unanimous! To-morrow we'll be out on the street—" her voice broke.

Margaret reached out a thimbled hand to pat her sister's knee with the assurance, "Give us a chance, honey, and they can't see us for the dust."

"Can't see us for the dirt in that weird five-room flat. With a hole they call a kitchenette. And old Linda comin' in by the day like a common nigger. She'll take to gin; I know she will. Old Harris has already."

"Oh." Margaret's eyes were pained as she looked up. "Has he been drinking hard?" she asked softly.

"They found him on Grand Avenue singin' hymns. One of those Yankee policemen without a sense of humor—"

"Why didn't they send for me?" asked Margaret ruefully.

"Jimmy Wilder went down to the station and brought him off." Upon hearing this Margaret's head bent a little lower over her sewing. Old Harris, who had been perfection's self for thirty years, had lost his pride; and Jimmy Wilder had been the one to defend him.

In the pause Flora Lee picked up one of the little cardboard images and turned it critically in her fingers.

"Do you actually *sell* them?" she asked, as if to break the spell.

"Admah Holtz sells them for me," replied Margaret, not looking up.

"The Candy Man!" said Flora Lee.

"I heard you call him that."

This made no impression on Flora Lee, apparently, for she got down from the trunk where she had been sitting, stretched and yawned.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

"Peg, have I got to be routed out to-morrow mawnin' when the vans come?"

"Stay abed if you want to," Margaret's voice was a little weary. "The auction doesn't begin till ten."

"Will they send my furniture over to the apartment?"

"No, dear." If Margaret's eyes had been petulant an instant before they had now turned to pools of sympathy.

"Peg!" Flora Lee's body stiffened suddenly and her face grew hard. "They wouldn't dare sell my Italian pieces?"

"They'll have to, I'm afraid." Margaret stitched on, assuming calm.

"*Have to?* My beautiful bed—everything? How can they? Those things belong to me. Mother gave them to me in her will. It's bad enough to be driven out of my room. My lovely room—it's always been mine, that way bed, my——"

"Hush!" warned Margaret, for her sister's voice was shrilling through the house. "I've spoken to Mr. Peabody. He says it's a bankruptcy sale and everything's got to go."

"Can't somebody—can't Rol do something? Flora Lee stood there, self-tortured, wringing her helpless hands.

"Oh!" she wailed, "it's so rotten. I've tried—tried to keep up. There's nobody to help. And it's our house. They *can't* take it away from us."

"No, dear, they can't," murmured the big sister, struggling with her own tears.

"My Italian pieces—I can't have some messy woman sleeping in my bed. My things I've lived with since I was a baby. Mother's things! Do you think I'm going to allow that—those messy trades-people pawing over mother's bed? They can't do it! They can't!"

"Go to sleep now, honey. I'll try to think of some way."

"I won't let them sell it! I'll die. I'll put on my best dress and lie in my bed and blow my brains out. Or I'll take some kind of poison that'll kill me quick and won't——"

She didn't finish, but Margaret knew what she had meant to say—some kind of poison that wouldn't mar her appearance. How pitiful it was! To-morrow it all must go—pride, position, habitual comfort. And Flora Lee would die without her furniture. Ah, well. We all have visible symbols for our ideals.

An hour later, after a spell of hard sewing and hard thinking, Margaret opened the oval chamber door and peered in. Flora Lee slept tranquilly between her guardian swans. The elegantly proportioned room, the soft, sallow gildings, the rose-garlanded carpet—and a dear little marquise, dreaming her vain dreams. Never again, thought Margaret, would all those beauties be assembled for such a picture.

She sighed and closed the door softly. In that last act there was something symbolic of Margaret Peake.

EVEN tho it was early for business there was a sort of repressed commotion in Hersinger's staff. Margaret felt it when she entered and asked for Mr. Holtz. Charley Finch came up, bowing with an air of increased importance.

"Mr. Holtz is in conference, Miss Peake," he announced, awe-stricken.

"In what?" asked Margaret.

"Conference." The word rolled over his tongue. "They've been in there a long time and I think they're about through. Won't you have a soda? It's on the house to-day."

"Why, Charley!" she laughed. "What would Mr. Holtz say if he caught you giving away the stock?"

"Oh, *he* should worry!" whispered Charley, deepening in mystery. Revelations might have followed, but Mr. Holtz's office door opened and three men walked out, chatting pleasantly. Margaret was not surprized to see Admah in such company. Her curious friendship with him had given her complete confidence in his ability, and he had a look of power as he came down the aisle. Colonel Atterbury on one side, Arthur de Long on the other. They paused at the chocolate-counter to shake hands. Then Admah was left alone, his look reflective.

"I hope I didn't keep you waiting," he exclaimed when he saw her. "It took a lot more talk than I thought." His eyes held an excited, fey look like those of a child who has seen the gnomes at play.

"You haven't been long," she smiled. "Won't you sit down?" motioning to a chair as tho the place were her own. When he was seated she began rather swiftly with her business.

"I suppose you know, Mr. Holtz, that we're being sold out at auction to-day."

"I reckon that's a good way when you've got a lot of second-hand stuff to get rid of," he said. Her cheeks flamed indignantly until she saw his eyes.

"We're not selling for any such reason, Mr. Holtz," she said. "Thank you, tho."

"If I'd known this two weeks ago," he mused, "I might have done something about it. But that chance is gone now. I'm hog-tied for right smart of a time."

THIS artless speech, so out of key with her thoughts, warmed a cheerless corner of her heart. She regarded him curiously, as she sometimes did in his unguarded moments. His ruggedness gave an effect of leonine beauty; she often wondered what resentment and what pride were burning forever behind his somber eyes. He could be quixotically generous, she decided, and yet there were things she could not ask of him.

"Debt's a rotten thing," he mumbled. "I know how he felt the time we got behind in our rent at Dutch Hill."

"But they didn't dispossess you," she said out of her faith in the Holtz will to live. "How did you manage?"

"We stopped eating for a while," he grinned, and his look went straight to her heart. "Ma put us on a ration, and she had the right idea. She usually had. Once or twice, tho, we came mighty near going down and out."

"You'll never do that, Admah" She said this involuntarily, under stress of some unknown emotion. It was not until later that she realized how suddenly he ceased to be Mr. Holtz, how she had stripped away the garments that marked their class differences. During their association she had learned to admire this rising vulgarian who since childhood had fought for his every breath of air There had been a little patronage mixed with her liking. But this morning, crushed by her own poor fate, she had come to him on his level, to ask a delicate favor.

"There's a trick to keeping alive," he said clumsily—undoubtedly he had caught that "Admah" and become a little shy. "Folks like mine learn to swim early in the way the ducks do. We're hatched by the ditch and get so used to the mud that we like it fine—most of us do. But folks like yours——"

"Peacocks," said Margaret softly, absorbed in confidences. "How you must despise us!"

"If you'd ever been a duck you wouldn't say that. The best of us want to be feathered fine. The others just paddle."

"Wait till you have to pay for fine feathers," she said.

"I reckon they come right high." His eyes had begun to dream again. They allowed her a momentary look into his mind with its rainbows and its bogs.

"Somehow I'm not afraid of being poor," she told him, quite without reserve. "We've messed everything for so long, and now the worst has come I'm sort of glad to be on my own Of course there are things I hate. How I hate them! To be sold out at auction's such a poor old melodrama. But when it's over I'm going to breathe deep and join the ducks."

"You wouldn't know how," he mumbled, and there was a certain arrogance in his tone.

"Possibly not. But do you think I could learn?"

"I know it."

"And my sister?"

"I don't know your sister," he said harshly. Then with one of the mood-changes that characterized the man he became suddenly kind and asked, "Can I do anything—to sort of straighten things out?"

"Thank you." This was her opportunity, and she wondered how to seize it. "About Flora Lee——" She glanced quickly up. His expression had not changed, yet she felt that he had become unreceptive. But she rushed on: "I don't understand the law; it seems silly——we're not allowed to take anything out but what's in our trunks. That's all right so far as I'm concerned. But there are some beautiful Italian bedroom pieces. They—they belonged to my mother. They shouldn't go with the rest because the sale's supposed to include only father's things. I—I can't find any way out of saving my sister's furniture——"

"Oh, they're hers." His voice was dry as dust.

"Yes." She tried to explain herself, but made poor work of it. He had be-

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Is there a greater war story than this?

What is the great story of the War? Is it the story of Joffre at the first Marne or of Foch at the second? Or the story of "They shall not pass" at Verdun? Is it the story of the first gas attack at Ypres? Or of Belleau Wood? Or of the Lost Battalion? These are all great stories of super-achievements on the field of battle.

But a different sort of story stands comparison with these. It concerns a side of the war the public knows little about. It is the story of a fight by the soldiers that the science of medicine called to the colors against a countless and implacable foe. The winning of that fight saved hundreds of thousands of wounded from torture and death during the period of the war alone. Since the end of the war it has saved uncounted thousands in addition. Its total saving of lives in homes, factories, hospitals throughout the civilized world will, as the years go on, amount to millions more.

TO tell the story properly it is necessary to go back more than half a century to that wizard of the microscope and test tube, Louis Pasteur. In 1852 Pasteur discovered germs and subsequently proved that contagious diseases and the infection of wounds are caused by malignant bacteria.

From then on medical science did its utmost to guard mankind from germ attack. During the next sixty years the new school of preventive medicine was born. Sanitation was developed. Hospitals were kept spotlessly clean. Instruments were sterilized. Rubber gloves were worn during operations. All known microbes were studied and classified. By 1914 the medical profession felt that modern surgical methods could cope with and prevent infection of wounds.

A Grim Disillusionment

Then war engulfed the world, and oh, what a grim disillusionment followed! Early in that war—the greatest war in history—it became appallingly clear that the goal pointed out by Pasteur had not yet been reached; that man was still helpless before the savage, invisible, all-conquering germ.

The wounded poured into the Allied hospitals in overwhelming streams. Never in the history of warfare had there been so many or such wounds. The hospitals were thoroughly aseptic, no microbes could get in—the surgeons had seen to that—but the soldiers were covered with the indescribable dirt of the trenches. A bullet, a shell fragment, a bayonet thrust would gather bacteria as it passed through the clothing and deposit them deep within the vital parts of the body, there to breed galloping putrefaction while the wounded man lay on the field or in a shell hole waiting to be picked up. A simple scratch from a barbed wire barricade in the morning developed into a pus pocket by evening and amputation or death frequently followed within the week.

The Surgeons' Problem

The surgeons turned to antiseptics. They found little or no help from what they had or knew about. In the years since Pasteur's discovery, only two types of antiseptics had been developed. One was the mild non-poisonous type. All it did was to make the surface of a wound an unpleasant resting place for the wandering microbe. If the microbe had already started raising his myriad family, it could do no more to prevent it than so much rainwater. The other type was the poisonous burning disinfectant. Though it would kill germs, it would also destroy flesh and tissue. If introduced into gaping wounds at sufficient strength to destroy germs, it would eat through cells and membranes and create conditions as bad as the infection itself. In mild permissible dilutions these poisons were not powerful enough to check infection.

The army surgeons were in despair. If it was a wounded limb, all they could do to stop the infection was to amputate. If it was an abdominal wound, death provided the only relief from the terrible agony of pus poisoning. Seventy per cent of all wounded were dying—not from the wounds themselves, but from infection produced by the billions of germs that a wound contained.

A Fearful Crisis

In this crisis the Allied surgeons appealed to the scientific world. Back from the war hospitals through all branches of the medical profession came the cry: "Find, oh find us something that will check this fearful horror! We are helpless before such infection; we must have something to check it!"

Among those who heard the call was the Franco-American surgeon, Dr. Alexis Carrel, who in 1912 had received the Nobel Prize for medicine. Dr. Carrel, who was then serving with the French armies, secured the assistance of the famous English chemist, H. K. Dakin. Backed with money and equipment provided by a great American philanthropic institution, the two scientists went to work in an effort to find a new antiseptic. They experimented day and night, for every hour was precious, at first at Beaujon Hospital, Paris, and later at Military Hospital 21, Compeigne. They applied every available chemical to every known microbe that had shown itself in the war hospitals. They tried thousands and thousands of combinations. In an incredibly short time, when the magnitude of their task is considered, the two scientists made an announcement: "We think we have what you want", they said, "Try it and see".

The Turning Point

The surgeons of the Allied armies tried it and saw. They saw the fulfillment of the teachings of Pasteur. Here was the ideal antiseptic. It was non-poisonous and non-irritating. It could be used constantly in the deepest wounds without harm, yet it would destroy bacteria with an effectiveness undreamed of heretofore. Man had beaten the germ at last!

They named the new antiseptic the Carrel-Dakin Solution, in honor of its co-discoverers and put it to work in all the Allied hospitals. Its triumph was complete. It drove the horror and agony of suppurating wounds from those hospitals as sunlight dispels shadows. Where seventy per cent of the wounded had been dying from infection, now less than one per cent died from that cause. Hundreds of thousands of men alive and whole today would be hopeless cripples or under the soil of France if the Carrel-Dakin Solution had not been found.

Is there a greater war story than this?

SEQUEL

After the extraordinary success of the Carrel-Dakin Solution in the war zone, it was quickly adapted for hospital use throughout the civilized world. It has performed the same miracles for surgical and civil wounds that it accomplished in the wounds of war. But it is limited to hospital and professional use for the following reason: The Carrel-Dakin Solution is unstable, it will not "keep". It has to be freshly made by experts every day and the mass of humanity has been denied its protection.

Ever since its discovery, however, chemists in all parts of the world have been trying to stabilize the Carrel-Dakin Solution, and American chemists finally succeeded in doing so. This meant that Zonite, as the improved Carrel-Dakin Solution is called, would keep indefinitely and could be put up in containers ready for household use.

Zonite has been distributed to druggists throughout the United States as rapidly as possible. It has already supplanted the old-fashioned, poisonous, irritating disinfectants or the mild ineffective antiseptics in more than two million homes. It is also supplanting the Carrel-Dakin Solution in the greatest hospitals and industrial first-aid stations of the country.

Placed on the market little more than a year ago, Zonite is now guarding close to ten million people from infection and disease.

Facts About Zonite

Zonite is a colorless liquid that leaves no permanent odor. It is absolutely non-poisonous and non-irritating. At dilutions of great germicidal strength it may be used on the most delicate membranes and tissues of the human body without harm.

By scientific laboratory tests Zonite has far greater germ-killing power than *pure carbolic acid!* It has more than 700 times the germ-killing power of Dobell's Solution, which is the standard strength at which carbolic acid is used on the membranes of the body. Zonite may be used in a scratch or cut absolutely pure.

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Leading surgeons unqualifiedly approve of the use of Zonite for wounds and burns as the most modern and effective preventive of infection and first aid measure.

Physicians and health authorities are urging the use of Zonite as a mouth wash, throat and nasal spray as a preventive of colds and more serious contagious diseases.

Dental authorities say that the use of Zonite as a mouth wash is the most effective home preventive of pyorrhea, trench mouth and infected gums known to dental science.

The protection which this great war discovery brings to humanity, together with the latest approved methods of preventive medicine made possible by this new form of antiseptic, is described in "The Zonite Handbook on the Use of Antiseptics in the Home". A copy of this book will be mailed free of charge upon request. Division "A" Zonite Products Company, 342 Madison Ave., New York.

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HONOLULU SHORTCAKE: Spread well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple thickly between layers of plain cake, cut in squares. Serve with whipped cream.

"CRISS-CROSS" PIE: Heat two cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Mix ¾ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons flour. Add the hot pineapple and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly, and add 1 teaspoon butter. Cool slightly, add 2 beaten egg and a tablespoons lemon juice. Pour into pastry lined pie pan and arrange strips of pastry across the top. Put into a hot oven and after 10 minutes reduce heat and bake about 30 minutes longer

PINEAPPLEADE: Mix 1 cup water and ½ cup sugar, boil 10 minutes and chill. Add 3 cups ice water, 2 cups of the syrup drained from Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and ½ cup lemon juice.

SOUTH SEA ISLAND FRUIT CUP: Remove the skins from 3 bananas, cut in quarters lengthwise and slice in quarter inch slices. Arrange in cocktail or sherbet glasses. Pour ice cold Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple over each allowing about ¼ cup to each serving. Garnish with a candied cherry and serve immediately.

HAWAIIAN CUSTARD (*Helen Leslie Johnson*): Drain the syrup from 1½ cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and heat the syrup. Arrange slices of stale cake or cottage pudding in the bottom of the serving dish and over them put the drained pineapple. Beat 3 egg yolks slightly, add ¼ cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt and the hot pineapple syrup. Cook in a double boiler until egg thicken the mixture. Cool, add ¼ teaspoon vanilla and pour into a serving dish. Add 3 tablespoons powdered sugar to 3 stiffly beaten egg whites and spread over the top. Serve very cold.

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

come moveless. "There's a sentiment about such things—I don't know whether you understand——"

"I understand," he replied, smiling empitly.

"You see Flora Lee has lived with her furniture and loved it ever since she was a little girl. She didn't miss it so much while she was in Spain; she had plenty of that sort of thing over there. But now that she's back and finds they're going to take her bed away she's heart-broken."

Admah cleared his throat, an unpleasant sound.

"I don't think there's anything more beautiful in America. It's gilded Venetian with some of the finest carving I've ever seen."

"What would you like me to do?" Admah broke in, and for the first time his glance failed to meet hers.

"I wish you could come to the auction and bid it in."

"For myself, you mean?" His face was a blank.

"It will be a great bargain, Mr. Holtz. There are very few people in town who would appreciate its real value. I know the New York dealers would offer a lot. But I don't want the dealers to have it."

"Why?"

"Because I could never buy it back. I want it to fall into the hands of somebody who'd hold it for me until I could get together the price——"

"You're putting a lot of trust in me, Miss Peake."

"Yes. I am." Why did the tears come swimming to her eyes at that simple statement?

But Admah Holtz sat inscrutable. At his hesitation her pride, which had never groveled before, began to reassert itself. She had come to him in preference to all the men of her own kind whom she had known since childhood. She had counted on him to do the generous thing, as he had always done before. Yet here she had put him to the test and found him grudging, a canny little retailer.

"I'm sorry I've bothered you." She made a move to rise.

"Just a minute." He looked annoyed. Charley Finch was standing at his elbow with some information about "that there article for the *Evening Democrat* and a reporter who had got it all wrong and come back for corrections."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Admah in a tired voice, and without so much as an "Excuse me" he hurried away, leaving Margaret Peake to quit the scene of her abasement.

PROMPTLY at ten o'clock that which had been honestly advertised as an "Unrestricted Sale of the Fine Furniture, Rare Books, Paintings, and Household Effects of Garnett Peake, Esq.," was begun before the largest and the strangest gathering that had ever met together in the old Peake house. The second-hand trade came early to linger and to pass. Then there were great numbers of that curious tribe who throng the criminal courts, gaping and waiting for a few sentences of prurient testimony. Limousines came puffing up, bearing representatives of what Flora Lee called "rich white trash"; deploring the bad style of the Peake furniture, they bickered for bits of this fallen civilization. Few of the Satsumas came. With them it was a matter of delicacy. They honored the weddings and funerals of their clan, but never a representative to bid on the portraits of the Generals Condé (first and second), General Horatio, and the late Judge Peake.

Mr. Fen Kalish, the celebrated auctioneer, took the block with a deferential air which the Peakes, even in bankruptcy, seemed to call forth from their fellow citizens.

"Now whadda I hear?" asked Mr. Kalish, having eulogized a flowered French carpet. "Whadda I hear? Remember, ladies and ge'lmen, a historic carpet. The greatest figgers in history from Washington to Robert E. Lee have danced on this here carpet. Whadda I hear?"

"Fifteen dollars," ventured a chirp from the front row.

"Fifteen dollars? You *ought* to speak softly, Madam But fifteen is bid, I regret to say. Who's got the civic pride to make it twenny-five-ah? Do I hear twenny-five-ah? Good! And thirty-ah? Remember, ladies and ge'lmen, the walls have ears. Don't let 'em think we're biddin' for a bag o' popcorn. And thirty-five-ah? Ike, un-oll a corner and let the ladies see the rich floral design."

"It's worn pretty bad," one was heard to say.

"If it was in rags and tatters it would be worth a hundred for the sentiment it contains," Mr. Kalish rolled on. "Carpet for a bride and groom—forty-five-ah. Fifty-ah. Makes me want to git married again. Sixty-ah. Sixty—sixty—sixty. Ike, take the name and address of the lady in the moleskin."

And so the slaughter progressed from room to room, Mr. Kalish working himself up to a frenzy of killing. The Peake paintings, mostly doubtful, fell to a representative of the new Hamilton Annex, where an art gallery was being planned. The three best colonial portraits were sold to Garnett's agent, not without competitive bidding; the new Hamilton needed family portraits. Old Condé on his milk-white charger cost Garnett four hundred dollars.

In the dining-room the bidding gained vigor. A large share of the Peake Dresden went to Mrs. Phideas Pratt, wife of the new concrete king. Mrs. Wilbur Ketten, whose husband had established a corn-sirup industry, obtained the collection of Sheffield with the Peake crest; infatuated with her self, she bore it to her car. And so on to the end.

ON THE formal veranda, where they had never been permitted to gather, Peake negroes were leaning against the pillars in the restful attitudes of their race. Zeno Washington, handsome and sprightly in his new chauffeur's uniform, smoked cigarettes; Maida Washington, his no-count cousin, who had once served Mrs. Garnett Peake in the capacity of lady's-maid, giggled at each move in the tragic comedy. Straight as a string and as thin, old Linda slunk around the corner of the house, her shawl bulging with some unconsidered trifles that she had pilfered from the kitchen. Old Harris, who had renewed his consolation in the gin-bottle, stood with bare, bald head, preaching solemnly. Like the house itself, he had lost his dignity.

"De priests of Baalam done po' watuh on de sacrifice. Dey done fetch it in buckets an' hawgsheads. 'Stretch yo'-selves,' say de Prophet, 'an' tote mo' watuh.' An' when dey got done totin' watuh de Sperrit of de Lawd come down an' done frizzle 'em up in fiah an' smoke. Whah dem priests o' Baalam den an' fiah watuh an' fiah kin lin'-wood? Dey's long gone, O Lawd! De worm purrisheth, but de righteous endoo forevuh."

Harris was drunk and heart-broken and outraged, but his voice of the auctioneer went on. Jehovah still withheld His blasting fires. There was no more virtue in the old theology.

Just as Linda reached the sidewalk with the guilty secrets under her shawl a fine gentleman in a fine car drove up to the curb and accosted her so sharply that she partly relaxed her hold, permitting a mouse-trap, a cotton stocking, and a rather rusty egg-beater to strew themselves across the pavement.

"Is the auction still goin' on?" the new arrival asked.

"Yessuh, Colonel. I 'spec' they stay there tell they sell the roof."

"Is Miss Peake at home?"

"Law, Mistah, I wouldn't reckon she ain't home in dis house no mo'. None of us is to home."

"Where's she living?"

"Whah?" She took a long look before deciding that she was in no way connected with the sheriff, then replied, "Miss Mahgaret an' Miss Flo Lee have took apahtments. Yassa. On Manila Street, jes' two block fum Prince's Avenue. Jes' very temp'r'y apahtments. Yassa." Her head turned like an owl's as he bounded toward the house.

An auctioneer's tawny on the second floor brought Admah to an upper bedchamber where soft brocaded panels looked regally down on a scene of confusion. Gilded furniture had been piled pell-mell; a roomful of people thronged the doorway.

Pushing his way in, Admah gave his emotional mind an instant to take in the picture and reflect upon its significance. The beautiful, queenly room—and people were gathered around as if they were watching a dog-fight. A graceful bird spread golden wings above a bluish mirror. There was her bed. She had slept

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

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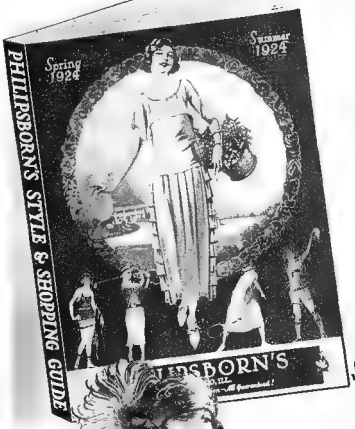

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A Palmer Production

LLOYD HUGHES as "John Trevor"
MYRTLE STEDMAN as "Mrs. Trevor"
LUCILLE RICKSEN as "Mary Heath"
Produced by Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Distributed by Film Booking Offices of America
CLAIRE McDOWELL as "Mrs. Heath"
GEORGE HACKATHORNE as "Bob Heath"

The Story that brought $1,000 Cash and Royalties to an Obscure Housewife

THE newest and most significant experiment in motion pictures comes before the theatre-goers of the country with the current release of the first Palmer production, "Judgment of the Storm."

This picture is the advance guard of screen drama which is genuinely of the people, by the people, and for the people.

It was written by a housewife, the wife of a Pittsburgh factory foreman. It was based on an astounding dramatic episode in the lives of people of her acquaintance.

Mrs. Ethel Styles Middleton, the author, had never written for the screen. But through its remarkable Creative Test, the educational department of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which is now conducting a nation-wide search for new writing talent, discovered her.

See the Picture—Read the Book!

"Judgment of the Storm" was written directly for the screen. But its dramatic appeal is so powerful that the publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Co., has novelized the screen story. Under the same title as the picture the novel will be on sale wherever the picture is shown.

Authors Share in Profits

This institution is proud of the result. It is proud to stand behind the production of "Judgment of the Storm" as embodying the ideals for which it strives. It is proud to stand behind the other forthcoming Palmer productions which likewise give to the screen the fresh imagination of new writers discovered through the same Creative Test that brought Mrs. Middleton national recognition. They are "Unguarded Gates," by a former salesman; "Lost," by a former mechanical engineer, and a third as yet unnamed, by a country doctor.

An advance of $1,000 cash on royalties has been paid each author and each will receive, besides, a percentage of the producer's profits for five years.

"Judgment of the Storm," tells a richly warm and human drama, yet it is not one bit more dramatic than the personal story of its author.

Like hosts of theatre-goers, the Pittsburgh housewife for years had experienced increasing disappointment with motion pictures. Casts and settings were the best, but the stories told were often cheap, tawdry and insincere. Like thousands of others, she said to herself, "I believe I could write a better story than that."

She Clipped the Coupon

Then one day her attention was drawn to a coupon—the same coupon that appears at the bottom of this page. It told of the need for new screen writers, and of the Creative Test evolved by this institution.

She clipped the coupon, mailed it, and today—as a direct result of that one simple little act—she is on the high road to success as a screen writer. Instead of an obscure housewife known only to a little circle of acquaintances, she is today a famous writer whose name flashes nightly before the eyes of millions of theatre-goers in thousands of theatres.

Will This Test Discover You?

No cost or obligation of any sort is involved in filling out the coupon. It will bring the Creative Test—which is fascinating evening can be spent. If the result, as determined by this institution's educational department shows absence of dramatic creativeness, you will be told so frankly and promptly. If, on the other hand such qualities are indicated, the same co-operation extended to the housewife, the salesman, the mechanical engineer, the country doctor and many others who have succeeded in this new field will be made available to you.

We believe there are hundreds of men and women like this Pittsburgh housewife who have powerful stories to tell. We believe there are hundreds with the imagination to see possibilities in novel or play which could be adapted to the screen. Yet, like Mrs. Middleton, these men and women realize that training in photoplay construction is vital, and that without such training they would find it difficult, if not impossible, to write acceptable screen drama.

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Productional Directors, Inc.
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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

there, decked herself before that mirror. And one enchanted night she had laid her head on his shoulder, he had felt her breath on his cheek.

A fat man in a gray derby had paused an instant to hold a tempting morsel before the crowd To Admah it looked like a bedspread. It must have been. Mighty fine, he thought, and was impressed by its silken luster and its embroidery of dogs and swans and long-tailed pheasants. There was a crown in the center and a lot of words in a queer language.

"Ladies and gel'men," the auctioneer was explaining as he held the spread in his purplish hands, "this here goes with the lot. It ought to be in a king's museum. Get the fineness of that embroidery, done by ladies that was dead and gone before this town was ever heard of. And the royal crown in the center!"

"What does that there motto say?" drawled a hanger-on.

"It's French, I reckon—or—" to a Chicago buyer in the corner—"Mr. Bloomer, what does that there motto say?"

The dapper little man smiled bashfully, his face a network of wrinkles: "I'd hate to tell you," he tittered, and the crowd tittered with him.

"Well, eight hunerd has been bid for this peerless collection of royal palace pieces," Mr. Kalish resumed, laying aside the spread and twanging like a loose banjo-string. "Do I hear nine hunerd?"

"Nine hundred," croaked Admah, almost inaudibly.

"Nine-fifty—nine-fifty—nine-fifty," the twang went on until the Chicago dealer raised his hand. Then, "Do I hear a thousand? An even thousand —"

"Here!" What had made Admah so hoarse? The bidding had settled down to a duel of money between him and the wrinkled little fellow. A thousand dollars for a bed and a few fixin's! Ma Holtz had furnished a whole house for thirty dollars. But Mr. Kalish was now jumping forward a hundred dollars at a time Admah's hand was up at twelve hundred, the Chicago buyer's at thirteen

"And *now* do I hear fourteen hunerd for this imperial—"

"Here!" said Admah faintly, and something told him he had finished. Mr. Kalish grew a little noisy, but the man in the corner pocketed his hands and grinned. "Fourteen hunerd three times," came the fateful twang, "and gone to Mr. Admah R. Holtz."

Mr. Admah R. Holtz, publicly acclaimed as an art collector, felt a grim satisfaction. Indeed, in every way it was a proud day for him In view of his audience he counted out the money in hundred-dollar bills. After that he became confused, enjoying the sensations of one who, having purchased a charming giraffe, is at a loss for a place in which to stable it.

Half way down the hall he was stopped by the calling of his name. It was Mr. Kalish's Ike, busily explaining, "Them things has got to be took away to-day, Mr. Holtz. We can engage a van if you wish, Mr Holtz, and send 'em to your residence. Yes, suh, Jes' leave your address on this card."

Slowly, casually, Admah flourished a stub of pencil over the proffered card, and after a thought he scribbled.

"Mrs. San Pilar, care Miss Peake, Texas Apartments, City."

He paused, wondering if he had gotten her name right Another pause. Finally he yielded to vanity and jotted the line: "Compliments of the Candy Man"

IT WAS all quite different from the way he had left the Peake house one afternoon seven years before. To-day he was going as a conqueror should, buoyant and self-possessed. It had cost him dear; but what conquest doesn't? He moved toward his car, new authority in his step, a man to be considered. Indeed, the Holtzes had emerged from their mud flat.

As if to point his thoughts and add a final touch to the day's drama, a boy carrying papers came down the street, in his mouth the formless cry, "Ya papoo! Ahha plo wah!"

Admah bought a paper, he hadn't seen the news in print. And now it faced him on the front page of the *Evening Democrat*:

ADMAH R. HOLTZ MADE PRESIDENT OF THE P. & T.

There was a poor reproduction of a worse photograph, touched up to bring out his lips and eyebrows; beside it ran

CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

5-Room $548 ALADDIN
We Pay the Freight
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Living room, dining room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bath, 6 other plans, some with pantries, dining alcoves, gable and inside cellar entrances. Get free Aladdin Catalog.

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

a fairly accurate account of how the Principality had reorganized the P. & T., naming Holtz as president. "How Barefoot Boy Climbed Ladder" headlined a "human-interest story."

Admah read every word while a motley throng passed in and out of the bankrupt Peake house. Without so much as looking up he saw that the town was staring at him, curiously, enviously.

Yes, seven years had made quite a difference.

BY SPRING of another year the difference was greater still. To follow Admah's simile of the duck in the ditch, he had been thrown from small waters into big ones, floated instinctively, refused to drown. In gambling for the nominal leadership of a large enterprise his first impulse had been suffused with vanity. Bitterly he had sworn that the Candy Man should become the Candy Kid.

Luck and work were on Admah's side. The latent industries which had created a Candy Holtz gave him sufficient driving power to lead a forlorn hope in a more audacious adventure. At first there had been a clamor to shut down the shop until "conditions" improved. Admah saw nothing but maladvertisement in such a move; he hadn't risked his credit to drive a dead horse. First he quarreled with Mr. Canfield, treasurer and relic of the old organization, then he worked his will.

In publicity methods Admah lifted the P. & T. from the Benjamin Harrison period into the Roosevelt. A wild-eyed, shock-haired young man named Bentley had once advertised the Candy Holtz system, and on him was conferred the title of General Publicity Director, with instructions to introduce confectionery methods into the farm implement busness. Mr. Canfield, who hated the shadow of Admah Holtz, got to calling the man General Bentley, but Bentley was a good investment. Under his guidance the dull catalogs became picture-books. He seduced the farmer with charming art calendars.

Mr. Canfield, a methodical, cheese-paring gentleman of the old style, sickened at the sight of good money going after bad. But it was only upon rare anniversaries when the toddy had gone to his head that he opened his rancid heart. Then in a corner he would mention salesmanship as a thing of the past. "What we need now, suh, is a band of jugglers. It comes high, suh, but the farmer must have his Roman holiday." He hated farmers.

Subsequent prosperity should have changed Mr. Canfield's mind, but he died hard. He had grown up under the P. & T. and worshiped the Peake money under its corner-stone. As a matter of plain cash Admah's modernistic theories of advertising and salesmanship involved expenditures which were more than offset by economies in other directions. Altho automatic hammers in the shops were still beating steel with the rage of Vulcan, the force had been cut down to a skeleton; several more or less honorary offices had also been dispensed with. Could Admah have included Mr. Canfield in his program of retrenchment he would have done so without the slightest hesitation. But Mr. Canfield was a substantial stockholder and in his limited way a very useful officer.

Luck turned in the Winter of 1921. How much modern views on salesmanship and advertising had to do with the case it is hard to say. Agriculture was coming to life again, taking renewed interest in neglected land. Business revived almost overnight; tons and tons of implements which had been stored away in the great stock-rooms began pouring into box cars in their progress toward the lands of wheat and corn and sugar-cane. P. & T. stocks, which had been sulking at nine, jumped to eighteen.

DURING those laborious months Admah's active outer mind could have given little thought to Flora Lee Peake or her less considered sister. His days were long and hard, and if there were sufficient energy left for the evening he seldom lacked amusement. Colonel Atterbury had seen to it that his protégé made an appearance socially. Admah was elected to the Pickwick Club—an undreamed-of attainment. He never got quite used to the place, his shoes seemed to squeak on the deep, formal carpets. But he dined there frequently and played pool sometimes with Wen Peeble, who

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

"Yes, Dick, We Can Now Afford the Things We Need!"

At Last I've Found a Way to Turn My Spare Time into Extra Money!

"You know, Dick, you'd never admit there was anything worthwhile in these spare-time homework plans. But I knew you were wrong and now I'm going to prove it. You're one of those matter-of-fact, practical business men—a little stubborn at times—who thinks a woman has no head for business. I was willing to give up my position when we were married, for I knew it would hurt your pride to see me going to work, but I didn't agree to merely spend my spare hours at home twirling my thumbs and looking pretty. And when I saw you worrying — fretting — figuring — trying to make your salary buy the things we need and want, I made up my mind I'd find a way to help you.

"One night last June when you were working late at the office, Mary Smith ran in for a little chat. You know how hard up Mary and John have been since they were married—and how pitifully dowdy Mary was beginning to look in that same dress and hat. Well, when she stepped into the room I could hardly believe my eyes. She had on a stunning tailored suit, an adorable Fall hat, brown satin slippers and one of the prettiest furs I have ever seen. I guess she noticed my first look of surprise, for she laughed and said, 'I see you don't know me!' Then she told me her story.

"It seems that John's salary wasn't quite enough to meet their regular household expenses, much less buy clothes or furniture and the many things they needed. They were slowly getting into debt, the rent had been raised, and things were going from bad to worse. John was desperate and Mary was pretty well discouraged too. She wanted to take a position for a while, but John wouldn't hear of it.

"One day, more out of curiosity than anything else, Mary answered an advertisement of the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company of Buffalo—large distributers of pure wool socks and knitted hosiery. The advertisement announced a new plan whereby women at home could knit socks with the aid of an ingenious little machine called the Auto Knitter. And the company offered to buy back all the standard grade socks made on this machine, at a guaranteed weekly wage.

"Mary sent for the free book and was so convinced by the letters from thousands of other women, telling what this plan had meant to them, that she decided to give it a trial. She ordered the little machine and a supply of pure wool yarn and set to work. Every day she devoted a few spare hours to the pleasant, interesting work—without interfering with regular household duties in any way. Each week she shipped a package of fine, durable, well-shaped socks to Buffalo and back came the welcome pay check. Before she realized it, she had $200 in the bank; and with every package of socks shipped off to Buffalo, her balance grew and grew.

"That's how she was able to buy those beautiful clothes. And besides, she now has an electric washing machine, a dandy vacuum cleaner and many other things they had never been able to afford.

"When Mary had gone, I did some quick thinking. What Mary had done, I could do, I reasoned. And I made up my mind to start without delay. I, too, sent for the free book. It told how, through the remarkable new plan, hundreds of women everywhere were turning into money the spare hours and half hours that might otherwise be wasted. I got the little machine and started out to help solve *our* problem of 'not quite enough money.' Each day, after my work was done, I turned out pair after pair of fine wool socks; and when it was time to get dinner, I hid the machine away in my dresser drawer and put the socks and wool high up on the closet shelf. I made up my mind not to tell you what I was doing, for I was afraid you'd laugh and ridicule my scheme. So I just kept on making socks, and with every package that went off to Buffalo another entry appeared in my bank-book.

"That's my little secret, Dick. And from now on it will be *our* secret. For I'm going to keep right on knitting. my spare hours into extra dollars until you get the promised salary you deserve. But the best of it all is that we will no longer have to worry over nasty money problems. And we can now afford the things we need, for at last I've found a way to turn my spare time into extra dollars.

"If every woman only knew what I know about this wonderful Auto Knitter Homework Plan, they wouldn't hesitate another day. For all you have to do is send off the coupon, get the free book, read the facts and judge for yourself. There is no obligation to buy anything or do anything—just a splendid big opportunity to turn wasted hours into extra money. The coupon will prove it."

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Simply ask your grocer for Quick Quaker. He has two styles of Quaker now: the style you've always known and the Quick.

* * *

Quick Quaker is the same as regular Quaker Oats. Same Queen oats, big and plump from which we get but 10 pounds of flakes from the bushel.

The only difference is that the grains are cut before flaking, rolled very thin and partly cooked. And these small flakes cook faster.

All that rare Quaker flavor. All the good of hot breakfasts, quick.

Today, try Quick Quaker. But be sure you get the real Quaker brand. So look for the picture of the Quaker on the package.

QUICK QUAKER
—cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

REGULAR
QUAKER OATS
the kind you have always known

Your grocer has both kinds—say which you prefer
Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

had once bowled at Palfer's and, like Admah, had risen to power. Mrs. Atterbury had asked him to several dinner-parties. Every Tuesday night he took Miss Hortense de Long to the theater and might have weakened into marrying her had she not announced her engagement to a hotel-man from the East.

So a Winter of exciting days and dull nights passed into the brightness of an April dividend, when the Holtz success became established in the town which had nursed him roughly like a wolf-mother. He spent many Saturday nights with Uncle Lafe and Aunt Brownie. When the Captain got his first check from the P. & T. investment he mailed it to his son in Chicago. Bert, it would appear, had failed in the button business. Old Lafe sent away the money with a roar of exultation: he was as if he had won a bet.

"That's what you git for marryin'," he explained, maiming Brownie with one of his frequent embraces. "Love, courtship, marriage, and then you begin to increase and multiply. Sometimes it's twins. You're blessed with children who love you up to the age of reason. When they begin to think for themselves, of course it's hard for both parties——"

"Don't mind him, Admah," cautioned Aunt Brownie.

"Well, why don't he git married and end it all?" asked Uncle Lafe. That night Admah went home wondering.

WHEN the Spring racing season opened at Bradbury Downs the Atterburys gave a Derby Day breakfast in their fine old house, whose French windows opened on low verandas, overlooking acres of wooded lawn. The place was of the generous ante-bellum type, built under the influence of Louis Philippe. Here the Bradburys had given Derby Day breakfasts for fifty years.

Admah Holtz was specially favored by being asked. Attired in a new plaid suit, which Monty Fernback's salesman had coaxed him into, Admah came at noon to the big, rambling house and found the Atterburys entertaining on the lavish scale by which, in days of old, they had rivaled even the Peakes. A great number of little tables had been brought in, a huge sideboard, ornate with Dell's Landing hams, chafing-dishes, joints on silver platters, steaming coffee-urns, gave the effect of an old South as we have been taught to think of it. A long serving-table, adorned with two gigantic bowls and innumerable glasses, stood conspicuous; it was attended by a little negro whose brass-buttoned livery gave him the look of a performing chimpanzee.

Jimmy Wilder managed to get two drinks in the time it took Admah to find the refreshment table. Holtz, who numbered Wilder among his acquaintances, knew him for a brilliantly endowed newspaper man on the down grade. Like many another, his thirst had increased with prohibition. His recent history had been one of pleasant, gradual demotions until in 1922 he had descended from a managing editor's desk to a precarious position, euphoniously called "special writer." This, he explained, seldom interfered with his drinking.

"Good morning, Mistah Holtz," cried Jimmy. "You're just in time to keep me in countenance."

Admah glanced into one of the large bowls; a symmetrical iceberg floated in an amber sea of odoriferous something.

"Punch?" he asked.

"Not so much punch as kick," replied Jimmy. Then to the little negro with the white gloves, "Absalom, introduce Mistah Holtz to the liquor, and make it two."

Absalom ladled two glasses. Admah took his with a gulp. His smile broadened. It was a dry Martini cocktail!

"Since Derby Day's gone dry the Colonel's taken to mixin' 'em in a bowl," explained Jimmy. "Absalom, this reminds me strongly of another."

Unused to drinking so early in the day, Admah was immediately and unpleasantly affected. Mrs. Atterbury, pledged to take him under her wing, led him from group to group. She showed pride in him as tho he had been her son; and he reflected her pride. He carried with him an aura of success, he beamed with good-fellowship. The Satsumas weren't so bad, after all. The young bloods shook him by the hand, invited him to drink; pretty young matrons rolled their eyes flirtatiously when he came their way; he found himself talking vivaciously.

Mrs. Atterbury found him a place at a table for four. The others were Mrs. Ballinger, who had been Miss Hebe Savage; Jimmy Wilder, now reduced to a pleasant calm; and a Mrs. Eustone, who, had a candid census been taken of local society, would have given her occupation as that of official village gossip. All the world around this busy little mud was one involved and naughty romance. While the ham and chicken disappeared from Spode plates she regaled the company with an account of somebody who had been caught cheating at bridge and of somebody else who had been followed to St. Louis by his wife and a detective. The names were all a jumble to Admah Holtz. Then out of the mess of words a name came popping like a pebble out of a shaken bag. Margaret Peake.

"Of course she can't *help* feeling bitter. But the Peakes had it comin' to them, if ever a family had. I hear she's in poor health, workin' in some little shop."

"You've heard wrong, Miss Consie," Jimmy Wilder's eyes were like two live coals. "Miss Mahgaret is doin' a column on our woman's page. She's doin' right well, thank you."

"She certainly is," chimed little Mrs. Ballinger. "Peg isn't the kind that asks odds of anybody."

"Oh, then I was wrong," exclaimed Mrs. Eustone, backing water furiously. "But Flora Lee——"

Flora Lee's case rested for the time being because chairs were being pushed back from the tables and Colonel Atterbury's guests were hurrying toward their cars in order to be at the Downs in time for the famous fourth event. Admah drove to the track wondering about Flora Lee and Margaret Peake. Since his purchase of the bedroom furniture he had scarcely heard their names. Margaret had thanked him in a stiff, perfunctory letter—she had preferred to mention the furniture as a "loan." Clumsy and incoherent, Admah was sensitive as a débutante. He knew that he had offended Margaret by his fine left-handed gesture. What had happened to her since? And what was the peculiar case of Flora Lee?

The third race impended. A band was braying out one of those exciting trombone rhapsodies peculiar to turf and circus ring. The pictures was done baldly in three sporting colors: green grass, brown track, red coats. The clerk of the scales, having weighed in several eminent jockeys, was just leaving the paddock for the judge's stand; around the two-dollar betting-machines a mob-scene was being enacted to the small concern of the sellers, who automatically exchanged tickets for currency in the long, neat money-boxes. The track-followers were a strange collection of scraps, suggestive of queer iron filings, picked from the dust by a magnet. Chinese, Indians, and Mexicans, gathered in at Juarez or Heaven knows where, mixed with the crowd and placed bets at the windows. Painted ladies, calculating and cool as their profession demanded, visited the paddock before taking the chances of speculation.

ADMAH, bored with the exclusive company in Colonel Atterbury's box, looked for Mrs. Ballinger on the clubhouse lawn. By then the red-coated leader on his calico horse was marshaling his party-colored cavalry up to the starting-post. In the enclosure fashionably gowned ladies leaned against the rail; their pretty faces turned provocatively, and they laughed the sweet, leisurely laugh of the South. Racing music seemed to infect the human thoroughbred as wildly as it did his darling, the horse. Carnival was in the air.

"I hope you've had time to place your bets." It was the pleasant Mrs. Ballinger who spoke.

Admah moved over to where she stood; just then the barricade went up and ordinary words were drowned in the rough, deep cheer. The deer-legged animals, all bunched together, scrambled to the first turn, then began to string out. Lifetime, his slender ankles wrapped in red, his sorrel body contorted, held the lead to the second turn. Where he fell into a pocket and never got out at the finish. With no attempt at ostentation Admah tore up his tickets. Mrs. Ballinger, who had met more friends, left him quite neglected on the lawn.

"Aw, Mr. Holtz!"

At the first syllable he knew that it was Flora Lee. His heart stopped beating as he looked up to see her standing alone, her hazel eyes holding him in their caress. It was unexpected and enchanting

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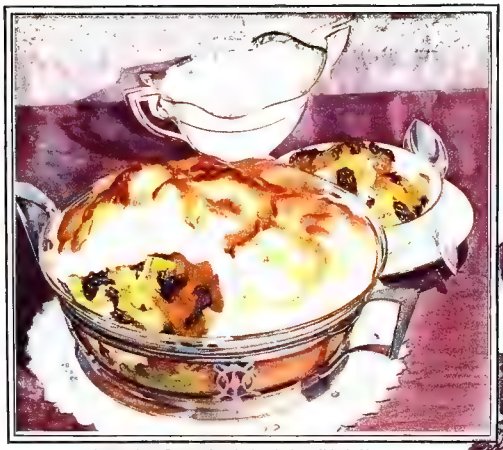

SUN-MAID BREAD PUDDING—2 cups bread crumbs; 1 qt. scalded milk; ½ cup sugar; 3 tablespoons butter; 2 eggs; ½ teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 cup Sun-Maid RAISINS. Soak bread in milk, cool, add sugar, butter, beaten egg yolks, salt, vanilla and raisins. Bake 40 minutes in slow oven. (Cover with a meringue made of 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tablespoons of sugar; brown and serve with maple sauce)

RAISINS are dried in the sun in beautiful clusters, just as they come from the vine. For your convenience they are then stripped from the stems and packed, seeded or seedless, in cartons, ready for use

The Cinderella of desserts acquires a magic goodness

FAMOUS old B.P.! In its plainest guise, one must confess, a rather humble sort among desserts. And yet—make it once according to the recipe above! Fill it with big, plump, juicy Sun-Maid Raisins, rich with the stored-up sunshine and the full, fine flavor of the clustered grapes. Add a touch of meringue. Serve it with a maple or vanilla sauce . . . .

Voilà! A Cinderella-like change. *New* goodness worthy of the most expensive dessert—yet, at a cost so low!

The secret of the richness that transforms familiar foods

For raisins that will work such miracles of goodness, none but the finest table grapes are selected—none but grapes grown in the fertile San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys.

In clusters of matchless beauty they are taken from the vines and placed on trays in the warm, mellow California sunshine.

Until the sun transforms them, with all their ripe, rich flavor into fruity Sun-Maid Raisins.

They make it easy to provide variety your family craves

Just as this delicate fruit gives *new* goodness to plain bread pudding—so you will find it with many foods.

To cooked cereals, such as oatmeal, Sun-Maid Raisins add a tempting fruit flavor, giving these foods new goodness as well as added nourishment

No need of seeking after costly novelties! To good wheat bread, rice pudding, oatmeal and other cereals—to so many of the old, familiar foods—these tempting tid-bits give a new appeal to your family's appetite, and the variety they crave.

To such good things as your cakes, cookies, pies and numberless other desserts they add a fruitiness and flavor that make such dainties doubly enticing. And much more nourishing!

For the goodness of Sun-Maid Raisins is wholesome goodness. They are rich in health and elements that supply vital bodily needs. They help make laxatives unnecessary.

Send for free recipe book

Use raisins lavishly—not only for their goodness, but because they are rich in health and quick energy. You can do it inexpensively, for raisins are cheap this year.

Try bread pudding made according to the recipe above. And for the easiest and surest ways of preparing many tempting dishes, new and old, send for the free book, "Recipes with Raisins." Fill in the coupon and mail it today and we will send you this book with our compliments.

* * *

Note: Sun-Maid Raisins are grown by some 16,000 individual growers with vineyards averaging only 20 acres each. Twelve years of effort in producing only the best, most perfect raisins under the Sun-Maid name has resulted in their supplying 85 per cent of all the raisins now used in this country.

Sun-Maid Raisins

Seeded—Seedless—Clusters

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association
Dept. A-302, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me a copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

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City..... State.....

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SHE watched the beautiful leading lady on the other side of the footlights.

HE watched the beautiful lady on this side—the one sitting so sweetly close to him.

And he pictured her smiling at him, some day, across their breakfast table his leading lady for life!

You look as young as your skin looks

By MME. JEANNETTE

EVERY woman must know that so long as her skin is smooth and fresh-looking, so long will she "look young." The prettiest debutante and the most fascinating matron are alike apt to be noted for their beautiful skins—though there may be a score of years' difference in their ages. These women know how to care for their skins.

Wise mothers teach their daughters to begin in the early years of life to cultivate beautiful skins. It is as necessary as the care of the hair and the teeth. These are duties to self that are essential!

Correct eating, exercise, regular bathing, etc., all have their places in the daily life of intelligent women. But there is still the important question, "How do you care for your skin?"

A double-purpose cream

Pompeian Night Cream combines two services—it is valuable as a "cleansing" cream, and it also has the fine attribute of softening and nourishing the skin.

Your skin is a treasure to you—you should treat it as a treasure. It is a fine covering, more beautiful and more marvelous than the finest silk.

Through all the hours of the day your skin is being subjected to heat and cold, wind and dust, as well as the varying emotions of the day. By night-time your skin is dirty, probably unnaturally dry, and certainly tired.

To help keep your skin young

On retiring, use this cream as a cleanser, applying it carefully over every part of the face and neck. It softens the skin, freeing it of surface impurities and harshness. It relaxes tight pores and causes them to function naturally and to throw off unhealthy accumulations.

As Pompeian Night Cream cleanses it heals, and its regular use will keep your skin "young-looking." After applying it as a cleanser, wipe off all superfluous cream with a soft cloth. Follow this with a quick ice rub or a dash of cold water to close the pores normally.

Finish with a very light application again of Pompeian Night Cream, leaving just enough to make the skin feel soft and cool—*not oily.*

▽

"Don't Envy Beauty — Use Pompeian"

POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM *(cold cream)*	*60c per jar*
POMPEIAN DAY CREAM *(vanishing)*	*60c per jar*
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER	*60c per box*
POMPEIAN BLOOM *(the rouge)*	*60c per box*
POMPEIAN LIP STICK	*25c each*
POMPEIAN FRAGRANCE *(a talc)*	*25c a can*

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada

Pompeian
Night Cream
Cleansing and Skin-nourishing

Get 1924 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples
For Ten Cents

The newest Pompeian art panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," done in pastel by a famous artist, and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28x7½in. For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom and Night Cream. *Tear off the coupon now.*

WINTER WAYS AT YOUR TOILET TABLE

The winter days demand almost as great a change in the manner of your use of powder, rouge, etc., as they do in your manner of dress.

The cold, tingling air of winter brings about very definite changes in the condition of your skin. The more sombre colorings worn in winter demand a heightening of color in your face!

The skin should have more attention now than in summer.

Making your skin clean

Pompeian Night Cream does two important things for your skin: It cleanses, and it nourishes.

When you use Pompeian Night Cream as a *cleanser* it should be used lavishly. Every part of the skin to be cleansed must be covered. The Cream may be lightly rubbed to bring out the reluctant dirt, but never rub hard.

It should then be wiped away, gently but thoroughly, with a soft clean cloth. More cream should be used to soften the skin and to make active the natural healthy secretions of the skin. More care should be given to patting the face perfectly dry after touching it with water, to prevent chapping or roughening. By these particular details of the day you will keep your skin soft and smooth and in fine condition for the use of powder and rouge.

The foundation of powder

When the frost is in the air there is a very special reason for you to use Pompeian Day Cream as the base for your powder and rouge. It is a disappearing cream that touches your skin as lightly as a kiss, yet it leaves a beneficial film of protection to which your powder will adhere for hours at a time.

Over this invisible layer of cream you may use your powder generously, taking care to distribute it evenly over face and neck.

Powder protects your skin

Pompeian Beauty Powder enhances the loveliness of your skin. It also has the virtue of forming a protective covering that wards off many of the injuries offered by wind and cold. Even if you neglect to put on your powder as often as necessary in the house, never go out into the winter weather without careful attention to your use of powder.

Winter roses in your face

With your dark clothes or your furs you *require* pinker cheeks to give your eyes brightness, and to obtain that exquisite appearance of sparkle and glowing health. After thoroughly powdering comes the application of Pompeian Bloom. This is a compact rouge that blends perfectly with your powder, and adds a color so natural that it cannot be detected. Have you tried the new *Orange* shade?

Colorful lips

Pompeian Lip Stick gives the delightful appearance of youthful freshness to your mouth. It has an exceptional quality of natural color, and an excellent consistency. It comes in a dainty gilt container, convenient for your handbag, or your dressing table.

Mme. Jeannette
Specialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

▽ ▽

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2277 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

What shade of face powder wanted? _____

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

as her visitations had always been. Attempting to offer his hand, lift his hat, manage his program, he made a mess of all three.

"How-de-doo, Mrs.—Miss——"

"I'm the Marquesa de San Pllar," she told him sweetly, persisting in the name she still waved in society's face.

"Of course you are," he agreed, flushing, unequal to the situation. "But I never was much of a hand at French."

"Oh, call me *Madame*," she permitted with one of her angelic laughs. "That won't be hard, will it, Mr. Holtz?"

It put a distance between them; a distance he had never felt with Margaret. And why, at that decisive moment, should he have remembered that Margaret had once called him Admah?

"I've wanted so much to thank you," said the Marquesa with a wistful look that suddenly brought her close to him, like a figure in a dream.

"Oh, Madam," he floundered with the new title, "it wasn't anything."

"Yes, it was, Mr. Holtz," she insisted.

"Nothing at all—not a thing, Mrs.—I mean Ma—Ma—" He knew he was bleating like a ram. But how could he call any one Marquesa de What's-Its-Name—or still worse, Madam?

"It was so sweet of you!" Her little face turned up to him, earnest, appealing, significant. He caught a stray glimpse of her hair—how softly it had blown against his cheek one starry night! "I so wanted to thank you," she was purring on; "—I didn't know how——"

"Aw, I just thought that bed and bureau and things would look pretty when you went to fix up the place," he struggled. "Please don't mention it, Madam." He made an effort to move away, but the hazel enchantment rendered him helpless.

"I hoped maybe you'd come to see me," she said with an astonishing humility. "But I suppose you've been too busy conquering the world."

So that was how she regarded him! A conqueror! Over his shoulder he wore the crimson of empire; milk-white stallions drew his war-chariot; Iberian slaves clanked in the rear; and by his side she rode, looking up at him with eyes that stole his reason.

"I hope you didn't think," he mumbled, "that I was trying to butt in when I sent that stuff around."

"Nothing—nothing in the world could have given me greater pleasure," she told him earnestly. And after that he was lost to every sane perspective. He stood an instant, speechless.

"It wasn't anything, Madam," he reiterated, but went on, "I wanted to come and see you—I didn't know—I sort of thought you'd have a lot of dates."

"Oh, I scarcely go anywhere," she told him.

Poor little girl who scarcely went anywhere! He was full of sympathy as well as worship. Then he felt that she was going out of her way to put him at his ease. Of course she went about the same as ever. She was here at the Derby, for instance. But she had hinted that all engagements would have been brushed aside had Admah Holtz cared to see her. Yet his clumsy tongue was tied for the lack of words to say.

"LET'S go over to the paddock," she coaxed, and he found himself moving along at her side. Self-consciousness fell away softly, and he talked about horses in a simple desire to make himself important in her eyes. She gave him her adoring attention and made it plain that she regarded him as a figure in the world.

"I suppose you've been winning like mad," she drawled, looking up at him.

"I dropped two hundred on Lifetime," he admitted, but was glad to let her know that he could afford it.

"He was a very bad horse," she sighed with the faintest trace of a foreign accent.

"Did he throw you down, too?"

"You wouldn't call it losing," she exclaimed, looking up at this great big hero of hers. "Just twenty dollars. But——"

Poor child! thought he; probably it was her last cent. Somebody ought to save her from her reckless self.

Out of the paddock stared a half dozen famous thoroughbreds, blanketed, sheltered, tenderly cared for. A crowd milled round, studying points; their ears were open to every oracle. Shalidado, last year's winner, pranced on his chestnut legs, distending his ruby nostrils for the world to admire.

"They've all got names like Pullman cars," laughed Flora Lee, consulting her program. "There's Ooliman over there. Don't let's bet on him. I can't bear his face."

"Which face do you like?" asked Admah, for an instant lifting the dreadful mantle of seriousness with which he always enshrouded Flora Lee.

"Black Hex. Look at him—isn't he adorable?"

The jet-black colt which had never won a race turned his handsome eyes at that instant. It was as tho he too was unable to resist her flattery. She held out one of her little hands and he presented his snout to kiss her palm

"We'll bet on him," decided Admah, quite intoxicated.

"And we'll win!" She was delighted.

"How shall we make it?" he asked.

"Oh, I'd certainly risk a hundred if—"

He dashed away toward the *paris mutuels* and placed their bets, a hundred for each, as the windows were closing. In some trepidation he hurried back, afraid that she would disappear again without a thought of him. But there she was, standing just beyond the Jockey Club gate; she was glowing with excitement as he put the tickets in her hand.

"We're goin' to have luck, Mister—"

"Candy Man," he supplied, emboldened.

"Did I make you awful mad when I called you that?"

"I reckon so," he mumbled, and was in a state of extreme exaltation as he guided her toward the rail. He was conscious of eyes following them, and his heart beat high.

THE red-coated leader on his calico horse came out again, this time at the head of the Derby entries. Shalidado, as if confident of his victorious record, stepped daintily, precisely, two behind the leader. Black Hex, turned suddenly to a foaming devil, curveted and bucked his way toward the pole.

"I love them when they act up!" whispered Flora Lee.

They were leaning against the rail, crowded together to accommodate the other spectators. Her sweet body lay against him, almost in his arms. When she moved her head a queer little feather in her hat tickled his neck. He wanted to answer her, but his throat was dry.

Crack! Earth and heaven roared again as the horses plunged forward for the famous fourth event.

"Hex! Hex! Oh, you silly fool!"

Flora Lee was pounding the boards, transported with rage, for her favorite had bucked once too often, permitting four horses to gain a lead of him at the start. Then he straightened out to his work, running close in a compact bunch of horses that neared the first sharp turn—this was the Graveyard Curve in the Bradbury course. With Shalidado a length ahead his jockey misjudged his angle—or so the Racing Editions said—and the subsequent spill was as disastrous as a shell explosion in a troop of cavalry. Shalidado seemed to turn a somersault. His jockey whirled head over heels. Two more horses plunged into the mass and went sprawling.

"Heavens, he's killed!" "Mercy, the poor fellow!" "The horse is dead!" "No, but he's broken his leg!"

With screams and cheers of commiseration in the air Black Hex leaped over the jumbled, kicking heap, got on the straightway, and led the field by half a dozen lengths.

"Oh, joy!" shrieked Flora Lee, and her hand had clutched Admah's hysterically. "He can't lose now. Come awn! Come awn, you black devil!"

Black Hex made good his lead to the last turn, where Ooliman pressed him to the winning-post.

"We've won. Didn't I know we would!" shrieked Flora Lee, both her arms round Admah's elbow. "Why didn't we bet a thousand on Hex?" she cried. "Weren't we silly?"

"Weren't we?" echoed Admah, having the same thought.

Again she had opened her pretty mouth to speak, then turned suddenly and straightened up as tho some one had struck her. Hunter O'Neill, his face very red, stood at her elbow.

"Well, I thought we'd lost you," he said, his smile awry.

"Your loss my gain, Huntie dear," she rippled. "Do you know what I've won? How much have I won, Mr. Holtz?"

"Two or three hundred dollars," replied Admah, grown sullen before the man he had defied at Hersinger's.

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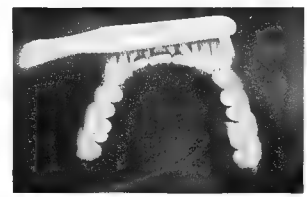

Brush downward over your upper teeth and gums —and upward over your lower teeth and gums

Fight Tartar

Keep the tartar germ off your teeth. You can, when you use a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush right, and use it often enough.

The bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush are serrated (saw toothed), curved to fit the jaw. They reach and clean every one of your teeth. The wide-spaced bristles reach between your teeth and clean crevices that ordinary brushes merely bridge over.

The large end tuft removes tartar-forming germs from the backs of teeth. It will reach even the backs of the back teeth—too often neglected when the tooth brush is not the right kind.

Use your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush as shown in the photograph above and you can keep your teeth clean easily.

Brush well. Remove all particles of food. Night and morning use a good dentifrice. Always brush the gums, and use plenty of water to carry away all tartar. Tartar forms after germs fasten to your teeth. Keep your teeth clean with your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, and tartar is held in check. Remember, "A Clean Tooth Never Decays."

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in the sanitary *yellow box*. Three sizes—adult's, youth's, and child's—are made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium and soft. Prices: 25, 35, and 50 cents.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO., FLORENCE, MASS., U.S.A.

Pro-phy-lac-tic
Tooth Brush

"A clean tooth never decays"

Always sold in the yellow box

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WAX Your Floors

and they'll be beautiful
—easy to take care of
—will not heel print
—won't be slippery

Wax is the most economical finish for floors—a 1 lb. (85c) can of Johnson's Polishing Wax being sufficient for a floor 14′ x 17′—one coat. Expensive refinishing is unnecessary for walked-on places can easily be re-waxed without going over the entire floor.

JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

Paste - Liquid - Powdered

Johnson's Polishing Wax imparts a hard, dry, velvety finish which is impervious to water, dust, scratches, heel-marks, finger-prints, etc. It cleans, polishes, preserves and protects—all in one operation.

The easy way to wax floors and linoleum is to use a Johnson Weighted Polishing Brush. It *spreads* the wax evenly—*polishes* the wax easily—and is an ideal floor duster. Price $3.50 (West of Rockies - $4.00). Dealers are authorized to give a quart bottle of *Johnson's Kleen Floor FREE* with each brush they sell.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. P. R, 2, RACINE, WIS.
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"
(Canadian Factory—Brantford)

THE cover for this flower pot was made from a scrap of blue and white checked gingham "left over" from a summer dress. A ribbon bow perched on the side gives an added touch, for/est of the ribbon, a strip of the gingham, hemmed with LePage's might have been used.

At last!
an easy way to make unsightly flower pots attractive.

". . . I HAVE always known that LePage's is a wonderful mender to have around the house, and I have mended dozens of things with it, but I *had no idea*, until I got your book, how many nice things I could *make* with it. I have made cretonne covers for my flower pots and it is wonderful how pretty they are. . . . "

LePage's Craft Book

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

"Think of that! You never brought me such luck. You know Mr. Holtz, don't you? And, Mr. Holtz, I wonder if you'd be ever so sweet and cash in my tickets? Oh, thanks."

His heart rebelled, but his legs obeyed. Flora Lee's sudden change of manner at O'Neill's appearance roused his old resentment. He'd be durned if he'd let her use him for a chore boy. He'd be durned if he would. So resolved, he got himself in line at the cashier's window. Black Hex was paying three-forty-six, enriching the few at the expense of the many. Admah came away with three hundred and forty-six dollars for himself and as much for Flora Lee. He quite overlooked the hundred which he had bet for her. She always moved him to such gestures.

"You're perfectly *gorgeous*," she declared, slipping the bills into her handbag. "I'll never bet again without your advice."

Right under O'Neill's nose she said this, openly flirting with Admah. He warmed immediately. "Oh, it was just luck, Madam," said poor Holtz.

"Come on; they're waiting," O'Neill suggested roughly.

"Let them," trilled Flora Lee. She turned on Admah such a look as only angels can command.

"Aren't you coming to see me?" she asked pathetically.

"You wouldn't be home, I reckon," he answered with a miserable sort of giggle.

"I'm home nearly all the time." She was sad again.

"Well, then," he brightened. "I might come to-night."

"Oh. Not to-night." This was quite definite. "There's a foolish party on at the Sycamore Club."

Mention of the Sycamore recreated the wall between them.

"Well," he growled, "I said——"

"But you could come to-morrow night, couldn't you?"

"What time?"

"Oh, just any time. There, you *will* come! And now I must run before Huntie starts tearing off his collar."

IT WAS a minute after nine when Admah faced the clumsy brick façade of the Texas Apartments and found Miss Peake's engraved card beside the Marquesa's over a letter-box in the foyer. Pressing a button marked "5—A," he was rewarded by a mechanical click-click on the latch. As he ascended a door half opened on the third landing. The elderly negress whom he had quizzed at the auction received him rather coldly at first, but warmed somewhat when he explained that he was Mr. Holtz and was expected. Despite their changed environment the Peakes carried with them an atmosphere which managed to rob him of his ease. The hallway was narrow, but old Linda's manner was palatial.

Opal clouds of tobacco-smoke floated through a drawing-room door; low, infatuated voices reached his ear. Occasionally a shriller exclamation would punctuate the drone: "My, my, come awn, Huntie! *I* made it no trumps."

Irresolutely Admah looked in and saw four figures leaning over a small green table. One of the Marquesa's slender, gleaming arms had just begun out to gather in the cards; she was smoking a cigaret in a ridiculously long holder. When he entered the room she was too busy to look up. Neill's face was purple and heavy; he wasted an unfriendly sidelong glance at Admah, then returned to his cards.

All this was pretty cool, thought Admah; then with a flash of resentment he noticed that the men were not dressed for the evening. Such matters counted with him, for he had just reached the self-conscious stage of civilized deportment. Why had he taken all the trouble to put on a dinner-suit? That, apparently, wasn't the thing in Peake circles. He had a mind to turn and walk out before anybody took notice of him, but already old Linda was saying to her mistress, "Mist' Holt, Miss Flo Lee."

The Marquesa de San Pilar finished her hand, then decided to rise and be hospitable.

"So good of you to come!" she began. Horrors! She had said something like that the afternoon he came to tea.

"Good evenin', Madam," he responded with great formality, feeling sure that Madame was the thing to say. But apparently not. All three players looked up, startled. It was as tho he had sworn at her.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12898, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes a design for one centerpiece 37½ inches in diameter, with extra cutting guides for appliqué. The cotton used for the stitches may be the same color as the appliqué pieces or a contrasting shade.

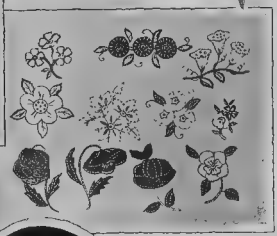
No. 12898 Centerpiece

No. 12899 On Table Scarf

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12899, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes a design and appliqué guides for both ends of a scarf, 18 by 36, 18 by 45, or 18 by 54 inches, to match No. 12898. The design is attractive with the flowers in lavender, blue, pink, and yellow, the leaves in green and the bird in yellow chambray, on a foundation of tan linen or black satin. Embroidery stitches may also be used.

No. 12905 (below)

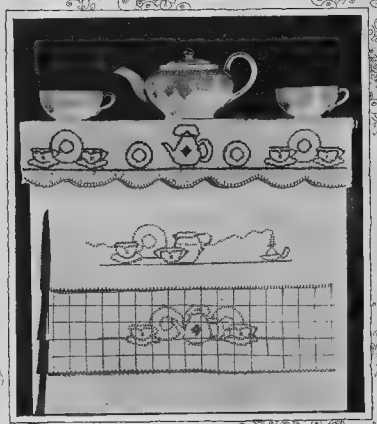
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12905, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/—, furnishes duplicates and reverses of 10 different motifs, with extra appliqué guides. Shown at left and at bottom of page on Play Suit No. 1754, 30 cents—1/6, sizes 1 to 5 years.



No. 12904

No. 12904—Shown on Dress No. 1733 (left)

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12902, blue only, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 3 yards of shelving with scalloped edge, and 6 each of two different towel designs. Developed in cross-stitch, these designs are effective for kitchen tea-towels or curtains. Check gingham could be used as the foundation material for the shelving, working the cross-stitches in black and red, the shelf line in black, with bias binding blanket-stitched onto the scalloped edge. Either check or plain linen huckaback could be used for the towel designs, embroidering the cross-stitches in light and dark blue cotton, with the edges hemmed and blanket-stitched or cross-stitched with dark-blue cotton.



No. 12902—Cross-stitch Designs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12904, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/—, furnishes duplicates and reverses of 11 motifs with appliqué guides. Embroidery stitches may also be used. The motifs range from 3⅜ to 6½ inches high. Illustrated above and at left on Dress 1733, 25 cents—1/3, sizes 2 to 6 years.

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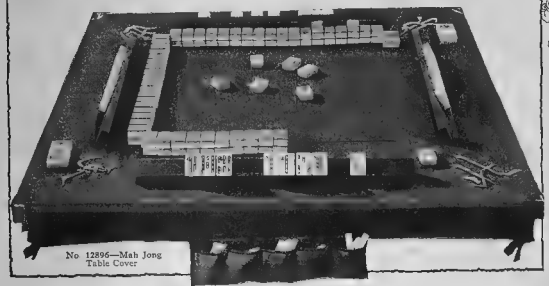

No. 12896—Mah Jong Table Cover

No. 12905—On Suit No. 1754

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12896, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes the shape and 4 symbols for a Mah Jong table cover 33½ by 33½ inches, excluding the 4 partitioned pockets, which hang over the table in the center of each side. The symbols are worked in raised satin stitch.

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

"You know everybody, don't you?" Madam chirped on. "Mrs. Ballinger and Mr. Ballinger and Mr. O'Neill?"

Admah knew Mrs. Ballinger; her husband, a tall, blond young man, was agreeable too. But O'Neill was annoyed.

"You were such a dear to come," Flora Lee protested—perhaps too much—"and I hope you won't mind looking on just a minute. Or won't you play my hand?"

"No thanks, Madam." He managed to explain, "I don't think I know the game."

"Lucky man!" It was the kind Hebe Ballinger who came to his rescue. O'Neill helped himself from a tall glass.

"We've simply got to play out the rubber," Flora Lee went on. "You *will* be patient, won't you? Find some cigarets in the box there, if you like our pesthouse kind. Have a drink?"

"No, thanks, Miss—Madam."

"Of *course* you will. Linda, fetch a glass for Mr. Holtz. It's the worst gin you ever tasted, Mr. Holtz. Hustle makes it out of carbolic acid and something like moth-balls. But it's quite intoxicating. Yes, darling—" this to Hebe—"deal the cards. I'll be right there. You'll be bored to death watching us, Mr. Holtz. Do find a magazine over there by the light!"

"Thank you, Madam."

He wasn't to be outdone in manners. Yet he had an uneasy sensation in the back of his dinner-jacket as tho all the eyes in the room were burning-glasses. Still talking, the Marquess fluttered back and took up her cards. Again the game settled into the monosyllabic state. Admah sat reticent as a boy.

"You've trumped my ace, Madam," he heard O'Neill say very distinctly.

"Shut up!" commanded Flora Lee, and the game went on.

Admah looked hungrily toward the outer door, longing to go home; but, like many another shy person, he dreaded the excuses and protestations which his sudden departure would necessitate. Under the lamp he found a pile of magazines, also several paper-bound books for which he had no use for the simple reason that they were in French.

Linda brought in a drink in a tall glass. It had the turpentine flavor of home-made gin. He gulped feverishly, appraising the Peakes in their changed estate. Quite a difference, he thought, from the spacious interior of the Innes Street house.

His eyes missed no detail, having leisure to observe. He took in the coarse portières and wondered about the scratched sliding doors, half closed at his elbow. Through the aperture he got a glimpse of imitation Wedgwood platters on a greasily varnished pine wall. A shadow moved against the edge of a dining-room table; then he saw Margaret Peake, a drawing-board propped against her knees, sketching under the ugly overhead light. Her chestnut hair gleamed red, and in that unsuspecting moment her face held the severe beauty of a tragic muse. An instant later she reached out toward a bottle of India ink on the table, and in looking up her eyes met Admah's.

IT'S lovely to see you again," she cried, giving him her hand as he came in. "I was so up to my ears that I didn't know where I was."

She showed a confusion at odds with her usual calm.

"I—I just dropped in," he began, catching embarrassment from embarrassment as bashful men usually do.

"Sit down, won't you? You'll have time to talk to me?"

"I reckon I will," he confessed. "I sort of thought I'd find your sister at home, so I called."

Margaret drew in a corner of her mouth and said with one of her dry smiles: "Many call, but few are chosen."

He didn't like that in her; it showed a tendency to be disloyal. Rage as he might at Flora Lee, he resented any criticism of her. Margaret might have been jealous.

"You won't mind my working while we talk, will you?" she asked, and resumed her drawing. "I promised to get these things done to-night."

He looked over her shoulder and saw what she was doing. She was inking in a fashion-drawing; it represented a lady with pointed fingers, pointed toes, pointed hat; her ankles, affectedly twisted, showed between pointed skirts; her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

mouth was a little round dot; her eyes, idiotically wide apart, were represented by two larger dots.

"Oh. That's for the Fashion Page," he ventured.

"My stars!" She drew in a corner of her mouth, but didn't look up. "You don't mean to say you read the Fashion Page!"

"Everybody does, I reckon," said Admah inadequately.

"I do two a day like this. I can do them in my sleep. You put in dots for the eyes and one hand up and one hand down and one foot twisted around like a rooster's. I'm going to write some blurb about 'Real Lace for Real Ladies.' But I mustn't be too darned superior or people won't read me."

"I heard you were on the *Evening Democrat*," he said.

"Who told you?" She gave him a quick, keen glance.

"Mr. Wilder, I think it was."

"Oh!" She resumed her drawing, and presently said, "I was mighty glad to read about your success."

"It ain't that, yet," he replied, but was pleased.

"I think it will be. I haven't forgotten what you said about the duck on the edge of the ditch. I'm on the edge of the ditch now, and I really love to paddle. Only it's queer, rather. Just as I'm beginning to learn how, here you are up on the lawn, spreading your feathers."

"I've often wanted to talk to you," he admitted.

"About what?"

"Well, I'm in a business I had to learn overnight. I took it on a bet, you might say. And I've often wanted to come around and talk to you."

"Me? I've never made a plow in my life," she laughed.

"I reckon you could," said Admah, full of cool admiration for this woman.

"If you want my advice—" she waited until she had brushed in a long, affected shadow before resuming "—this is what I'd like to say. Don't fool with the rainbows. If you want to conquer, keep your mind on your army. Caesar was all right, you know, till he went to Egypt and got to playing round with—"

THE sliding door came back, a thunderous racket, and Flora Lee stood on the sill.

"Oh, Peg!" she cried, confronting them both, "you've stolen him right under my nose!"

"Yes," Margaret smiled at her drawing, "He was going home."

"You weren't so, were you, Mr. Holtz?" and then to Margaret, as tho he were not there, "He promised to stick it till we played out the rubber. Do come help me, Mr. Holtz. Huntie O'Neill's mad and we're all in a perfectly delightful rage."

Margaret did not look up as he slid out of the room, obediently following her sister.

"I think you're perfect little devils to run away like this," Flora Lee was saying to the Ballingers, who had put on their coats. "You come to stick around and get revenge. I'll coax Mr. Holtz to take a hand! He's frightfully lucky, aren't you, Mr. Holtz?"

"Sometimes." Admah never felt unfortunate when Flora Lee smiled on him.

"I wish we could," dimpled the pleasant Hebe. "But if you give Dan another of those synthetic rickeys, Heaven knows how I'll manage him."

"You've studied it out before," intimated Dan, his kindly brown eyes swimming.

"And Huntie! What are *you* doin'?" Flora Lee made a pretty play at taking off his overcoat.

"Just lemme be," commanded Hunter, drawing back with an uncouth gesture. Ballinger and his wife exchanged swift glances.

"We've promised to take Huntie home and show him the new radio," explained Ballinger gallantly.

"One excuse good as another." O'Neill's swollen eyelids came together like bags, and his mouth was unpleasant as he leered at Flora Lee. In Admah the look aroused old bloodthirsts; he recalled a night when the circus had been in town and he had thrown a drunken tent-man down a flight of stairs.

"We'll *all* see the radio," chirped Hebe. She took O'Neill by an arm. "Well, good night, Flora Lee. Nice party."

So they got him out of the door.

"D'you know," said Admah, looking

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

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"Beautiful as the day we married"

CLEAR, youthful, lovely skin, lustrous hair and sparkling eyes! How fortunate is this woman who has retained these priceless possessions of her youth! She is admired by all about her because she has learned to keep all the beauty of girlhood. Let us tell you her secret.

Science has only recently discovered that those poisons which mar the beauty of your skin, eyes and hair *originate* in a clogged intestine. Faulty elimination is fatal to a clear complexion, says a famous health authority. The impurities which start from clogged intestines are absorbed by the blood. They thus reach the skin and inflame it, resulting in many unsightly blemishes. These intestinal poisons even invade the hair and the eyes. The hair loses its sheen and silkiness, often turning gray, and the eyes become dull, with a yellowish tinge, and lacking in brightness.

Women are avoiding these dangers and preserving their loveliness by maintaining *internal cleanliness* through the regular use of Nujol. They have learned that Nujol by *lubrication* overcomes intestinal clogging. It lubricates and softens the food waste and hastens its rate of flow. Thus it prevents the creation of those poisons in the intestines which cause skin and other disfigurements.

As Nujol has helped maintain the beauty of these women, so can it help you. Take Nujol as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Nujol is not a medicine. Like pure water it is harmless. Nujol establishes the habit of internal cleanliness—the healthiest habit in the world.

"Regular as Clockwork"

If you would be always attractive, youthful and healthy, internal cleanliness must be habitual. Keep a bottle of Nujol in the bathroom cabinet to help you acquire this health habit. For sale at all druggists.

Faulty Elimination

Intestinal clogging is so prevalent that it is not considered a serious illness However, when one stops to realize that not only is intestinal clogging a cause of minor ailments, but the starting place of fully 75 per cent. of human disease, it is apparent that proper measures must be taken to overcome and prevent it.

Why Physicians Favor Lubrication

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome faulty elimination, says a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury.

Medical science, through knowledge gained of the intestinal tract by X-ray observation and exhaustive tests, has found in *lubrication* the best means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste Thus it enables nature to secure regular, thorough elimination. Nujol is not a laxative and cannot cause distress. Nujol hastens the rate of flow through the intestine, preventing intestinal sluggishness.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world for the relief of faulty elimination in people of all ages.

Infants and Children: The mother who permits intestinal clogging in her baby or older child is jeopardizing the health, even the life of her little one. For a clogged system is a weakened system, and leaves the child a prey to serious disease.

Nujol, given to the infant or child, gently softens the accumulated waste, thereby speeding up to a normal rate its movement through and out of the body.

Let your child have Nujol regularly—and see rosy cheeks, clear eyes and happiness return once more

Expectant and Nursing Mothers: Faulty elimination, almost invariably present during pregnancy and the nursing period, is particularly dangerous at such times because of its effect upon the infant. The poisons formed in the intestine enter the circulation and soon appear in the milk Laxatives or cathartics taken to relieve intestinal clogging present a similar danger because they are also absorbed with consequent ill effect to the baby through the milk

Nujol is extensively prescribed by physicians for the expectant and nursing mother because it is not absorbed in the course of its passage through the system and thus cannot affect the child. Nujol can also be given with great benefit to the infant in arms.

Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories — *Standard Oil Co (New Jersey)*

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Nujol, Room 801-H, 7 Hanover Square, New York. For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "Faulty Elimination." (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.)

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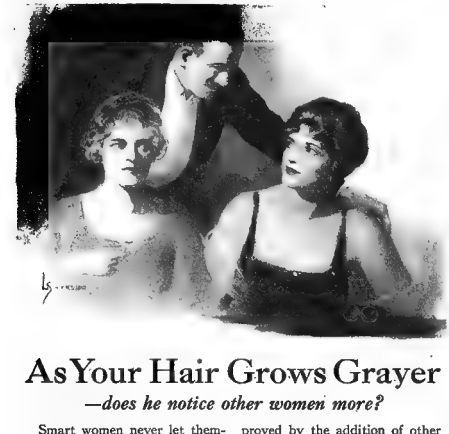

As Your Hair Grows Grayer

—does he notice other women more?

Smart women never let themselves look old!

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age.

We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance.

Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When your hair fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks rely upon this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully; besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You simply moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

WYETH'S
Sage and Sulphur

What It Will Do

Roasts all kinds of meats, fowls and fish; a 5-pound roast uses electricity about 70 to 75 minutes.

Cooks all vegetables. Eight medium sized potatoes require electricity about 8 to 12 minutes.

Does all baking—A pan of biscuits, a cake, beans, use electricity 12 to 15 minutes. A boiled ham uses electricity 30 to 35 minutes. Cooks a boiled dinner complete using electricity about 40 minutes.

Broils-Fries-Toasts Stews—Makes Coffee, Boils Tea Kettle

Broils Steaks and Chops to Perfection

An Electric Fireless Cooker Saves 50 to 75% Fuel Cost

HERE is the easiest, cheapest method known to prepare the family meals. With the same electric current that lights your home you can do all your cooking at one-fourth to one-half the cost of any other method. It is a new, simple, practical invention that gives you every cooking, baking, roasting, broiling and toasting facility of the expensive electric range, plus every advantage of the fireless cooker, at less than you would pay for even a good gasoline or oil cook-stove.

BetterMeals—Less Cost

Use Electricity, ¼ to ½ Cooking Time

You prepare the entire family meals with less effort and less cost than ever before. High priced cuts of meat can be discarded for lower priced cuts and inexpensive food made equally appetizing, more nutritious and healthful. No "pot-watching." No worrying about burning. **Broils Steaks and Chops to perfection.**

No Special Wiring Not a penny additional expense for wiring and fixtures. Attaches to any electric socket, the same as electric iron or toaster. You prepare the food for cooking, the same as you have always prepared it. Put it in the cooker, turn on the switch, and leave it. No clocks to set. No dials to regulate. No thermometers to watch. No radiators or discs to heat. You use electricity only to bring the food to the cooking point. It, then, automatically shuts itself off. The heat you pay for is used for only one-fourth to one-third of the cooking time. Guaranteed Wear-Ever aluminum utensils furnished with it. It is aluminum lined throughout—won't rust or corrode.

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FREE MENU INDEX A new device shows instantly what to serve with various meats to give proper balanced rations as determined by Home Economics experts. Sent FREE

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

sheepishly around to see that the dining-room door was closed, for a nickel I'd have smashed that jackass."

"Oh, would you?" Flora Lee brought her little hands together and worshiped him. "Poor Huntie! Do help yourself to a cigaret—and let's have Linda mix us another rickey. Linda!" And when the response, "Ya-s'm!" came creakingly, Flora Lee explained to her guest, "The poor old thing's doddering. But she has to work because her no-count granddaughter wants to give music lessons and be a lady. She comes down on old Linda every time the rent's due. Ain't family pride a holy thing!"

"Yes, it is, Madam," replied Admah. Flora Lee laughed, a pleasant sound.

"For goodness sake, stop calling me Madam!"

"But you told me to——"

"I know. I say a lot of things. But everybody calls me Flora Lee, and why shouldn't you?"

"All right, Miss——"

"We all call you Admah."

"Oh, do you, Miss Flora Lee?" He was curious.

"You mustn't think I've forgotten, Admah."

His eyes fell again, and his heart began to pound like one of his automatic hammers at the F & T. What was it she hadn't forgotten? The moonlit ride on the River Boulevard? Or the wrong she had done him next day? Or his generous revenge in sending her the bedroom pieces? A memory of the auction scene leaped into his mind. What were the words on that queer bedspread that the auctioneer had held up, causing the curio-dealer to smile wickedly?

OLD Linda came in bearing two rickeys on a tray. He took his glass dazedly and sat beside Flora Lee; he had waited seven years for such a tête-à-tête.

"It was sweet of you, sendin' my things around like that—just as if you knew—knew what I wanted most." Adorable words!

"Aw, Miss Flora Lee! It wasn't anything. Not anything. I just happened in at the auction—the sale—and I thought that gold furniture would be sort of nice for you to keep."

"There are very few people—here—" there was an implied slur in the last word—"who would have had the taste to recognize their value." This lifted him to a plane where he fancied himself another Pierpont Morgan, versed in objects of art and possessing the means to buy them.

"I'm on the lookout once in a while for things like that," he admitted with modest bravado.

"If you only knew what they mean to me!" Her fine eyes wandered around the narrow sitting-room. He had a quick picture of her splendid furnishings, cluttered together in the poor little bedroom which she now occupied. The sadness of her look, the pathos in her voice presented a new aspect of Flora Lee.

"It's wonderful to hear the way they're all talking about you!" She brightened suddenly. "Here I come back and find you lording it everybody. It makes me feel mighty small."

"You'd never be that," he replied feelingly.

"Oh, I'm not gigantic, do you think?" she rippled.

"I didn't mean that—I—I mean you'd always amount to a lot, wherever you were."

"I love to hear you say so," she responded, her eyes again lowered. "I don't get any too much encouragement any more."

He sat silent, swallowing with difficulty.

"I'm gettin' sort of old." He wasn't sure what prompted that remark.

"You?" Flora Lee widened. "Why, Admah, you've just begun. Just look at the way you walked right in and bought those great flour-mills."

"It was the Plow and Tool Works," he corrected her.

"Of *course* it was! But you'll get the flour-mills next. Everybody says you will. You're getting to be one of those Titans of finance."

"Those which?" he found breath to ask.

"Titans. They were sort of gigantic Greek gods that threw mountains at each other."

"Shucks!" he replied, and laughed. For a sane instant the rosy clouds parted, and he wondered if she might not be

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

Could YOU Attract This Man?

PERHAPS he isn't your ideal, but if he were, would you know how to win him? Would you know what to do to attract his attention, to make him genuinely interested in you, to increase that interest step by step until there would be, for him, no other girl in all the world but you? Would you, like ninety nine out of a hundred other girls, depend upon haphazard luck or accident, or would you, like the one girl in a thousand who is genuinely fascinating, know exactly what you are about, understand just what to do to win the man's attention, to make him forget all the other girls he knows, and arouse the feeling within him that *here* is the one girl for him?

The really charming woman knows all this. She understands man's psychology, his human nature, his susceptibilities and frailties, and knows just what to do to fascinate any man she chooses. When her ideal comes along, she doesn't depend upon chance or accident, but follows a well-planned method of procedure that is sure of success.

Knowledge is power. The woman who knows man's human nature has a power to charm him that no other woman can equal. Our FREE book, "THE SECRETS OF FASCINATING WOMANHOOD," will give you the key to man's human nature, show how he is attracted and charmed, the different methods required for different men, and what makes a woman fascinating to them. Just a letter with ten cents (10c) to cover cost of packing and mailing will bring it to you (in plain wrapper). Send for it. Try out its methods and plans, experience the power over men which its knowledge gives you, and watch the immediate and remarkable change in men's attitude toward you. Send your dime today.

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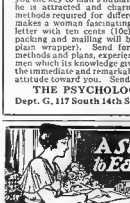

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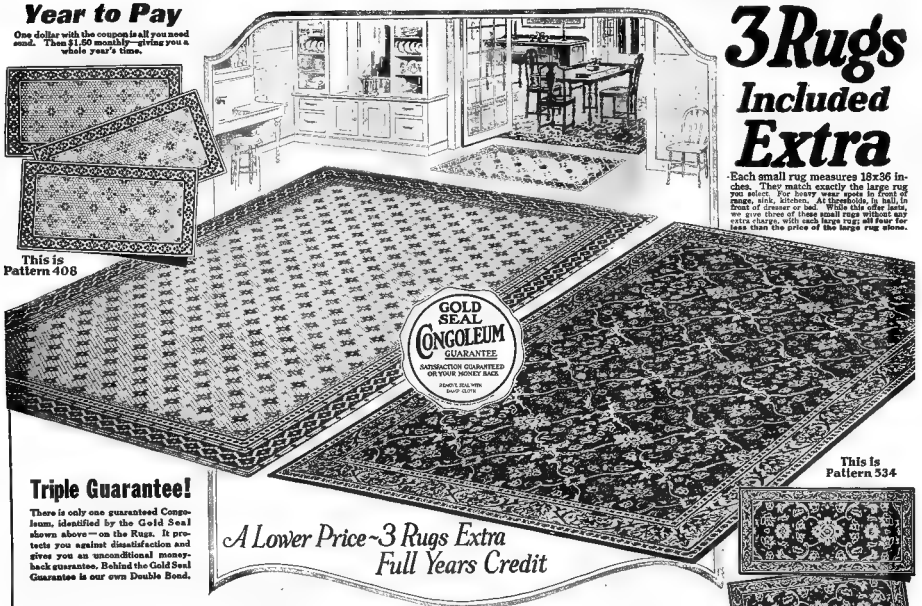
Each small rug measures 18x36 inches. They match exactly the large rug you select. For heavy wear spots in front of range, sink, kitchen. At thresholds, in hall, in front of dresser or bed. While this offer lasts, we give three of these small rugs without any extra charge, with each large rug; **all four for less than the price of the large rug alone.**



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This is Pattern 534

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There is only one guaranteed Congoleum, identified by the Gold Seal shown above—on the Rugs. It protects you against dissatisfaction and gives you an unconditional money-back guarantee. Behind the Gold Seal Guarantee is our own Double Bond.

A Lower Price—3 Rugs Extra
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Four CONGOLEUM *Rugs for Less than the Price of One*

$1.00 Brings All Four

Ours is the only house in America that can make you such an offer. No one else can bring you a genuine guaranteed Gold Seal Congoleum Rug, in the full 9 foot x 12 foot size, with three small rugs extra, and all for **less** than the **regular price** of the big rug **alone. And on a year credit.**

Clip the coupon below. Write your name and address plainly. Say which pattern you want. Pin a dollar to it—mail at once. We will ship immediately—on approval **all four Congoleum Art Rugs**—in one complete neat package. No muss, no bother, no trouble to lay. **If satisfactory take a year to pay.**

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Almost everybody knows the price of the famous Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs. They are advertised and sold at the same standard price everywhere. Look everywhere else first if you wish—stores, catalogs, magazines and newspapers. You'll find no offer like ours—lower price, 3 rugs extra, 30 days trial, year to pay.

The Rugs of Guaranteed Wear Year to Pay—3 Extra Rugs

Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs are the most popular floor covering known. They are rapidly becoming the national floor covering—highly prized in good homes for any and all rooms.

They Are Waterproof. No burlap for water to rot. Surface is hard, smooth, and wear resisting. Does not stain. Not marred or hurt by spilling of hot liquids

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Tile Pattern No. 408

Probably no floor covering of any quality or kind, ever piled up the popularity of this wonderful design. It is a superb tile pattern that looks like mosaic. Lovely robin's egg blue, with shadings of Dutch blue, and a background of soft stone gray, give a matchless effect. Particularly suited for a kitchen or dining room. Don't fear muddy boots and shoes. A damp mop whisks it clean in a jiffy.

Only $1.00 with Coupon—$1.50 Monthly

No. F4C408 9x12 ft. Congoleum Gold Seal Rug with three small rugs to match, each 18x36 in.—all four only **$17.95**

Oriental Pattern No. 534

This is the beautiful Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rug as shown at the top of this page—at the right side. On the floor, it looks unbelievably like an expensive woven rug. The richest blue color dominates the ground work. Mellow ecru, old ivories, and light tans, set off the blue field. Mingled with these lovely tints are peacock blue, robin's egg blue and darker tones. Old rose, tiny specks of lighter pink and dark mulberry are artistically placed. Darker browns and blacks lend dignity and richness.

The border background contrasts with the blue all over center by reversing the color scheme. Ecru and tan shades form the border background. In this rug you have all the advantages of design and coloring so much sought after in high grade pile fabrics.

An ideal all purpose rug, beautiful in any room.

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The Large Rug is Full Room Size 9 x 12 Ft.

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Our credit arrangement is an entirely extra feature, given to you freely, and we want you to enjoy it.

We open your credit account here without asking. Use your credit to take advantage now of this special Congoleum rug offer.

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I Select Pattern No. . . . . .

If you wish both patterns write down both numbers, send $2 00—pay $1.00 monthly and get all 8 rugs.

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The background of your rooms is of supreme importance

With Sanitas Modern Wall Covering it is so easy to have your walls perfectly suited to the furnishings.

Sanitas is made on cloth, machine-painted with durable oil colors that can be kept clean and fresh by wiping with a damp cloth. It does not crack, tear, peel, blister or fade. It can be applied over any flat surface, is ideal over wall-boards, and can be used on new walls as soon as the plaster is dry.

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Enamel Finish, plain colors and tile effects for kitchens, bathrooms, etc.

Flat Finish, plain tints, that can be hung as they come, stenciled, frescoed, or Tiffany blended.

Decorative Patterns, floral designs, and tapestry, leather, grass-cloth and fabric effects.

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

mocking him, laying it on thick. But if his look was keen at first it soon deadened again under her spell.

He found himself boasting recklessly, much as he had boasted to Mabel Stek on her Dutch Hill porch. He held the P. & T. in the hollow of his hand; he juggled with tons of pig iron, thousands of disk harrows. Admah Holtz, president, had no small talk for ladies. But on the subject of his business he could speak in rounded periods, a modern Cicero.

He finished his rickety; old Linda, without being asked, supplied him with another. All this time Flora Lee held him with a wide, admiring gaze.

But the effect was somewhat marred. She turned her head slightly and hid her mouth beneath a pretty hand.

"I reckon I've been right long-winded," said Admah, embarrassed. He shuffled to his feet.

"Oh, no, Mr. Holtz—Admah. Please don't go. It's just like a fairy-story, every word of it. I've been sleepin' very poorly and I'm napping all day long. You won't mind that—when you know me better."

That last was salve for whatever distress she might have caused him. Nevertheless, Admah deemed it time to go; his golden hour was over.

"It's been so won-derful," cooed Flora Lee, "to hear a man talk about something worth while!"

AT THIS stage in his development there would come intervals, too infrequently, when he would pause to ask himself: What does this sort of thing mean? Where's it getting me? What am I doing, putting up a bluff with a lot of people I don't belong to and who don't want me to belong?

But ordinarily he moved in a great heat, never self-inquisitive. It is certain that his devotion to the lady who still called herself the Marquesa de San Pilar did him much credit in the eyes of the common world. His subordinates in the P. & T. liked to think that their president was keeping up his end socially. Only Mr. Canfield, stooping over his desk, turned a narrow look upon Admah Holtz. If Admah's stocks had gone up, so had Mr. Canfield's. The old gentleman attributed his gain to his own shrewdness and economy; he looked upon Holtz as a wastrel and an evil liver. That woman with the queer Spanish name was a disgrace to Judge Peake's memory. And the P. & T. was sure to go to ruin under this fellow Holtz. Mr. Canfield said as much in confidence to Colonel Atterbury, but the Colonel proved unreceptive. Stocks were still on the rise.

Meanwhile the city, which had never outgrown its village gossips, watched Admah with both wonder and speculation. It was noted that his handsome blue runabout had been traded in for a handsomer and bluer one with a nickel-plated radiator and a windshield that could be bent into all sorts of fantastic angles; also that Admah had taken to Panama hats and the sort of yellowish suits which sporting gentlemen affect in the tepid air of June. When he called for his weekly visit at the Red Front store its proprietor, Jo Holtz, came stopping out in his shirt-sleeves with a look of grubby disapproval and a surmise that Ad was throwin' on a lot of dawg.

Lafayette Holtz came jitneying back to his hog farm one afternoon and startled Aunt Browsee with his report.

"That there Admah had on yaller gloves and was courtin' a Duchess. Only it didn't look like Ad because he had on one o' them Mexican hats, the kind the actors wear. Gimme a drink, sweetie. I seen 'em comin' round the Water Works Road in an auto that looked like the hull Liberty Loan. He was travelin' with that Peake girl—you know the one that got a divorce off an Eyetalian Count. I guess Ad ain't got all the candy out of his system yet."

As for Admah Holtz, he was looking upon his world with a distorted vision, much as a fever patient turns the familiar objects of his room into queer shapes and fancies. He saw everything on a grand scale; unconsciously he began to adjust the frugal Holtz standard to meet the magnificent Peake standard. By Midsummer of 1922 the new Hamilton Annex was finished, and Admah took a suite on the eleventh floor, with a private dining-room where he could give little dinners to such members of Sutumna's fast set as Flora Lee cared to bring into his sphere. It was she who suggested the fine rooms

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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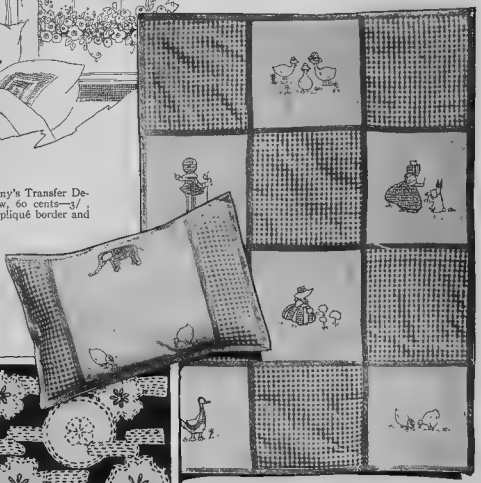
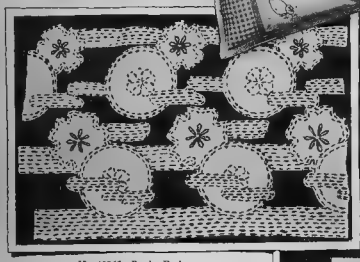
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12865, blue or yellow, 60 cents—3/, furnishes 3 yards of 11-inch appliqué border and 3 yards of outlining for trimming suits, frocks, etc. This border may be either appliquéd, embroidered in one-stitch or worked in a combination of one-stitch and appliqué. The original design was carried out on a navy blue serge background with the appliqué of bright blue broadcloth.



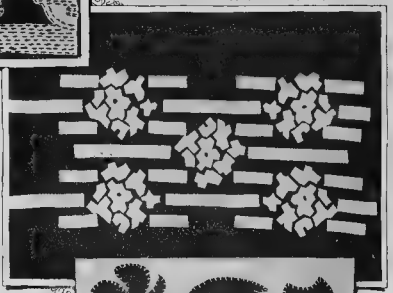
No. 12580—Sr own on Crib Set

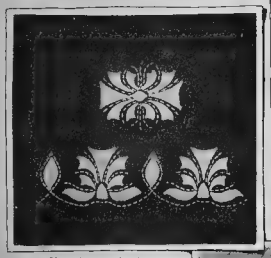


No. 12865—Border Design

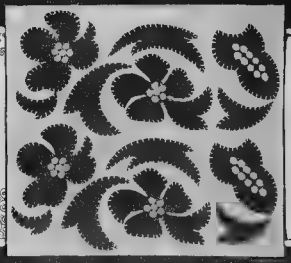
No. 12906—Appliqué Border (below)

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12901, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, furnishes 4 yards of appliqué border 4¾ inches wide, 8 motifs 5½ inches high, with appliqué guides. Both border and motifs are effective for trimming suits, frocks, etc.





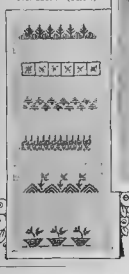
No. 12901—Appliqué Border and Motifs



No. 12866—Appliqué Design (right)

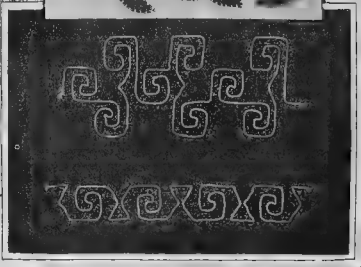
No. 12900 (below)

No. 12897 (below)



The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12897, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, furnishes 2 yards each of 6 borders to be worked in chain, outline and lazy-daisy stitches.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 120



No. 12903 (right)

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

in the Annex and it was she who taught Admah the first principles of bridge; a costly game for him, but amusing, and it brought him into closer contact with people who, the Marquesa told him, he really must know. After the first dangerous moments of their intimacy she arranged that there should be no suggestion of love-making between them. But Admah remained blindly, aimlessly in love with her.

Margaret too was in his life; she furnished a quiet background for his restless picture. During his frequent waits for Flora Lee—who, despite her devotion, could never quite bring herself to be on time for anything—Admah would find Margaret at work in the apartment. To him she was like soft color to tired eyes. Their talks were usually of an impersonal nature; he got used to the sight of her handsome face bent over some silly drawing as she worked and she unobtrusively whimsically. He developed a habit of talking over with her the things he was thinking about, which were the present and future of the P. & T.

SO MUCH for Margaret Peake, whom he found one October afternoon making a water-color sketch in the living-room of the flat. Attired in his new golf suit, he had come to take the young Marquesa to the Country Club.

"Hello, Admah!" cried Margaret. "Come in and wait."

She was standing at an easel, her rich hair braided down her back; her yellowish smock-frock gave her a workmanlike appearance. She held her head slantwise and lifted the brush daintily like a lancet as she stood back and regarded her picture. In his first quick glimpse Admah thought her very lovely and sweet. He wondered why she had never married.

"I reckon I'm kind of early," he said.

"I reckon Flora Lee's kind of late," she replied with a smile which was marred by some indefinite pain. "Sit down, Admah, and watch me messing around with a lot of queer colors. I'm just doing this for fun. Can you imagine it? But we get such a nice north light at this time of day."

"I don't suppose Miss Flora Lee—" he began, to be cut off rather sharply.

"Oh, yes, she will, if you give her time. She always does. She's been taking a nap, and I fancy old Linda's shaken her up by now."

I hope she's feelin' all right," said Admah. "I thought maybe she'd been overdoin' lately."

"Yes," agreed Margaret dryly, "you might have noticed that." Suddenly she turned, her brush poised, and studied him with clear eyes. "It's a funny thing about clothes," she mused.

"You mean," he said, "you don't like this get-up?"

"Oh, you're perfectly splendiferous!" she spoke dryly. "Do you know when I liked you best?"

She's in a queer mood, he thought, but said aloud, "When was that?"

"The day I came into your little red store to graft money for the orphanage. You looked so sort of shaggy and solid. Like a lion. And then one afternoon you came down Inness Street all dressed to kill. And do you know, Admah, I fairly hated you that afternoon."

"Oh, yes. That time—" He blushed scarlet and stirred uneasily in his chair. Why was she taunting him with what he wished most to forget?

"I suppose I've made you mad," she reflected. She was silent for a time, then resumed dreamily, "But that's it, isn't it? You get up on the lawn and play with the peacocks. And I don't suppose any one bothers much now about going to a certain house on Inness Street."

"It's a boarding-house now," he told her, and if his intention had been to hurt, he was instantly sorry.

"A terrible part of town!" she mused. "First it stopped being fashionable and then it stopped being respectable. I don't think I mind, tho."

There was bravery in that. Altho her tongue had cut him, he felt a sudden rush of pity for this woman, who had faced her own conditions without complaint. He had never known her to ask a favor, save in behalf of Flora Lee.

"I sometimes wonder if I couldn't buy that house and do something with it," he blurted out.

"Please don't," she replied softly. "It wouldn't do the least good. And who'd live there now?

"Admah!" Her brush fell, and he was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

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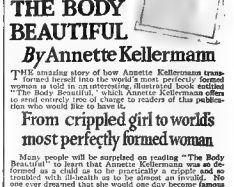

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Striking New Models Purposely Designed for Southern Wear

2049 2018 2053 2043 1954 2033 2025 2050

2049—Ladies' and Misses' Russian Tunic Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crinkled crêpe in an allover floral design—1⅛ yard 36-inch deer-colored satin—1⅜ yard 36-inch silk lining. The long Russian tunic reaching almost to the hem of the skirt is one of the most preferred silhouettes of the season. This one is further distinguished by being slashed to permit a glimpse of the skirt beneath. It is interesting to observe that the tunic gives width to the dress without sacrificing the desired slender effect.

2018—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch figured sports silk—2 yards 40-inch Flemish blue satin for skirt, bindings, and tie—¼ yard 36-inch green satin cut crosswise or 1 yard cut lengthwise for inserted section. Skilful designing is displayed in the manner in which the skirt is arranged to partly reveal an inserted section in front which permits plenty of freedom in walking, at the same time retaining a slim youthful line.

2025—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch black Georgette crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch velvet for trimming-bands—2⅛ yards ribbon for sash. One of the most fashionable of all the silhouettes introduced this season is that with the flat back and flared front. This model designed for Southern wear follows the mode closely with undoubted success. Black, always smart, is unusually so now at the Southern resorts for either afternoon or evening wear.

2053—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 40-inch pink taffeta—2 yards bias binding. Simplicity of line is accentuated in this lovely dress by the long slashed effect in front. Like most of the newest style creations this model has only a hint of a waist-line. The decorative border is hand-embroidered in old rose and blue.

2043—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch Twiladorn—2¼ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for lining—5 yards silk bias binding. No. 1954—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch white crêpe de Chine—1¼ yard of each colored braid.

2033—Ladies' One-piece Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch batty-colored linen. The effectiveness of the large rever which is one of the dominating features of this dress is enhanced by design 12869, developed in blue braid.

2050—Ladies' and Misses' Beltless Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch plaid taffeta—1⅛ yard 36-inch white handkerchief linen for collar, vestee and sleeves—1½ yard lace.

"Teach the Children to Sew"

Patterns may be purchased from any Pictorial Review Agent in the United States and Canada or by mail, postage prepaid, if you address the Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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New Modes of Early Spring Shown in a Diversity of Models

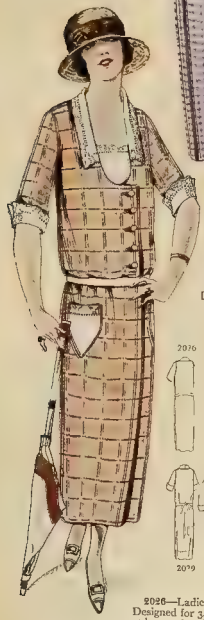
2050—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch cotton print—1¾ yard 36-inch linen. Every woman enthuses at the prospect of a Spring season which approves gay fabrics.

2051—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 18 and 20 years. Length at center-back 45 inches. No. 1968—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch yellow linen—1½ yard 36-inch white linen—3⅝ yards bias binding.

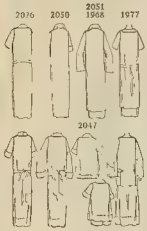
1977—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch brown figured silk crêpe—½ yard 40-inch tan silk crêpe—2 yards ribbon for sash—2⅛ yards 36-inch silk lining for camisole and upper parts of gores. The Russian blouse gives the straight line that fashion favors.

Dress 2050 Jacket 2051 Dress 1968 Dress 1977

Dress 2026



Dress 2029



2026—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch lavender and white check gingham—⅝ yard 32-inch lavender gingham. This makes an attractive as well as practical frock for informal wear.

2029—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 32 inch plaid gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch white organdy—2¾ yards white lace. Unusually becoming and graceful is the deep U-shaped neck outline of this gingham dress. Here is a delightful frock for early Spring and Summer—as smart as it is practical. Its bloused effect is very youthful.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

Dress 2027

"Teach the Children to Sew"

Sister Dress 2047 Brother Dress 2047 Dress 2024

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Google

Simplicity Is the Keynote of New Gingham and Linen Frocks

1994—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch gray and white figured foulard—1¼ yard 36-inch white foulard—1½ yard ribbon for girdle—4 yards bias binding. Predictions for early Spring and Summer fashions strongly indicate a predominance of allover figured materials. The front of this good-looking dress is laid in plaits at the shoulders and is cut away at the left side below the waist-line, underfaced and lapped over the left front gore. The low waist-line with a wide crushed girdle gives the model a decidedly youthful tone.

Tunic Dress 2014

2014—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 32-inch yellow plaid gingham. The current vogue for frocks with plain backs and flared fronts finds a faithful follower in this long-waisted tunic model. The tunic is stitched on the front gore near the upper edge and caught in with the side seams. An attractive feature is the overblouse with deep arm-holes, the lower edges of which are laid in plaits, at the waist-line. Both serviceable and chic is this daytime frock to be worn on most any informal occasion.

1997—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch black Canton crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch royal blue satin for collar, trimming-bands, and sash. In spite of many new silhouettes, the chemise dress is still one of the most popular. Here it is made interesting by graceful, long shoulders. Embroidery, design 12718, cleverly applied, contributes its share to the general attractiveness of the dress.

2052—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. **2030**—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch white handkerchief linen—3⅛ yards 32-inch plaid gingham for the skirt and blouse trimming. The effect is altogether charming.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

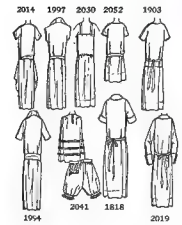
Dress 1997
Embroidery 12718

Tunic Blouse 2052
Skirt 2030

Dress 1994

1903—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch white organdy—2¼ yards 32-inch plaid gingham. The extension of the skirt in the center-front accounts for the generally modish appearance of this dress. The blouse is slashed in at either side and gathered. An attractive Chinese design 12864 is embroidered in raised satin stitch.

Dress 1903
Embroidery 12864



Dress 1818

Bloomer Dress 2041

"Teach the Children to Sew"

Dress 2019

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Tunics and Draped Effects Grace Many of the New Silk Frocks

2028—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅗ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch wisteria-colored satin meteor—1¼ yard 36-inch silk lining. The left side of the tunic falls in a graceful cascade style to a point extending below the hem of the skirt. This tunic, combined with the long trimming-bands on the back of the dress, produces a trailing effect that is one of the season's most fashionable silhouettes.

1788—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta—1⅛ yard lace—1¼ yard ribbon. Design, 12612, trims the dress most effectively. It may be developed in beads, soutache braid, or in darning stitch.

2037—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch blue-and-white figured silk crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch silk lining. A new interpretation of the tunic dress always receives a hearty welcome from women who like long gracefully draped effects.

2054—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch gray taffeta—⅝ yard 36-inch cream-colored allover lace—¼ yard 22-inch cream-colored batiste for vesting—2 yards lace edging. Many of the most favored frocks of early Spring are developed in taffeta. This one is made particularly striking by the contrast of gay ribbons. The two-piece skirt and the fashionable tunic are attached to the lower edge of the waist.

Dress 2028

Dress 2037

Dress 1788
Embroidery 12612

Dress 2054

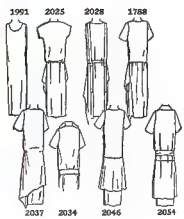
Dress 1991
Embroidery 12887

Dress 2025

"Teach the Children to Sew"

Blouse 2034

Dress 2046



1991—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch flesh-color satin—1¾ yard 36-inch silk lining—3¾ yards beading. A stunning evening gown may be made by trimming this beautiful model with design 12887 developed in beads.

2025—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch blue-and-white figured foulard—½ yard 36-inch plain blue satin for trimming.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

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Delightful New Blouses for Your Spring Wardrobe

1960—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1608—Ladies' Gathered Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—3 yards 36-inch velvet for the skirt, appliqué border and bindings—1¼ yard 36-inch silk lining for skirt bodice. Reports state that Paris is embroidering with a lavish hand her newest blouses and frocks. This border, design 12892, is unusually attractive.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

2038—Ladies' Frock Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch charmeen—1 yard ribbon for shoulder straps—⅛ yard 36-inch silk lining. This frock skirt may be used as the foundation of several different two-piece Spring costumes.

2030—Ladies' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool plaid—1⅛ yard ribbon for shoulder straps—¾ yard 36-inch silk lining—1⅜ yard narrow beading—1½ yard ribbon. An ideal skirt to wear with overblouses.

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Designs Cut on Scientific Principles Insure Slender Lines

Blouse 1886 Blouse 1887

1887—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Size 42½ requires 2 yards 40-inch satin—⅞ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for collar and cuffs—2¾ yards lace edging for trimming. The back of the blouse extends over the shoulders and is joined to the gathered fronts, allowing plenty of fulness. The long lines of this blouse give the stout woman the style that her more slender sisters enjoy.

Jacquette Blouse 1985 Jacquette Blouse 1986

Dress 1866 Dress 2021 Tunic Dress 2023

Dress 2015 Dress 1937

1866—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 42½ requires 6½ yards 40-inch embroidered voile—⅞ yard 36-inch batiste—2½ yards bias binding. Cleverly arranged to slenderize, the plaited side-panels hang well below the hem of the skirt, producing lovely long lines which are further accentuated by a deep open front.

2021—Ladies' Long-waisted One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 38½ to 52½. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 42½ requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. The combination of a beautiful silk material and gracefully cascading side panels insures that invariably assures a charming dress. The wide crush girdle and deep flared sleeve sections are extremely attractive.

2023—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 38½ to 52½. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 42½ requires 5⅜ yards 40-inch allover figured silk crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch plain silk crêpe—1⅝ yard 36-inch silk lining. For afternoon and informal evening affairs, this becoming dress will prove exceptionally appropriate and practical. One side is trimmed with a straight panel while the other is prettily draped.

Dress 1904 Dress 1946

1886 1887 1985 1986

1866 2021 2023

2015 1937 1946 1904

2015—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 38½ to 54½. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 42½ requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch charmeen—5 yards silk braid—1⅝ yard 40-inch satin for inserted front.

1904—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch piquette—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for collar and sleeve sections. Long trimming-bands on the front are stitched to form pockets and are caught up under the lower edge.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 121

"Teach the Children to Sew"

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Fashion's New Lines Emphasized in Overblouses and Frocks

Overblouse 1870

Overblouse 1983

1983—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1 yard ribbon for bow. The applied plait and patch pockets give the model a very trim appearance that makes it exceptionally desirable for wear with tailored suits. Ever since its first bow to fashion, the overblouse has continued to increase in popularity.

Overblouse 1993

Overblouse 2034

Dress 1999

Coat Dress 1910

Tunic Dress 2009

Dress 1904

Dress 1946

Dress 1936

Dress 1918

1999—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch twill-cord check—½ yard 27-inch white piqué—4⅞ yards bias binding. A novelty leather belt and appliqué flower motifs in bright colors trim the dress most effectively. The appliqué pieces are blanket-stitched to the foundation material with black cotton.

1910—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch curleen—¼ yard 36-inch linen—2½ yards bias binding—1 yard 36-inch silk lining. For early Spring wear, a smart coat dress is beyond doubt essential to every woman's wardrobe. A panel of wool embroidery is used to make this model more attractive.

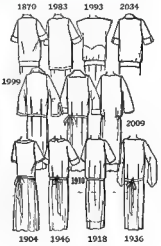
2009—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Tunic Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch allover figured silk crêpe—⅛ yard 40-inch Georgette—7⅝ yards silk braid—1⅝ yard 36-inch silk lining. The woman who finds the severely straight tunic too severe will appreciate this model because of the gathering at the sides below the waist-line. This gives fulness without breaking the long straight line that is so fashionable.

"Teach the Children to Sew"

1904—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch charmeen—⅝ yard 54-inch contrasting charmeen—⅞ yard 36-inch silk lining. The charm of this pretty frock lies in its delightful studied simplicity, a style feature exploited to a noticeable degree in the newest cloth frocks for Spring.

2034—Ladies' Long-waisted overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch dimity—2¾ yards braid. An unusually attractive model.

DESCRIPTIONS CONT'D ON PAGE 121



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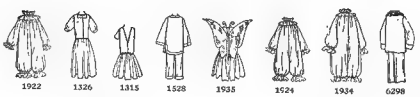
Gay Costumes for the Masquerade

"Teach the Children to Sew"

MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 121



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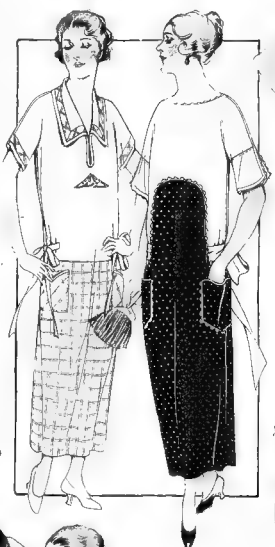
Proving That the Practical May Be Lovely as Well

2017—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—1¾ yard 36-inch dimity. The tie-strings are attached to the front and back of the dress and tied in bows at the sides. An attractive Chinese embroidery motif, 12864, developed in raised satin stitch makes an effective trimming. This model is ideal for daytime wear at home.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 121

Bloomers 9229

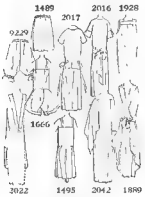
Step-in Drawers 1489



Dress 2017 Embroidery 12864

Dress 2016

Nightgown 1928



"Teach the Children to Sew"

Combination 1495

Combination 1666

Apron 2022

Dress Sleeves 2044

Negligée 2042

Apron 1889

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Note FREE Offer

My Beauty

How I gained it
How I kept it to my age

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I have been a famous beauty 40 years and over—on the stage. At a grandmother's age I'm a beauty still. I still play youthful parts, and I look like a girl of 19.

I was naturally a plain girl, but my mother took me to search the world for its supreme beauty helps. We found them in France, and they made me the rage. I have used them ever since. And now at 60, countless young girls envy my hair, my contours and complexion.

I know these same helps can bring to millions new beauty and new youth. So I have arranged that all may get them, as a duty to my sex. I found 32 of these scientific helps — the greatest beauty helps in existence. I have had them combined in four preparations. And I have supplied them to all druggists and toilet counters, so every girl and woman may enjoy the benefits I got.

White Youth Clay

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This is my liquid cleanser. It contains no animal, no vegetable fat, so the skin cannot absorb it. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. All the refuse, dirt and grime come with it. You cannot realize what a clean skin means until you try Facial Youth. The cost is 75c.

My Youth Cream

This is a cream which combines all the best the world knows to foster the fine texture of the skin. It contains both lemon and strawberry. Also many other factors to soften, whiten, feed and smooth the skin. Youth Cream comes in two types—the Cold Cream type, and the Vanishing type. Be sure to get the type you want. Both have the same essential constituents. Neither grows hair on the face. The cost of either kind is 60c per jar.

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My hair is my greatest glory. It is heavy, thick and lustrous. I have never had dandruff, falling hair, and never a touch of gray. All this I owe to my Hair Youth, which I apply every day with an eyedropper. I simply moisten the scalp without mussing my hair, and my luxuriant hair is the result. Hair Youth costs 50c and $1.

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Mirroring the Invariable Charm of the Young Girl's Beauty

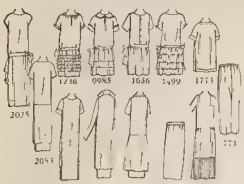
1955—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch plaid taffeta (cut bias)—¾ yard 36-inch plain taffeta. Faithful to the beltless mode is this smart dress with its slim lines and gracefully arranged flounces.

1230—Girls' and Juniors' Long-waisted Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 4 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—3¾ yards ribbon for sash. This little be-ruffled dress was designed for the worthy purpose of making brighter the eventful day of graduation.

9985—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3½ yards 40-inch dotted voile—⅔ yard 40-inch organdy—1¼ yard frilling—4 yards ribbon for sash. Practical as well as pretty, this dress may be worn for all sorts of occasions after graduation.

1636—Girls' and Juniors' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2½ yards 40-inch embroidered voile—⅜ yard 40-inch plain voile for hem—9⅝ yards lace insertion for trimming—2⅝ yards ribbon for sash. The dress is somewhat tailored in appearance because of its set-in sleeves and back closing.

1499—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 4 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—3½ yards ribbon for trimming. The kimono sleeves are cut and held together at the lower edges by ribbon bows. The young girl who appears in this dainty model will be assured that she is wearing one of the prettiest party dresses imaginable.



1773—Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch crêpe Roma—⅞ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe Roma for trimming-bands.

1879—Ladies' and Misses' Slip. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 40-inch nainsook—1 yard ribbon for shoulder straps.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

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Fashions for the Sweet Girl Graduate Are Delightfully New

Dress 9861

Dress 1824

Dress 2039
Scallop 12567

Dress 1774

9861—Juniors' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 1 yard 36-inch figured taffeta for bodice—1⅝ yard 36-inch plain taffeta for skirt—10¾ yards frilling—1½ yard picot ribbon for trimming. As refreshing as an old-fashioned bouquet is this lovely dress.

1824—Girls' and Juniors' Sleeveless Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. The young girl who wears this chic graduation dress will be justly proud of its smart cape collar and front tunic. The narrow ruffles are inserted in the seam.

Dress 2035

Dress 2019
Embroidery 12820

Dress 2020

"Teach the Children to Sew"

2020—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool check—⅜ yard 36-inch linen for collar and facing—1⅛ yard ribbon for girdle. It is an ideal sports model for early Spring.

2019—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch romeen—⅝ yards braid—¼ yard all-over embroidery for collar. Embroidered Oriental design 12820 adds attractiveness.

2035—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool plaid—⅝ yard 36-inch linen for facing and cuffs. The young girl could hardly do better than include this straight-line dress in her wardrobe.

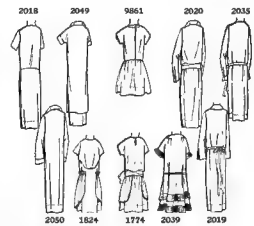
Dress 2018

Dress 2050

Dress 2049
Embroidery 12871

2049—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 2 yards 40-inch satin meteor—2⅛ yards 40-inch contrasting satin meteor for trimming-band and skirt—⅛ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen—1¾ yard 36-inch silk lining. The border, design 12871, may be worked in darning stitch.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 122



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Would You Think From This Photo that I Ever Weighed 200 lbs.?

PHOTO BY DRURY

By JESSICA BAYLISS
(of Bryn Mawr, Pa.)

"I HAD just about all the *avoirdupois* I could carry around when I first heard of getting thin to music. I am only 5 ft. and 5 in. in height and not of large frame, and 191 lbs. made me positively conspicuous as you can well believe. It was beginning to tell on my arches; I had difficulty in walking any distance. Dancing became out of the question, and I had become a regular stay-at-home when a friend prevailed on me to try the much-talked-of reducing records.

"The first session with this method was a complete surprise. I had expected it would be something of a bore—the things I had tried in the past had all proved so. But the movements that first reducing record contained, the novel commands and counts, and the sparkling musical accompaniment made it extremely interesting. I used it for over a week for the sheer fun of doing it. I felt splendid after each day's 'lesson.' Even then I scarcely took the idea seriously. Surely, this new form of play could not be affecting my huge superfluity of flesh; it must have been ten or twelve days later that I weighed myself.

"*I had lost eight pounds!*

"No one had to urge me after that! I secured all five of the records and settled down in earnest to reduce. A week later the same scale said 174 lbs. Another week only showed a six pound loss; but the week following I had taken off nine more pounds.

"As I progressed in the lessons I found them growing more and more interesting, and each new and unique movement began improving my proportions in new places. The over-fleshiness at my neck was a condition I never dreamed could be affected by these methods, but it was; even the roll of fat that had foreshadowed a double-chin disappeared in time.

"In six weeks I was dancing, golfing and 'going' as of yore. I got another saddle horse. I started wearing clothes which did not have to sacrifice all style in an effort to conceal. And it is quite needless to say I was delighted and elated. At the end of nine weeks I weighed exactly 138 lbs.—a reduction of fifty-three pounds. I submit my experience in gratitude for what Wallace's wonderful records have done for me. I am humbled by the recollection of how I once fairly scoffed at the enthusiasm of others in what I deemed at the time a mere fad. I shudder to think that I might have remained indifferent to this method. Only a woman who has been overwhelmingly fleshy can appreciate what my new appearance and feelings mean to me. As for those who need reduce but a few pounds to make their figures what they would like them to be, it is pitiful to think that they do not know this easy way—or perhaps do not believe it."

What more can be said of reducing? Mrs. Bayliss' start was made with the full first lesson record which Wallace sent her without cost or obligation. The same offer is open to you. If you, too, do not see remarkable results in only a few days, don't keep the record, and don't pay Wallace anything. Why not use the coupon now?

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Rompers 1989 Rompers 1987 Rompers 1988

1987—Child's Rompers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires ⅝ yard 32-inch chambray—1⅛ yard 32-inch check gingham. The embroidery or appliqué design which is included is especially cut to fit each size (in yellow). If appliqué is used, it should be couched down with blanket-stitches.

1988—Child's Rompers. Designed for ⅛ to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 27-inch Japanese crêpe. The design includes a transfer (in yellow) especially cut to fit each size. A gay little suit may be made by appliqueing the design in contrasting colors. Embroidery may also be used.

1989—Child's Rompers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 27-inch chambray. An attractive embroidery design is included especially cut to fit each size (in yellow), to be worked in outline and raised satin stitches or in appliqué blanket-stitched in black.

Dress 1994 Coat 2008 Dress 1941 Dress 1925 Dress 2012 Coat 1931 Coat 1816 Coat 1804

"Teach the Children to Sew"

1989 1987 1988 2008 2012 1925

1941 1931 1816 1804 1994

2012—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece, Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch wool Jersey—¼ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. An attractive border, hand-embroidered in wool, around the hem-line of the skirt, makes this lovely dress unusually pretty. A combination of Egyptian colorings would be striking.

1925—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 19 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch curleen check—2¼ yards ribbon for sash. The charm of this extremely youthful dress lies in its utter simplicity of both line and adornment. A quaint little bunch of flowers is appliquéd in contrasting colors, with effective results.

1941—Girls' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch charminette—⅛ yard 40-inch white organdy for the collar, vestee and cuffs—2¼ yards ribbon for sash. Particularly becoming to the young miss is this smart model with its square neck and straight lines.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

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As Whimsical in Design as Youthful Fancy Itself

1930—Girls' and Juniors' Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 19 years. Size 12 requires 1½ yard 36-inch silk duvetyn—1¾ yard 36-inch crêpe meteor. A narrow leather belt takes the place of a ribbon sash.

Dress 1803

Bloomer Dress 2036

Suit 2048

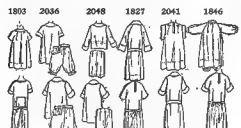
Dress 1827
Appliqué 12796

Dress 2041

1803—Child's Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch voile—2¼ yards frilling. What a sweet little party dress this is with its tiny ribbon shoulder bows and frilling!

2036—Child's Slip-on Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 27-inch chambray—⅝ yard 27-inch white piqué—6 yards velvet ribbon. The ribbon may be pulled through eyelets or tied in small bows.

2048—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¼ yard 32-inch velveteen for trousers—1⅛ yard 32-inch silk shirting for blouse —2½ yards velvet ribbon for trimming and bow. An attractively irregular waist-line is the distinctive feature of this jaunty suit.



Dress 1920

Bloomer Dress 1846

"Teach the Children to Sew"

Dress 1821

Dress 2031

Sister Dress 2047

Brother Dress 2047

Dress 2040
Appliqué 12883

2031—Girls' and Juniors' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch check taffeta—1¾ yard 36-inch plain taffeta—2¼ yards velvet ribbon.

1821—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 54-inch romeen—⅜ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs—2½ yards ribbon for sash.

2040—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1⅔ yard 36-inch check taffeta—1⅛ yard 36-inch plain taffeta Trimmed with design 12883.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

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New Sports Costumes Notable for Their Style Distinction

2019—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch flannel—⅝ yard 36-inch dotted Swiss—4⅜ yards silk braid. For general wear, this youthful-looking sports model is convenient as well as smart The somewhat geometrical arrangement of the braid is delightfully ingenious.

2049—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch wool Jersey—1⅜ yard 54-inch contrasting wool Jersey—6 yards braid—1⅜ yard 36 inch silk lining. The long straight tunic effect so predominant this season is the favorite version of the tubular silhouette. Developed in wool Jersey the model is particularly attractive as a sports costume.

2046—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 2002—Ladies' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume, in size 36, requires 5¾ yards 36-inch linen—11 yards. braid—1⅛ yard 36-inch silk lining. A model of unusual charm is this striking costume featured by simplicity of line and trimming.

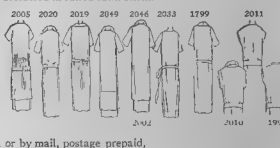
2033—Ladies' Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch charmeen—1¾ yard bias binding. Like a great many of the newest early Spring dresses, this one is elaborately trimmed with braid. The design, 12869, is developed in silk soutache braid with exceptionally good-looking results. Coat dresses are highly favored by fashion.

1799—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch check ratiné—¾ yard 36-inch linen. This attractive model was designed especially for the woman who likes to combine smartness with comfort in her sports costume. Its smart lines make it one of the season's style hits.

2010—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Slim and youthful in addition to being very serviceable, this is one of the most popular of sports overblouses. Yielding to the mode for black-and-white combinations, this blouse is striking developed in white crêpe de Chine and adorned with an attractive Egyptian design, 12820. The applied bands and collar are trimmed with buttonhole stitching in black.

2011—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅓ yard 36-inch novelty silk crêpe—3¼ yards bias binding. A season of allover figured materials is predicted in many of the newest blouse and frock creations.

1990—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch pongee. The irresistible charm of this pretty overblouse lies in its quaint little upstanding collar that produces a Chinese effect Worn with a smart skirt, this blouse is extremely effective. It is trimmed with design 12755, embroidered in raised satin stitch.



2005—Ladies' and Misses' One piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch piquette—2⅞ yards ribbon for sash—1⅜ yard bias binding. This model presents a pleasing variation from the severely straight-line dress by being tucked at the sides The border design is new and fashionable.

2020—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool plaid—⅝ yard 36-inch linen A wide tuck deftly arranged in front of the skirt and the patch pockets give the model an air of youthful simplicity that makes it highly desirable for sports wear and for all sorts of informal occasions.

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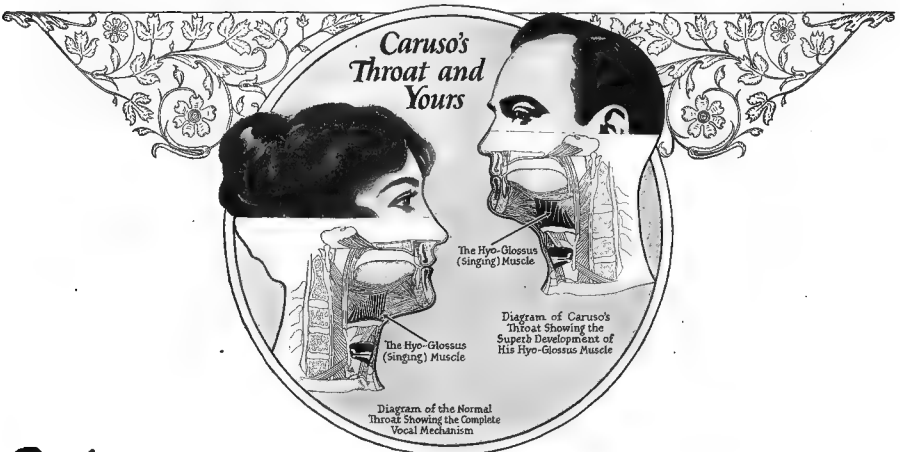
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Diagram of Caruso's Throat Showing the Superb Development of His Hyo-Glossus Muscle
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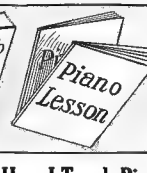

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Embroideries

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12580, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/3, supplies 10 motifs with 2 duplicates of each, or 20 motifs in all. These are excellent designs for trimming children's bibs, rompers etc

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12906, blue or yellow, 50 cents—2/6, furnishes 3 yards of border and 3 yards of additional border for appliqué 10½ inches in width. Leather, felt, flannel or silk are all suitable materials, or the design may be worked in outline stitch.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12866, blue or yellow, 60 cents—3/-, supplies 3 yards of 17-inch, and 3 yards of appliqué to be developed in one-stitch embroidery, appliqué or a combination of both

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12900, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, furnishes 5 yards of 3½-inch border with 10 motifs 5¼ inches high. Chenille, rope silk or worsteds are all popular materials for working this border and motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12903, blue or yellow, 40 cents—2/-, furnishes 5¾ yards each of 2- and 3-inch borders. To braid one yard of the 2-inch border, 2¾ yards of braid are required and 2¾ yards of braid for one yard of the 5-inch border are necessary

Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

2047—Brother and Sister Dresses. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4, in sister's dress, with bloomers, requires 2¾ yards 32-inch blue plaid gingham and ⅝ yard 27-inch white piqué—1¼ yard edging. Brother's dress, with straight knee trousers, in size 4, requires 2¼ yards 32-inch blue plaid gingham and ⅝ yard 27-inch white piqué—1¼ yard edging

2027—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for a 36 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch black-and-white-check gingham—5⅝ yard 36-inch white batiste—4¾ yards black ribbon. Black-and-white combinations are extremely modish

2024—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch navy blue and white figured foulard ⅝ yard 40-inch navy blue Georgette—2 yards 40-inch navy blue Canton crêpe for skirt and pockets.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

2041—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 3 yards 27-inch blue chambray—⅝ yards trilling

2019—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch light green linen—⅝ yard 36-inch darker green linen—1 yard ribbon for tie

1818—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch lavender and white check silk gingham—⅝ yard 36-inch white batiste—5⅛ yards bias binding for trimming.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

2034—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch gobelin blue crêpe de Chine —¼ yard 36-inch red crêpe de Chine for collar—⅝ yards braid.

2046—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch tan satin—3 yards 40-inch brown satin.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

2032—Ladies' Blouse Designed for 34 to 42 bust. No 1008 Ladies' Gathered Bodice Skirt. Designed for 22 to 30 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2¾ yards 40-inch printed crêpe—2⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for skirt, sash and binding—1¼ yard 36-inch silk lining for bodice

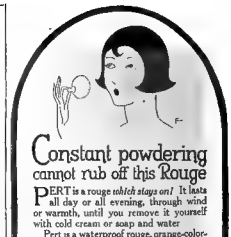
1823—Ladies' Gathered Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch linen—½ yard 40-inch organdy for trilling

1906—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen—1⅝ yard 27-inch piqué. The design, 12854, embroidered on the blouse, may be carried out in raised satin stitch.

1877—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse Designed for 34 to 46 bust Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch dotted voile—⅝ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen.

1779 Ladies' and Misses' Kimono Blouse Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 1008—Ladies' Gathered Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 1¾ yard 32-inch ponge—2¼ yards 36-inch check ratine, 1¼ yard 36-inch lining for bodice. Appliqué design 12883 trims the blouse.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121



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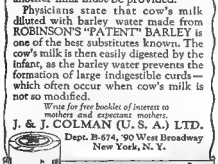

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

1880—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 2030—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¼ yards 54-inch rameen—1¾ yard braid—2¼ yards ribbon for tie-strings—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

1985—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch figured silk —¾ yard 36-inch plain silk—2⅝ yards bias binding.

1986—Ladies' Jacquette Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—3 yards braid—2 yards ribbon for tie-strings.

1986—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 38½ to 56½. Size 42½ requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe Roma—⅝ yard 36-inch silk for collar and cuffs.

1987—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch dotted voile—¾ yard 36-inch handkerchief linen—⅛ yard 14-inch lace vesting—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for plaiting—1⅜ yard ribbon for belt.

1904—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch piquetine—¾ yard 27-inch white piqué—1¾ yard braid—⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

1870—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe.

1993—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Kimono Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch silk duvetyn. Appliqué motifs are blanket-stitched to the foundation material.

1946—Ladies' Cossack Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch figured foulard—⅝ yard 54-inch tricotine, cut crosswise.

1811—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch plaid silk—8 yards braid—2⅜ yards ribbon for tie-strings.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 112

1922—Clown Suit and Hat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch percale—½ yard 36-inch contrasting percale.

1516—Misses' Long-waisted Masquerade Costume. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch satin—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting satin.

1926—Girls' and Misses' Dutch Costume. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch voile for skirt—1 yard 36-inch cambric for tunic and hat—½ yard 36-inch satin for bodice—1⅛ yard 36-inch cretonne for guimpe.

1928—Girls' Chinese Costume. Designed for 2 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yards 36-inch figured sateen—⅞ yard 36-inch plain sateen.

1935—Fairy Costume. Designed for 2 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch voile for dress—⅝ yards 40-inch net for wings and tunic. Silver stars are used for trimming.

1924—Clown Suit and Hat. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch plaid percale—1 yard 36-inch percale for frill.

1934—Clown Suit and Hat. Designed for 32 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch dark sateen—5⅝ yards 36-inch white sateen. The stars and moons may be of colored or spangled pastrol on, or of material stitched on.

6298—Men's Pierrot Suit. Designed for 32 to 44 chest. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch satin for jacket—2⅞ yards 36-inch check satin for trousers and hat—1 yard 36-inch white satin for frill and facing.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

2016—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch dotted voile—1⅞ yard 40-inch organdy—2½ yards braid.

1928—Ladies' Slip-over Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1 yard 2½-inch lace banding—2¾ yards lace edging.

1920—Ladies' Bloomers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch radium silk—3¼ yards lace insertion.

1889—Ladies' Drawers. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch nainsook—6¾ yards insertion—1¼ yard ribbon.

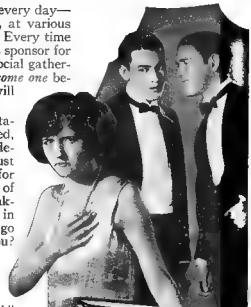
CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

Do Your Friends "Feel Sorry" for You?

YOU are meeting new people every day—on the street, in the home, at various functions indoors and out. Every time you are "invited," *some one* stands sponsor for you. Every time you attend a social gathering, a party, a dinner, a dance, *some one* believes, or at least hopes, that you will do and say the right thing.

Do you live up to these expectations? Are you perfectly poised, self-confident, well-mannered, a delightful companion or guest—or must your friends secretly apologize for your awkwardness and lack of breeding? Must they *always* be making excuses for your mistakes in social deportment? Must they go on forever "feeling sorry" for you?

The person who knows the correct forms of social usage is never a source of discomfort or pity either to his friends or to himself. He is never timid, "tongue-tied," ill at ease among strangers. He never finds himself stumbling and blundering at the very moment when he wants to make a good impression. Always calm, perfectly poised, sure of himself, he is never at loss for the right word, the proper action, no matter what unexpected condition may arise.



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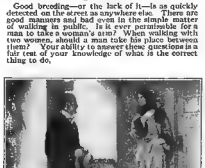
Do you know how to introduce men and women correctly? On what occasion, if any, a man may hold a woman's arm when they are walking together? How to take leave of the hostess after an entertainment? What to say to your partner in the ball-room after the music ceases? Whether olives should be eaten with the fingers or a fork? Whether a man precedes or follows

What's Wrong With This Picture?

Good breeding—or the lack of it—is as quickly detected on the street as anywhere else. There are good manners and bad even in the simple matter of walking in public. Is it ever permissible for a man to take a woman's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them? Your ability to answer these questions is a fair test of your knowledge of what is the correct thing to do.



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She doesn't know. They have spent a delightful evening together. Might they not prolong it a little? She would like to, and plainly he would be. But what should one do under such conditions? Should he ask permission to go into the house with her? Should she ask him to call at some other time? What does good usage say is the proper thing to do?

a woman down the aisle at the theatre? Whether she may be left alone during an intermission? These are but a few of the hundreds of embarrassing problems which are solved for you in the Book of Etiquette.

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

2022—Ladies' and Misses' Apron. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust, and 16 years. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 36-inch cretonne.

1686—Ladies' Slip-in Combination. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—4¼ yards lace insertion—2¾ yards lace edging.

1495—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch handkerchief linen—5¾ yards insertion—2 yards ribbon.

2044—Ladies' Dress Sleeves. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires for first view, ⅞ yard 40-inch voile; for second view, ⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine; for third view, ⅞ yard 54-inch trocaine; for fourth view, ⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette.

2042—Ladies' Slip-on Negligée. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch novelty silk crêpe—2⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette.

1889—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch percale.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

2025—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch printed crêpe -1⅞ yard ribbon for girdle.

2055—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch piquetine.

2021—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket. Designed for 18 and 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. No. 2000—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The three-piece suit in size 18 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch charmeen—⅝ yard 54-inch contrasting charmeen for appliqué and collar binding—2⅛ yards 36-inch silk for lining jacket. Cutting guide, design 12890, is couched down in blanket-stitching.

2046—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch covert charmeen—1⅝ yards braid.

2032—Misses' Skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch novelty wool plaid.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

1774—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch figured taffeta—10⅝ yards ruching—2¾ yards ribbon. Scallop design 12567.

2039—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch matl—2¾ yards ribbon for sash—⅝ yard narrow plaiting—4⅜ yards wide plaiting

2018—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch plaid 36-inch—⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe meteor—⅛ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe meteor.

2050—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch covert charmeen—1¾ yard 40-inch allover figured Georgette—⅛ yard 40-inch plain Georgette.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

1994—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yard 54-inch paiette—⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine.

2008—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch Polo cloth—1⅝ yard 36-inch novelty silk crêpe for lining.

1931—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch plaid—2½ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

1810—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch charmeen and 3¼ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe for lining.

1804—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch covert twilcord—3½ yards 36-inch printed silk crêpe for lining—2 yards velvet ribbon for tie-strings.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

1827—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch curleen check—½ yard 27-inch white piqué for collar and cuffs—1⅛ yard ribbon. Appliqué, design 12796, and blanket-stitching trim the dress.

2045—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Appliqué and blanket-stitching are used for trimming.

1846—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 5¼ yards 32-inch pongee

2047—Brother and Sister Dresses. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 in sister's dress, with bloomers, requires 2 yards 36-inch linen—¾ yard 36-inch white linen—⅛ yard ribbon for tie. Brother's dress, with straight knee trousers, size 4, requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen -¼ yard 36-inch white linen—½ yard velvet ribbon.

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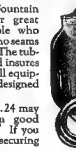

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

surprized at the tragedy in her eyes. "I wish to God you weren't so kind."

"Pshaw!" he protested, and then she did the strangest thing of all. Laying one of her hands very tenderly on his shoulder, she whispered:

"Admah, I wonder if any woman has ever cried over you."

"Ma, I reckon," he said, and looked away because he was afraid he might betray the dreadful loneliness of his heart.

THAT afternoon he played nine holes of golf with Flora Lee—or rather he began them. On this occasion she seemed less fond of golf than usual.

"I wonder who ever thought of this darned game?" she asked, after having lost her ball a second time. "Some Scotch person of title, I'll bet. If it was Mary Queen of Scots I wish they'd chopped her head off with one of their infernal mashies. Heigho! I'm half dead."

She saved her strength by sitting on a stone wall while Admah and his caddie beat the grass. A lovely dot of color she made in her pink sport suit, or it was as near a sport suit as Paris knows how to make. Her costume was lacking in the honest Anglo-Saxon characteristics which we associate with outing-apparel. She wore a veil over her impertinent little hat which flashed with an indigo feather. Altogether she was charming and quite out of place on a golf-course.

"Admah," she called lazily, "I've forgotten my cigaret-case and wish I had a drink." He grinned and brought a flask from his hip-pocket, earning the reward, "Indispensable treasure! There's a silly little spring-house up the path, and we can swig out of a dipper."

So the game was abandoned as lightly as it was begun, while the two worst players in the world repaired to a place where good spring-water could be tainted with Scotch whisky.

"Listen to me, abysmal brute!" The first dipper had been emptied. She sat with her feet crossed in front of her; her right hand held a mashie daintily as tho it had been a parasol. He sprawled at her feet, quite content to leave the course and be alone with her.

"Are you listening?" she insisted, tapping him with her mashie.

"I'm always listening," he replied, languid in the autumnal air.

"About that Hallowe'en party at the Sycamore. I'd made all sorts of plans to take you, and we'd have our own table and our own crowd. It's one of their big blow-outs. But the Sycamores are getting such a swelled head——"

"Aren't we going?" He made that much out of her preamble.

"How can we?" she asked, wide-eyed. "They blackballed you yesterday."

"You don't say so!" Blood mounted to his cheeks.

"I don't blame you for getting mad. I'm hopping."

"There's no reason why they *should* want me," he decided.

"Silly! Do you think I'd have put your name up if they hadn't? No, sir! I know who dropped the black bean on you. Hunter O'Neil."

"So that's it—hum—and he's crazy 'bout you."

"Hasn't he a sweet way of showing it!" she cried, but Admah's tone was mild as he urged, "Now, don't you give it a second thought. Just keep your table and go to the party. Enjoy yourself. Never mind me."

"How can I help minding you?" She was a little shrill. "I was holding that table, expecting you'd be elected. And I wouldn't *think* of going to their old party without you. It would be perfectly spoiled."

Admah reached for a sprig of honeysuckle. From this he plucked a leaf and tasted it contemplatively; an instinctive effort, perhaps, to believe his senses. He had just heard her say that his absence would cause her pain.

"Look here, Flora Lee," he began, "it's awful nice of you to say that. But about this Hunter O'Neill business. You used to be good friends, and I don't want to make any trouble. I reckon he's got his own ideas, and the Sycamore Club don't mean so much to me, except that you're there——"

"I won't be any more," she said.

"Shucks! On account of me?"

"Who else?" Her look seemed to draw the very heart out of him, yet he sat like a lump, failing utterly in his rôle as a lover.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

"What I'm trying to get at's this," he mumbled. "Why should I stir up a lot of trouble for you? I don't want to be the cause of any feud between you and Hunter—"

"Don't be a silly jack!" she besought, humor returning.

"But I reckon you're mighty fond of him."

"Hunter? He was nice to have around at dances—until he got too tight. He played a good hand at bridge, and he could be the life of the party—when he wanted to. But I've never known him to have his mind off his precious self for more than twenty minutes. When it came to a pinch he was always a right poor excuse for a friend."

Again she lifted her fine eyes.

"Am I—" he began thickly, scarcely knowing what he would say.

"After what you've done for *me*, Admah," said her sweet, low voice, "I'm mighty glad to do this little thing for *you*."

His vanity flamed. Bold questions were ringing. Should he ask her now? Would she consider him? What would she do if he, her abject slave, should reach out and infold her precious, fragrant body? How much would she do for him who wanted her so achingly, yet scarcely dared look into her eyes? But still he sat immovable as the stones that held him. He glanced shyly down at her adorable face, so meek, so inviting. But not for me! his conscience wailed, and in the hesitation he lost her. She changed the mood with one of her slangy inspirations, which was quite like Flora Lee.

"Admah, let's hit 'em in the eye!"

"O'Neill?" he asked with a fierce relish.

"Lordy, no. Huntie's dreadfully clever with his fists. But listen. Let's give a ball on Hallowe'en night."

"What sort of a ball?" In Flora Lee's vocabulary a "ball" was anything that lasted late.

"Oh, a whopping big one. Hire a floor of the Hamilton Hotel, stuff it full of American beauties and jazz bands and food and drink and pretty girls. I've found a new bootlegger. He's a precious darling and can get you *anything*—even champagne. Not good champagne, but it fizzes and looks frightfully impressive."

"To get the Sycamore's goat?" he asked.

"Why not?" We can stampede their whole darned party right over to ours." Her face was suffused with inventive fire. "I can take anybody I want away from the Sycamore. We'll invite every man Jack of 'em that isn't dead from the neck up, and when the poor old left-overs get out to the river for their dance they won't find anything but the decorations."

Had Admah Holtz been himself—what lover is quite sober?—he might have considered the ethics of Flora Lee's plan. Instead he grinned and said:

"All right. I'll furnish the ball and you do the inviting."

"Fair enough!" she chimed enthusiastically. "Wouldn't it be fun if we invited a circle right around Hunter O'Neill?"

"Well, *I* wouldn't miss him at all," admitted Admah.

"I wonder if it wouldn't be more insulting to ask him," she mused, then got bored with sitting in the springy-house and held out her hands for a lift-up.

ON THE way back to town Admah took a detour to avoid road-mending gang. That he should have turned in at Inness Street was purely accidental; in her company he had always tried to avoid the old house, which could have been nothing more than an unhappy memory to her. But at the familiar corner his car was slowed by a train of coal-trucks and he found himself gazing up at the handsome arches and tall pillars of the place where Flora Lee and her father and her father's father had been born. A slutlish mulatto woman was leaning out of a second-story window, laughing noisily with a black man on the trampled lawn. Admah put on more speed.

When he glanced at Flora Lee he discovered her head turned, her eyes fixed on the picture of decay.

"Do you miss it?" he asked impulsively.

"That barn?" She had grown a little shrill. Then as suddenly her voice lowered; she might have been addressing some third person, unseen to him. "We have a funny way of getting used to things, haven't we? Just the way cats come back. Lots of times, when I'm not

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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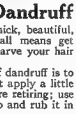

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

thinking, I catch myself turning in at the gate, just as if we still lived there. It's lucky I don't walk in my sleep, or some night they might find me with my hair down my back, going straight up to my room. Because it *is* mine." My mother gave it to me."

WHAT does this sort of thing mean?

Where's it getting me? What am I doing, putting up a bluff with a lot of people I don't belong to and who don't want me to belong?

These questions came to him again, unanswerable, the morning after his talk with Flora Lee on the Country Club course. She wasn't for Admah Holtz; and in his saner moments he saw that clearly. But the grandiose dinner whereby, according to Flora Lee, many eyes were to be knocked out, was being attended to with a promptness unusual to her. By eleven o'clock she telephoned to his office, radiating plans for her magnificent eye-knocker. Browne Folsom, manager of the Hamilton Hotel, would do *anything* for her, she informed Admah. And they must get out cards to make it shriekingly formal. And they must have bridge-tables for the frumps. And wouldn't it be rather peppy to send to New York for the Crazy Saxophone Eight—the ones Dot Wheeler had for her dinner-dance? And about the booze. She had telephoned to Scudderville, where her perfectly darling bootlegger lurked for reasons of his own.

Altho their Hallowe'en dance was planned to be as formal as it was expensive, the haste of preparation gave it an excitingly impromptu flavor. Or maybe it was the influence of Flora Lee, always excitingly impromptu. She was charged with a surprising energy. After a week of it she declared that never in all her life had she worked so hard.

Margaret Peake looked on with amused detachment. When Admah came to her with questions her lips held the smile of a rather hard-worked Gioconda, seeing much and saying little. Cheerfully agreeing, she managed to express her disapproval—of what? Certainly not of the prank her sister was playing on the Sycamore Club. She thought it quite a meritorious Hallowe'en joke.

"Well, what don't you like about it?" he asked her one afternoon as he sat in the drawing-room, waiting for Flora Lee. She regarded an ink-stain on her long, capable forefinger.

"Did I say I didn't like it?"

"Gee, what a lawyer you'd make!" he grinned, and changed the subject. Queer that he should have felt annoyed at Margaret, who had heretofore soothed him, anointed his wounds. But she was growing more difficult, more secretive. He was surprised to find her changed attitude hurting him. Having accepted her friendship as a matter of course, when it paled he missed something.

In his subconscious mind on Flora Lee he found himself gazing around, wondering where Margaret was keeping herself. She had found a workroom in the *Union-Democrat* Building, the young Marquesa told him, and spoke wittily of Peg's manish tastes.

During the hurly-burly of preparation Admah should have forgotten about Margaret, yet she managed to occupy a corner of his mind. She was on his conscience, as tho she had asked a favor and he had refused. He wondered if she had been quarreling with Peter. He hoped not, because he had come to look upon Margaret as her sister's guardian spirit. Once or twice he thought of going to her office and asking for a friendly explanation; but he was a busy man in those days, and his spare time was taken up with Flora Lee's audacious plan.

ON THE afternoon preceding the large event, which went down to history under the name of Holtz's Spite Party, Admah sat in his office, up to his ears, as the saying goes. All hope therefore he had enjoyed a lively brush with Mr. Canfield, whose reports he had threatened to question. The debate had stimulated his sense of power; business was booming again, and he felt boomed with it. Even in the comparative quiet of the office wing he could hear the clangor of mechanical hammers beating out peaceful plowshares. Almost unconsciously he addressed a busy stenographer, taking down his glib suggestions to a plow distributor in Winnipeg; but the devil-at-the-keyhole whispered, "What's it all about? Where's it getting you?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

Whose fault when children disobey? People judge you by the behavior of your children. If your child ever did this what would you do?

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A disobedient child is a constant source of trouble and humiliation

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125

His letter finished, he went over to a window and stared down on the slummy street beyond the works. Two negroes leaned on a gate-post and gossiped languidly. A junkman drove by behind a lame horse; then, because the street was comparatively empty, his absent-minded gaze was fixed upon the pleasantest object in view: a young lady in a gray-blue tailor-made suit swung gracefully along until she came to the factory gate, where she slackened her pace.

It must be Margaret Peake, he thought. She had a dress like that, and there was something about her walk that characterized her. But what was she doing alone in that dingy neighborhood? Did she want to see him? If so, why hadn't she come up? These questions worried him until the five o'clock whistles blew. When he had said good night to his secretary and reached the ground floor, groups of workmen were already straggling out. In the increasing crowd, gathered on the sidewalk, he looked vaguely around for the girl whom he had mistaken for Margaret. It had been an optical illusion, no doubt. Admah had satisfied himself on that point, and was stepping into his car when he glanced up and saw her coming down the street, walking rapidly to avoid an oil-truck.

"Well, can you beat that!" he cried, running to her assistance.

"I'm in a bright neighborhood, don't you think?" She was panting a little from her exertions.

"I reckon you could find a brighter one," he replied, somewhat severely.

"You'll give me a lift out of it?" She climbed to the seat beside him, and while he was pressing the self-starter he had time to reflect on the unnatural brightness of her manner before asking, "What brought you to this neck o' the woods?"

"Charity," she told him with the same forced cheerfulness. "You didn't know I was charitable, did you? There's a poor family on Juniper Street in one of those tenements. I hadn't the *remotest* notion it was so near the works."

He reflected on this, saying nothing. The Juniper Street tenements had been empty since the city condemned them a year before. What was her game? She caught his glance and lowered her eyes.

"Did you come to see me?" he asked bluntly.

"Are you in an awful hurry?" she counter-questioned, looking at him with blank, smiling eyes. "If you aren't, I'd so like to drive around a spell."

"Fine!" He had several hours to waste before he could see Flora Lee again.

Saying little, they took their way out toward the autumnal acres of River Park. Once in the open country he slowed his car, enjoying the bright color of maples, rich red and orange like the polls of a Paisley shawl.

"I did want to talk to you," she admitted at last, rousing him from his dream.

"What's been troubling you lately, Margaret?"

"Have I been silly?" she asked. "I didn't mean to be. Things get on my nerves."

"I've been thinking," he said, "you oughtn't to plug so hard on those darned drawings. They're right pretty—but why don't you take a lay-off?"

"What else have I got to do?" It was one of the few times he had ever heard from her lips. "Admah," she tried again after a pause, "I don't think I know exactly what to say. Maybe it ought to be sort of poetical—the way you've laid the stones and all, piling up a tower. You want to build it high and reach up so you can hold a star in your hands, I think."

"Shucks," he muttered, embarrassed. "That's just what I don't want it to be—shucks," she said softly. "Your work mustn't turn to shucks—food for pigs—the way ours has done. We're down where we deserve to be because we couldn't or wouldn't fight for what we had. But you've fought every inch of the way, Admah. That's what's fine about you. And—and there isn't a fighting bone left in the Peakes."

"Seems to me you've been putting up a mighty good scrap," he replied, strangely touched.

"I'm trying to learn what we've forgotten," she admitted, "and it's the best thing that could happen to me. But it's about you that I want to talk." She looked pensively down, ordering her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

thoughts into speaking form, then—
"You mustn't spoil your life!"

"How?" With the question he let his engine stall. Everything seemed to stand still as he regarded her.

"Monkey-thoughts and dirty little shadows and imitation rainbows. When you get to playing with them you're gone. You've got to be yourself, Admah. If you'll take care of what you've got you're bound to do a lot for yourself and the world you live in. There!"

"You think I'm in wrong some way. Some sort of danger." He ventured this as Alexander might have done before the oracle's thin vapors.

"You told me about a girl you once admired. A girl on Dutch Hill."

"Mabel Stek," he supplied.

"What would have happened—suppose you'd been a little older and getting on with your work—what would have happened if you'd married her?"

"I'd have gone to hell in a hurry—excuse me."

"I didn't know her," said Margaret in a thread of her voice. "But I knew—I know that the man who married her went to hell in a hurry. He was very fine, Admah, but that's what she did to him. And can't you see?"

Her words fell away.

"I can't see you go like that, Admah!" she cried suddenly, and clutched his sleeve as if to save him from some demented act. It was fully a minute before he gathered his wits and asked her:

"Margaret, is it Flora Lee you mean?"

"I know I'm disloyal." Her face was set stonily on the road ahead.

"Then you do mean Flora Lee," he decided gruffly.

"You mustn't!" She spoke rapidly now like one possessed by another's spirit, compelling speech. "She's never touched any man's life without ruining it. Look at poor Huntie O'Neill—he was a good, clean boy when she first got hold of him. Look at half a dozen others—maybe they weren't worth her trouble, but she spoiled them just the same. And San Pilar——"

He would have interrupted her, but she shook her head impatiently and hurried on with her condemnation: "She's born to waste and destroy. You mustn't want her. You mustn't. I'm not saying this because I don't love her. It's not her fault that she was born with our rotten blood—false pride and shiftlessness—we couldn't keep the roof over our heads. What am I saying? Admah."

Again she was motionless, staring, and out of the silence he heard himself say:

"What is it you want me to do, Margaret?"

"I want you to tell me the truth. Do you intend to marry Flora Lee?"

He waited an instant to control his voice.

"No, Margaret. I wouldn't presume to ask such a thing of your sister. I know how distasteful it would be to have me in the family."

"Thank you," she whispered, then crumpled up and began to cry.

ON HALLOWE'EN night the dinner was set for half past eight, an hour which to Admah seemed just another practical joke on that night of pranks. But she had called it off. That settled it unquestionably, so that it was arranged that his guests should begin their *hors-d'œuvre* at about the time the inhabitants of Dutch Hill were going to bed. After this visit to the kitchen Admah had only a bowl of tomato soup and two muttonchops in the Hamilton grill. This was treason, but the food strengthened him for his evening's trials.

At eight he killed his headache with a fizzy sedative at a soda-fountain. Then he went up to the ballroom and peered in. It had been transformed into a big, gaudy restaurant with plenty of floor-space in the center. On a dais, under a canopy of blue grapes and Autumn leaves, Rosengarten's Saxophone Eight—which Flora Lee had wished him into importing from New York—were tuning up their terrible silvery noise-machines. The chandeliers were covered with gigantic orange balloons that resembled either pumpkins or harvest moons; Admah couldn't decide which. Pink and purple cosmos, on stalks as tall as young trees, were banked around the room.

It should have been a great night for Admah Holtz. On his account the haughty Sycamore Club had seen its annual dinner shrink to a very minor affair. An emperor's room had been

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

MAGIC GLOVES *Whiten Hands Overnight*

Astounding Scientific Discovery—Dr. Egan's Magic Night Gloves! Make rough, reddened, work-worn hands soft and white overnight!

Results Absolutely Guaranteed in Writing. Legal Guarantee Bond with Every Pair.

JUST think of it—putting on a pair of gloves for a night and finding your hands exquisitely white and soft! That is the magic of Dr. Egan's amazing medicated Gloves! Nothing like them ever known! These gloves of medicated fabric (not rubber) actually turn your hands white, as white as a lily and as smooth and soft.

No matter how red your hands, or how sallow or yellow or how deeply blotched with freckles or liver spots—no matter how rough or coarse or workworn your hands, the magic of these medicated gloves will turn them white and soft, fresh and young-looking.

Results in One Night

Just one night's wear of these marvelous gloves is enough to convince you. You see a difference in your hands almost unbelievable. Wear the gloves four or five nights and you have a new pair of hands. It's the medicated fabric that does the work. The gloves are impregnated with a marvelous solution perfected by the famous Dr. S. J. Egan. The medicated fabric when activated by the natural warmth of the hands has a peculiarly potent whiteningandsoftening effect upon the hands. The hands become white—a charming, natural white. They become soft and smooth as velvet. And all so quick as to be dumfounding.

The complete Dr. Egan Magic Glove outfit consists of: one pair freshly medicated gloves; one jar Dr. Egan's Pore-Lax; one bottle Glove Medicator; one copy Dr. Egan's booklet, "The Care of the Hands;" all in neat container. The Pore-Lax is a special cream to apply before donning the gloves to open the pores of the skin for the action of the medicated gloves. The Glove Medicator is for restoring the potency of the gloves after a period of wear. Gloves may be worn at night while you sleep or during the day while doing your sweeping and dusting.

Try the Gloves FREE

Try the gloves five nights free. Note the amazing difference in your hands in just five nights' wear. Mark how lovely your hands, how white and smooth. If five nights of wear of the gloves doesn't make your hands more beautiful than you ever dreamed possible, don't keep the gloves. Return them to us and you won't be out one cent for the free trial. You are the judge.

SEND NO MONEY
Just Mail the Coupon

Send no money now—just the coupon. Pay the postman only $1.95 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. If in 5 days you are not more than delighted and amazed with the results from the gloves, just send them back and your money will be promptly refunded in full. We give you a written guarantee to this effect. You run no risk. Fill out and mail the coupon now or copy it in a post card or letter. If apt to be out when postman calls send $2.00 now. Our guarantee assures you of your money back if you are not perfectly satisfied. Address Dr. S. J. Egan, Dept. 107, 220 South State Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Complete $5.00 Outfit on this Amazing Introductory Offer only $1.95

These gloves will soon be offered the public through the regular channels at $5 the pair. But a limited number of sets are now being offered for advertising purposes at practically cost—$1.95. You can get this complete $5.00 outfit — Medicated Gloves, generous supply of Pore-Lax and Medicator—all for $1.95 on this introductory offer. But you must act at once, as only 10,000 sets are to be distributed at the cut price. You may pay the postman or, if you prefer enclose $2 with coupon and receive package all paid for. Remember, every penny of your money back if you say so. Clip and mail the coupon now before you forget.

Dr. S. J. Egan, Dept. 107
220 S. State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (in plain package) for free trial a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves for whitening and softening the hands, with Pore-Lax and Medicator. I will pay postman $1.95 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. If I am not perfectly delighted with the change in my hands in 5 days, I may return gloves and get my money back in full. (If apt to be out when postman calls send $2 now and the complete outfit will be mailed prepaid.)

Name .....

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Any glove size to.....

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Style and Comfort both decree soles and heels of LEATHER

IT is the very nature of fashion that it should change. But there are two things in every shoe that should always be made of the same material—both for comfort's sake and for style's sake—soles and heels should be of leather!

Nothing else has the firmness, the strength that leather has to hold your shoes in shape, to make them retain their first fresh stylish look. No other material has the easy "give" of leather. And, most important of all, nothing else will let your feet "breathe" as leather does.

Leather is made of thousands of tiny interlaced fibres. Tanning makes these fibres even stronger than they were before and keeps open the natural pores of the hide. No other material for soles and heels has the strength and lightness of leather—it wears as nothing else will.

Wear leather soles and heels on your sport shoes, dancing slippers, walking shoes and the ones you wear about the house. Have several pairs of shoes of each sort. Change about frequently. It will give both your shoes and feet a needed rest.

Insist upon leather soles and heels. Nothing else can give you the wear, the foot comfort—nothing else can keep your shoes as style-fresh.

AMERICAN
SOLE *and* BELTING
LEATHER TANNERS
17 Battery Place, New York City

Nothing takes the place of LEATHER

To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127

decked for him; and wasn't it a delight to know that the town was coming to do him honor—the town that had driven him from gutter to alley less than twenty years before?

But all the time the question rang like a cracked bell through his brain: What am I doing here? What's it all about? Aren't these fine people coming to please Flora Lee, who belongs when I don't?

To add to his depression a boy brought up his mail, and he found several belated regrets. An epidemic of bad colds had broken out in the Dull Set. He was cheered a little when Mr. Browne Folsom, manager of the hotel, came up rubbing his hands. "Looks pretty nice, hey, Mr. Holtz? Biggest private dinner we've given since Lord Mackintosh came here with his polo team. Now about the drinks. I've got a sideboard fixed in the red room. The Marquesa fixed it with the chief, so you can go as far as you like. Wonderful little woman, Mr. Holtz."

Admah opened another note.

"Dear Admah," he read in Margaret's clever hand, "I was going to come, but I find I just can't. I'm working like fury on an extra job. But that isn't my excuse. I hope your party will be a big success and that it will give you something you want."

"Something I want," he echoed vaguely. "What the deuce does she think I want? I wish she could tell me."

HE HAD an impression of all sorts of hands popping out to shake his; delicate, tapering things, some of them, with jeweled fingers and a cold, reluctant clasp. He had an impression of Flora Lee in a gown of pale rose like a flamingo's wing. She developed a terrible energy and pulled him from place to place to shake more meaningless hands. He had an impression of jumbled people talking faster and faster; of a comic lad boy trying to make him drink with every one he met; then an impression of Flora Lee, scattering a group of men, laughing shrilly, exchanging funny insults, kissing an old fellow on his bald spot.

The last impression shocked Admah, but only vaguely. The Atterburys came in. He joined them in a cocktail, one too many, and had an impression of Mr. Canfield's rancid smile.

Admah wandered about a great deal, holding a fixed expression until his jowls stiffened with it. Somehow separate from his guests, he was amused to think of himself as the proprietor of Hersinger's, passing from table to table to see that everybody was being properly served. While young Satsuma drank up his cocktails, their host found himself stranded in corners or walking briskly from group to group, his eyes glassy-bright in pretense of recognizing a newcomer.

Vaguely at his shoulder he heard voices in discussion—it was at the door of the red room where the crowd was thickest.

". . . and everybody that has been to Paris has heard about Savarac . . . when he gives a lady a tea-party or a pleasant look . . . And when he went to Spain to dodge the War he went right on . . . greatest collector in Europe. . . ."

"Fee-hee!"—a tenor voice responding. "Collector is good. . . . I notice she hasn't bragged about him since the week she got home from Spain. . . ."

Admah turned suddenly to see two men, a tall one and a short one, flushed with amusing gossip. At sight of him they checked their mirth, as by tacit consent, and strode away into the red room. They hadn't wanted him to hear. Savarac—they'd been talking about Flora Lee.

When at last the crowd began moving toward the tables and the saxophones struck up a diabolical blare he saw her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

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1977	45.	2/
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1994	45	2/-
1997	45	2/-
1999	45	2/
2002	35	1/6
2005	45	2/
2008	25.	1/3
2009	45	2/-
2010	15	9d
2011	15	9d
2012	30.	1/6
2014	45	2/-
2015	45	2/-
2016	35	1/6
2017	35	1/6
2018	45	1/6
2019	45	1/6
2020	45	1/6
2021	45	1/6
2022	25	1/-
2023	45	1/6
2024	45	1/6
2025	45	1/6
2026	45	1/6
2027	45	1/6
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2034	30	1/-
2035	40	1/6
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The Winners of the Mineralava-Valentino Beauty Contest

NATURAL Beauties Capture Supreme Honors in National Beauty Contest at Madison Square Garden, New York; Rudolph Valentino's Selections from Eighty-Eight Contestants from All Parts of the Continent Awaken Women to the True Way to Beauty.

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Miss Reba Owen, from New York

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On MINERALAVA alone do they rely for the enhancement and preservation of their natural beauty. Understand now what MINERALAVA is—and does—and why you need it. MINERALAVA is a natural clay with certain medicinal and stimulative qualities that nourish and vitalize the skin tissues and muscles. Its powers are as amazing as its application is simple.

Apply MINERALAVA to face and neck and it brings the blood atingling to the surface. This is precisely what the skin needs. Blood is a health builder—a tissue builder—a strengthener; Nature's own. MINERALAVA therefore sets in motion this great natural force to nourish your skin tissues. It strengthens the muscles and smooths out lines and wrinkles.

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And what a revelation awaits you when you remove MINERALAVA! Your face is rosy and smooth. You feel wonderfully refreshed—keen—alert—alive; a new being!

TONIGHT—take a Mineralava Beauty Treatment

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MINERALAVA is to be had at all Drug and Department Stores at $2.00 a bottle. A trial tube containing enough for three treatments—fifty cents. Face Finish—$1.50.

MINERALAVA is always sold under a money-back guarantee. SCOTT'S PREPARATIONS, INC., 251 West 19th Street, New York City.

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

coming toward him through the press; and because he could no longer feel surprize he was only mildly interested to note that she was leaning on the arm of Huntie O'Neill.

O'Neill. He was just another face, another item in the puzzle. Quite impersonally Admah studied his thickening jowls and sodden eyes. "He was a good, clean boy when she first got hold of him"—plainly he remembered Margaret's criticism. Shucks, thought Admah, and decided that Margaret was wrong. Flora Lee hadn't done this thing to O'Neill. Nobody had. Only God who seems to mold so much useless bric-à-brac. Why had He made O'Neill and so many more like him. And who was this Savarac they'd been tittering about in a corner?

THEN came Flora Lee's sweet voice at his elbow, and as her slim, naked arm led Hunter O'Neill .it was plain to see that the fellow liked it. He was smiling!

"You know Huntie, don't you?" she asked quite casually. At that instant the saxophones became urgently noisy, and she fell into O'Neill's ready arms. "We're at the big table, Admah," she called out, her little feet already twinkling to the music.

The rest was lost in a whirl. Several couples thumped the host as he stood irresolute, murder in his heart. Then he calmed down to remember that people were there to dance, not to stand around asking questions about Frenchmen who collected beauties and compromised women with tea-parties and pleasant looks. Admah shuffled on, consoling himself with the thought that he might have asked Flora Lee to dance. "That was the trouble with him, he decided; always a lap behind with this society stuff. He'd taken a half dozen lessons in the latest dances—or so the teacher had told him; but the sight of so many people, all going at once, had a confusing effect.

Finally, by dint of much dodging, he got across to the big table, which was too near the frightful orchestra. He took a look at the decorations and declared them right pretty. A pile of artificial pumpkins and real hog corn supported a great pyramid of dahlias in the center. Circling patiently, he at last found his name, and next to his place another marked "Marquesa de San Pilar." That was recompense for all his trouble.

In lonesome dignity he waited for the dance to finish. It was a long one and had many encores. Soup cooled in the plates. They certainly didn't come here to eat, thought Admah, peering round the table; a bejeweled, rather narrow lady was seated at a place four beyond his. He recognized her as Mrs. Eustone, the still undefeated village gossip.

"What a lovely dawnse!" she twinkled at him.

"I'm glad you like it," said Admah. He had used that formula at Hersinger's when people complimented his soda.

"Don't you ever?" she beamed. Poor thing, she and Admah were in the same boat!

"Like to try this one with me?" he suggested rashly.

An instant later he found her pressed firmly against his waistcoat. The saxophones, which had been comparatively quiescent, whinnied mockingly. He stood interlocked with Mrs. Eustone, wondering, like the centipede, which foot came after which. Finally, deriding Fate, he capered toward the center of the floor.

"Oh, I!" It was a wretched, smothered sound. His foot had come heavily down on one of Mrs. Eustone's rather prominent satin slippers.

"I'm sorry as I can be," he groveled. "I sort of thought I knew this piece."

"Oh, you *do*!" cried Mrs. Eustone, a helpless cripple. "It's all my fault, Mr. Holtz. I never could learn these dreadful things."

After this expression of feminine chivalry she was led back to the main table. Both sipped water until the others returned.

"Admah, you *dear*!" whispered Flora Lee in one of those rare intervals when the saxophones were resting and the seats were all filled at the big round table. Her tone and her little caressing word gave him such joy that he would have hired the Hamilton ballroom every night had she suggested it.

"I'm glad you like it," he mumbled, and she laughed recklessly; bright color was showing on her cheeks.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

"How could I help liking it?" she whispered. Think of what a morgue the old Sycamore must be to-night! Did you notice?" Her eyes pointed out Hunter O'Neill, for whom she had found a place a few chairs away. "Well, here's to us!"

Admah drank with her and was more than satisfied. A glance around the table assured him that Flora Lee had done well. On her left she had seated Ferris Crowell, a young gentleman who had entered politics equipped with a hereditary thirst and a passion for public speaking. Mrs. Eustone had been honored in order to still her dangerous tongue. Colonel Atterbury and his wife represented stability. Connie Platt was always charming, drunk or sober. As the evening fared noisily toward midnight and scattered couples ate scattered desserts the host began to feel that the party was worth his while. Flora Lee's little hand-spat under the table had wrought that change in him.

The Atterburys went home early, as did many others of the older generation. Again Admah's hand was thrust out to meet other hands with complimentary voices hummed like bees. When these more responsible citizens had withdrawn newer and wilder Satsumas flowed in to fill the gaps around the table. Everybody danced with everybody—except Admah and Mrs. Eustone. They had moved over and were sitting side by side, as for mutual warmth.

Couples came and went. They grew familiar with him, slapping him on the back and declaring that he was the life of the party. Then suddenly the orchestra stopped as tho its mad musicians, overstrained with effort, had fainted simultaneously.

The impressive Mr. Crowell arose and tapped his water-glass with a spoon. Something was to happen.

"ONE minute!" The room, which had been filled with bawlings and discords, became still. A speech impended. Admah hated speeches.

"Ladies and gentlemen," belled the electutuary voice, "I want to propose a toast. A gentleman who has arisen in our midst to be a giant among men and to adorn our fair city with the fruits of his genius and fearless fighting spirit, who has caused the flagging wheels of industry to turn again and—er—produce tenfold; a gentleman who, like another Medici of—er—Florence, has gathered to himself the good things of this world in order that the arts may be glorified; a gentleman, sir, whom it is a compliment to know, an honor to call friend. To-night, ladies and gentlemen, it is my privilege to raise this brimming glass——"

The noise swelled to a pandemonium. "Holtz!" "Admah!" "For he's a jolly good fellow." All this was going on at once, and some stout fellow was struggling to shove Admah to his feet. "Get up!" a voice was commanding in his ear. Admah had half raised his clumsy body, a puzzled impulse to obey, when two slim, naked arms, developing astonishing strength, went across his shoulders, forcing him back in his seat.

He looked up stupidly and saw that Flora Lee was on her feet, her eyes flaming against Ferris Crowell's forbidding glare.

"Aw, Flora Lee," Crowell was protesting, "it's not your party. Give him a chance. Give——"

"Will you let me alone?" she demanded shrilly, and an instant later she had parried his arm, and, using her chair as a mounting-block, sprung upon the table.

"Flora Lee! Give her a chance!" "Down in front!" "We want Admah!" The calls were all mixed together, a formless pandemonium till she had reached down and picked up one of the few wineglasses that remained standing on her improvised pedestal. The awful pallor with which she ordinarily chose to mask her face had disappeared; her cheeks were bright as peonies. Holding her glass aloft, a small fury with tawny locks flying and eyes burning with mischievous light, she stood an instant, smiling around her.

"Keep still, every-body!" she shrilled. The bedlam began to subside. Then a waiter dropped a tray; somebody giggled, but Flora Lee stood her ground, challenging, impudent, reckless.

"We haven't got time for a long speech," she resumed when at last she had her chance. "But if you're going to drink to Admah I want you to drink to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

Where Was I To Get the Money?

—and then Emma Broach told me about her "Magic Purse Filler"—an ideal way to earn extra money each week without having to step out of the house.

HOW we were going to manage was something me almost sick.

I hadn't had anything new for so long that I was getting ashamed to go anywhere. And I wanted things for the house—new curtains and a long list of other items.

Everet's teeth needed attention. So did mine. And there were some bills six months overdue.

But where was the money to come from?

We were paying for a home. That and the butcher's and grocer's bills and other necessary expenses took every cent almost as fast as Everet could earn it. No matter how we skimped and squeezed and went without, there was never anything left over.

Mrs. Helene Himberg R. F. D. Stop 17 Elmont, Long Island N. Y.

I Couldn't Neglect My Home

"If I could earn some extra money!" I kept thinking. But it seemed like wishing for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Nearly every day I had my work all done by one or two o'clock or a little after. Often I was all through by ten or eleven in the morning. It seemed a shame to let all that spare time go to waste when I needed money so badly.

But what could I do?

I couldn't neglect the meals or the housework—so a place in a store or office or any other work requiring regular hours was out of the question. Except for plain mending, I couldn't sew. I knew I was not cut out for canvassing or selling—and besides I was too sensitive about what the neighbors would say to try anything so public. Rack my brain as I would, there seemed nothing else left.

Emma Had a Lot of New Things

One afternoon last spring, when I was feeling blue and discouraged, Emma Broach came over. We had been friends since our school days. But we now lived so far apart that it was often a long time between visits.

Of course I was glad to see her. But I must confess that in a way she made me feel more blue and discouraged than ever. From head to heels everything she had on was new—she looked as if she had just stepped out of a fashion plate. I couldn't help envying her.

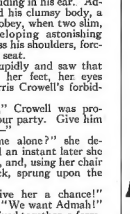
When she mentioned a little trip she had taken the week before, and some new furniture she had just ordered for her living-room, my envy doubled. I knew her husband didn't make any more money than Everet, so how she did it. Finally I blurted right out and asked her.

I Was All Ears

"Really Helene," she answered, "I have bought so many things in the last few months that I know people must think my rich relatives have left us all his money. But it's even better than that. I call it my 'Magic Purse Filler'."

"Helene," she went on, "I've found the ideal way to earn money at home—in spare time. It's so easy and interesting that it doesn't seem like work at all."

I was all ears—maybe Emma's "Magic Purse Filler" would solve my troubles too.



The Master Knitter

"You know how popular wool hose have become," she continued. "Even in summer—for golf, tennis and other sports. And in winter everybody wants them. That's the secret of all my new things—learn them by knitting hose.

"Oh, no!" Emma explained, in answer to my question. "Not by hand. I knit them on a wonderful little hand knitting machine—my 'Magic Purse Filler'. It will knit a pair in so short a time. And I get fine pay for every pair I make."

Emma Tells the Way

"But who pays you?" I asked, "And how did you get started?"

"There is a concern in Rochester, New York," Emma answered, "that wants all the home-knit hose it can get—to supply to stores. You know how nearly everybody thinks genuine home-knit goods are so much better than the factory kind. It's the Home Profit Hosiery Company. You get the knitter from them. They show you how to use it—how to knit hose, sweaters and many other articles. They also furnish free yarn—it doesn't cost you a penny. You do the knitting entirely at your own convenience—sit down at the machine just whenever you feel like it. Then, as fast as you finish a pair, or more pairs, you send them to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and they send you a check. It's the easiest way to earn extra money I have ever heard of."

If Emma could do it, why couldn't I? She had a booklet with her that told all about the plan. I eagerly read every word of it, and then immediately sent for a machine.

With the machine came a book of instructions that made everything simple and clear. After a little practice—simply following directions carefully—I quickly got the knack of it and have been doing fine ever since.

My First Check

The first week—just sitting down at the machine whenever I had nothing else to do—I knit four dozen pairs. A few days later I received my first check—and how happy and proud I was. Since then the postman has brought me dozens of such checks—many of them for much larger amounts; but none has ever given me such a thrill as that first one did—for it meant that at last I had found the way to keep my pocketbook filled instead of empty—a way to end all the old skimping and worrying and doing without.

Operating the Home Profit Knitter looked so easy that Everet—who at first sort of pooh-poohed the whole idea—got interested and tried his hand. Now, many an evening he fills his pipe and sits down at the Knitter and knits two or three or a half dozen pairs of hose before going to bed—ways he would rather do it than read.

I No Longer Have to Do Without

Before long I had all the back bills paid up and enough money to blossom out in new clothes. Also for the first time in my life I now have a little money in the bank—all my own. And the amount is steadily growing larger each month.

It's really surprising what a difference a little extra money can make. More than once I have earned enough in a single week to pay for a nice new dress. The biggest check I ever received in all my life came one week when Everet helped me every evening. Everet said last night maybe we would be better off if he were to quit his job as a painter and give all his time to knitting hose—and at times I think there's more truth in his remark than he realized.

Mrs. Helene Himberg,
R. D. Stop 17,
Elmont, Long Island, N. Y

Note: The above is an actual experience. It was related by Mrs. Himberg to one of our representatives, and is printed here practically in her own words. Mrs. Himberg's last letter states that they are now building their own home. Mrs. Himberg's signed statement as to the facts is on file in our office.

It's Helping Hundreds of Others

All over America, the Home Profit Knitter is helping girls and women (and men too) turn their spare time into money—helping people get out of debt—helping them pay for homes—helping them dress better—helping them buy new furniture and pianos and phonographs—helping them provide for trips and vacations and other pleasures—helping them to lay up money to send their boys and girls to college—helping them build bank accounts—helping them buy cars—helping them get more comfort, more enjoyment and more self respect out of life.

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If your regular income is not enough—if there are things you want or need—why not at least write to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and get full information? Through their simple and guaranteed plan you can easily bring an end to your worries about money—and without having to step out of the house. Use this coupon. You should do it right away—it may make a difference of hundreds of dollars a year to you.

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To-morrow's Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

me too. Drink to our happiness. Wish us luck. Admah and I are going to be married——"

Admah heard no more. Either the noise in the room or the noise in his head had deafened him completely. It was a dream, of course. That was it. But the guests at his party were taking it seriously, that was sure. All the world seemed to be swooping down on him, groping for his hand, already weary of shaking. People pounded him on the back and made a great to-do about Happiness. Little Hebe Ballinger rolled her kind brown eyes and *thought* it had been in the air. Mrs. Eustone jumped at him with a kiss, a spiteful peck. She hoped Flora Lee wouldn't mind. They were *such* friends.

So that was the situation. For some reason or other they were engaged. The thing he had never dared to consider had come about effortlessly, the goddess of his timid adoration having arisen in public and dropped her heart in his lap. It can't be real, he thought, and again the ugly voice in his ear whispered, What's it all about?

Everybody was kissing Flora Lee. They had forced the happy couple together, closing around them. Then when she had passed her arm through his and nestled against him he knew it wasn't a dream. He had felt her sweet body like this once before, in an hour too poignant for sleep's thin fancies.

At last the crowd seemed to grow tired of saying the same thing about Happiness; they reeled away on a wave of noise. The engaged couple were left together.

"Take me home," she whispered. "I'm most dead."

AT THE door they were overtaken by a weedy young man in a sketchy overcoat. He said he was a reporter. Admah could say nothing—how could he? But Flora Lee led the young man into a writing-room and gave him several minutes of her attention.

Admah paid a bell-boy to get her coat and his. Still waiting, he wondered what it was all about.

They drove home in silence. Her body, unusually erect, never touched his; a spell had come over them, making it impossible for either to speak. For Admah this was not strange; but he had never known her to be still for so long. Once he eyed her swiftly and saw that her eyes were lowered toward little hands, folded helplessly in her lap.

He took her up the shoddy marble steps, past the clumsy brick copings of her apartment-house. In the vestibule there was a dim night-light, and he had just reached out to ring the bell when she seized him by the wrist. He turned to find her looking up at him, mournfully, beseechingly.

"Admah," she moaned, "what have I done?"

"It wasn't anything," he answered dully. "Only I was sort of surprized."

"I've done a horrid, rotten thing," she went on. "And you mustn't forgive me."

"Oh, shucks——" he began.

"I'D taken too much wine. That awful stuff! I hardly knew what I was doing. I was so proud of you, I think—after Ferris Crowell's speech—I said the first thing that came into my head. Admah, I'm so ashamed."

He made no answer, but regarded her dumbly.

"I'll do my very best to square this, Admah. I know all the newspaper men. I'll go to them and have them hush it up. The Sycamore crowd will understand. They know me. They know how crazy I am—how awful—oh, my dear, how could I do a thing like that?"

She had covered her face and was beginning to cry. That was too much for the reserve of Admah Holtz, which had held him, a stone wall. Like a lion he leaped that barricade and seized upon her and crushed her to his breast.

"It's what I've wanted since I can remember," he growled in her ear. "I couldn't believe it, that's all. But I know it now. You're my girl. You've always been, and you're going to be. You're my girl, do you hear?"

"My dear, I am. I know I am!"

Her slim, sweet arms went around his neck, and she held up her little mouth for his kiss. "You will forgive me, won't you, Admah?" she coaxed. "I know I've done wrong."

"When?" he asked, puzzled with an idea which he was quite unable to receive.

The concluding instalment of "To-morrow's Bread" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published February 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW is printed in the U. S. A., and published monthly by The Pictorial Review Company, Seventh Ave. and Thirty-ninth St., New York, N. Y., and 163-165 Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, England.

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